John Heywoodes woorkes.

A dialogue conteynyng the number of the effectuall prouerbes in the Englishe tounge, compact in a matter concernynge two maner of maryages.

With one hundred of Epigrammes: and thrée hundred of Epigrammes vpon thrée hundred prouerbes: and a fifth hundred of Epigrams.

Wherunto are now newly added a syxt hundred of Epigrams by the sayde John Heywood.

LONDINI.
ANNO christi.
1562.

The Preface.

AMong other thinges profytyng in our tong
Those whiche muche may profyte both olde and yong:
Suche as on their fruite wyll fede or take holde
Are our common plaine pithie prouerbes olde.
Some sence of some of whiche beyng bare and rude:
Yet to fyne and fruitefull effect they allude.
And their sentenses include so large a reache,
That almost in all thinges good lessons they teache.
This write I not to teache, but to touche: for why,
Men know this as well or better then I.
But this and this rest, I wryte for this.
Remembryng and consyderyng what the pyth is,
That by remembraunce of these prouerbes maie growe
In this tale, erst talked with a frend, I showe
As many of them as we could fytly fynde,
Fallyng to purpose, that might fall in minde.
To thentent that the reader redily may
Finde them and minde them, whan he wyll alway.

Finis.

The .i. chapiter.

OF mine acquayntance a certaine yong man
(Beyng a reſorter to me now and than)
Reſorted lately, ſhowyng him ſelfe to bée
Deſyrous to talke at length alone with me.
And as we for this, a méete place had won,
With this olde prouerbe, this yong man begon.
Who ſo that knew, what wolde be deere,
Should neede be a marchant but one yeere.
Though it (quoth he) thing impoſſible bée,
The full ſequele of preſent things to foreſée:
Yet doth this prouerbe prouoke euery man
Politykely (as man poſſible can)
In things to come after to caſt eie before,
To caſte out or kepe in things for fore ſtore.
As the prouiſion maie ſéeme moſt profytable,
And the commoditée moſt commendable.
Into this conſyderacion I am wrought
By two thyngs, whiche fortune to hands hath brought.
Two women I know, of whiche twayne the tone
Is a mayde of flowryng age, a godly one.
Thother a wydow, who ſo many yeres beares,
That all hir whiteneſſe lythe in hir whyte heares.
This mayde hath freends ryche, but riches hath ſhée none,
Nor none can hir handes geat to lieue vpon.
This wydow is very ryche, and hir frends bare,
And both theſe, for loue to wed with me fond are.
And both would I wed, the better and the wurs.
The tone for hir perſon, the tother for her purs.
They woo not my ſubſtance, but my ſelfe they woe.
Godes haue I none and ſmall god can I doe.
On this poze maid hir riche frends I clérely know,
(So ſhe wed where they wyll) greate gyfts will beſtow.

But with them all I am ſo far from fauer,
That ſhe ſhall ſure haue no grote if I haue her.
And I ſhall haue as lyttle all my frēndꝭ ſwere,
Except I folow them, to wedde els where.
The poꝛe frēndꝭ of this ryche wydow beare no ſway,
But wed hir and wyn welth. whan I wyll I may.
Nowe whiche of theſe twayne is lyke to be dereſt
In payn oꝛ pleaſure to ſticke to me nereſt,
The depth of all doubtes with you to conſyther,
The ſence of the ſayde pꝛouerbe ſendth me hyther.
The beſt bargayne of both quickly to haue ſkande,
Foꝛ one of them thinke I to make out of hande.

The. ii. chapiter.

FRende (quoth I) welcome, and with right good will,
I will as I can, your will herein fulfyll.
And two thinges I ſée in you, that ſhew you wyſe,
Firſt in weddyng ere ye wed, to aſke aduyſe.
The ſeconde, your yeres beyng yong it apéeres,
Ye regard yet good pꝛouerbes of olde ferne yéeres.
And as ye grounde your tale vpon one of them,
Furniſhe we this tale with euerychone of them.
Suche as may fytly fall in mynde to diſpoſe.
Agréed (quoth he) Then (quoth I) firſt this diſcloſe.
Haue you to this old wydow, oꝛ this yong mayde,
Any woꝛdꝭ of aſſurance er this time ſayde?
Nay in good faith ſaide he. Well than (ſaide I)
I wyll be playne with you, and may honeſtly.
And plainely to ſpeake, I lyke you (as I ſayde)
In two foꝛe tolde thynges, but a thirde haue I wayde,
Not ſo much to be lyked, as I can déeme,
Whiche is in your weddyng your haſte ſo extréeme.
The beſt oꝛ woꝛſt thing to man foꝛ this lyfe,
Is good oꝛ yll chooſyng his good oꝛ yll wyfe.

I meane not onely of body good or bad,
But of all thinges meete or vnmeete to be had,
Such as at any time by any meane may
Betweene man and wife, loue encreaſe or decay.
Where this grounde in any hed, grauely grateth,
All firie haſt to wed, it ſone rebateth.
Som thinges that prouoke young men to wed in haſte,
Show after weddyng, that haſt maketh waſte.
Whan time hath tournd white ſurger to white ſalte,
Than ſuche folke ſe, ſoft fire maketh ſweete malte.
And that deliberacion doth men aſſiſt
Before they wed to beware of had I wiſt.
And than their timely weddyng doth clere appere,
That they were earely vp, and neuer the nere.
And ones their haſtie heate a littell controlde,
Than perceiue they well, hotte loue ſone colde.
And whan haſty witleſſe mirth is mated weele,
God to be mery and wiſe, they thinke and feele.
Haſte in weddyng ſom man thinkth his owne auayle.
Whan haſte prouyth a rod made for his owne tayle.
And whan he is well beaten with his owne rod,
Than ſeeth he haſt and wiſdome thinges far od.
And that in all, or moſt thinges, wiſht at neede,
Moſte times he ſeeth, the more haſte the leſſe ſpeede.
In les things then weddyng, haſt ſhowth haſtie mans fo,
So that the haſty man neuer wanteth wo.
Theſe ſage ſayd ſawes if ye take ſo profounde,
As ye take that, by which ye take your grounde,
Than finde ye grounded cauſe by theſe now here told,
In haſte to weddyng your haſt to withhold.
And though they ſeeme wiues for you neuer ſo fit,
Yet let not harmfull haſt ſo far out ren your wit,
But that ye harke to here all the whole ſume,
That may pleaſe or diſpleaſe you in time to come.

Thus by theſe leſſons ye may learne good cheape,
In weddyng and al thing, to loke or ye leape.
Ye haue euen now well ouerlokt me(quoth he)
And lept very nie me to. For I agree,
That theſe ſage ſayings dwe weightily way
Againſt haſt in all thing, but I am at bay.
By other parables of like weightie weight,
Which haſt me to weddyng, as ye ſhall here ſtreight.

The.iij.chapter.

He that will not whan he may,
Whan he would, he ſhall haue nay.
Beautie or riches the tone of the twayne
Now may I chooſe, and whiche me liſt obtaine.
And if we determine me, this mayde to take,
And then tract of time traine her me to forſake:
Than my beautifull mariage lithe in the dike,
And neuer for beautie, ſhall I wedde the like.
Now if we awarde me this widowe to wedde.
And that I driue of time till time, ſhe be dedde,
Than farewell riches, the fat is in the fire,
And neuer ſhall I to like riches aſpire.
And a thouſand folde would it greue me more,
That ſhe in my faute ſhould die one houre before,
Than one minute after. than haſte muſt prouoke,
Whan the pigge is proferd to holde vp the poke.
Whan the ſunne ſhinth make hay. whiche is to ſay.
Take time whan time comth, leſt time ſteale away.
And one good leſſon to this purpoſe I pike
From the ſmithȝ forge, whan thyron is hot ſtrike.
The ſure ſea man ſeeth, the tide tarieth no man.
And long delayes or abſence ſomwhat to ſkan.
Sens that that one will not, on other will,
Delaies in woers muſt needes their ſpeede ſpill.

And

And touchyng abſence, the full accompte wo ſomthe
Shall ſee, as faſt as one goth an other comthe.
Time is tickell. and out of ſight out of minde.
Than catche and holde while I may, faſt binde faſt finde.
Blame me not to haſte, for feare mine eie be blerde.
And therby the fat cleane flit fro my berde.
Where wooers hoppe in and out, long time may bryng
Him that hoppeth beſt, at laſt to haue the ryng.
I hoppyng without for a ryng of a ruſhe.
And while I at length debate and beate the buſhe,
There ſhall ſteppe in other men, and catche the burdes,
And by long time loſt in many vayne wurdes.
Betwene theſe two wiues, make ſlouth ſpede confound
While betweene two ſtooles, my tayle go to grounde.
By this, ſens we ſee ſlouth muſt bréede a ſcab,
Beſt ſticke to the tone out of hand, hab or nab.
Thus all your prouerbs inueying againſt haſte,
Be anſwerd with prouerbs plaine and promptly plaſte.
Wherby, to purpoſe all this no further fits,
But to ſhew, ſo many heds ſo many wits.
Whiche ſhewe as ſurely in all that they all tell,
That in my weddyng I may euen as well
Tary to long, and therby come to late,
As come to ſone by haſt in any rate.
And proue this prouerbe, as the wordes therof go,
Haſte or ſlouth herein worke nother welth nor wo.
Be it far or nie, weddyng is deſteny,
And hangyng likewiſe, ſaith that prouerbe, ſayd I.
Than wed or hang (quoth he) what helpth in the whole
To haſt or hang alof, happy man happy dole.
Ye deale this dole (quoth I) out at a wrong dur.
For deſteny in this caſe doth not ſo ſtur
Againſt mans indeuour, but man may direct
His will, fore prouiſion to worke or neglect.

But

But to ſhew that quick wedding may bryng good ſpeede,
Somwhat to purpoſe, your prouerbs proue in deede.
Howbeit, whether they counterpayſe or out way
The prouerbes, which I before them did lay,
The triall therof we will lay a water.
Till we trie more. For tryng of which mater
Declare all commodites ye can deuiſe,
That by thoſe two weddyngꝫ to you can riſe.

The. iiij. Chapter.

I Wyll (quoth he) in bothe theſe caſes ſtreight ſhow,
What thingꝫ (as I think) to me by them will grow.
And where my loue began, there begin will I.
With this mayde, the peece pereleſſe in mine eie.
Whom I ſo fauour, and ſhe ſo fauourth me,
That half a death to vs a ſonder to be.
Affection eche to other doth vs ſo moue,
That welny without fode, we coulde liue by loue.
For be I right ſad, or right ſicke, from hir ſight,
Her preſence abſenteth all maladies quight.
Whiche ſeen, and that the great ground in mariage
Standth vpon likyng the parties perſonage,
And than of olde prouerbes in opening the packe,
One ſhewth me openly in loue is no lacke.
No lacke of likyng, but lacke of liuyng,
Nay lacke in loue (quoth I) and breede ill cheeuyng.
Well as to that (ſayde he) harke this othyng.
What time I lacke not hir, I lacke nothyng.
But though we haue nought, nor nought we can geat,
God neuer ſendth mouth, but he ſendeth meat.
And a hard beginnyng makth a good endyng.
In ſpace comth grace, and this further amendyng.
Seldome comth the better, and like will to like.
God ſendth colde after clothes. and this I pike.

She, by lacke of ſubſtance ſéemyng but a ſparke,
Steynth yet the ſtouteſt, For a leg of a larke
Is better than is the body of a kyght.
And home is homely, though it be poꝛe in ſyght.
Theſe pꝛouerbs foꝛ this parte ſhew ſuche a flouriſhe,
And than this partie doth delyte ſo nouriſhe.
That muche is my bowe bent to ſhote at theſe marks,
And kyll feare, when the ſky falth we ſhall haue larks.
All perils that fall maie, who fearth they fall ſhall,
Shall ſo feare all thyng, that he ſhall let fall all,
And be moꝛe fraid then hurt, if the thinges were done.
Feare may foꝛce a man to caſt beyonde the mone.
Who hopeth in Gods helpe, his helpe can not ſtarte:
Nothing is impoſſible to a willyng hart,
And will maie wyn my herte, herein to conſent,
To take all thinges as it comth, and be content.
And here is (q͛ he) in maꝛiyng of this mayde,
Foꝛ courage and commoditée all mine ayde.
Well ſayde (ſaied I) but a whyle kepe we in quenche,
All this caſe, as touchyng this poꝛe yonge wenche.
And nowe declare your whole conſideracion,
What maner thinges dꝛaw your imaginacion,
Toward your weddyng of this wydow riche and olde.
That ſhall ye (q͛ he) out of hande haue tolde.

The. vi. chapiter.

THis wydowe beyng foule, and of fauour yll,
In good behauour can very good ſkyll.
Pleaſantly ſpoken, and a very good wyt,
And at hir table, whan we together ſyt,
I am well ſerued, we fare of the beſt.
The meate good and holſome and holſomly dꝛeſt.
Swéete and ſofte lodgeyng, and therof great ſhyfte.
This felte and ſéene with all implementes of thꝛifte,

Of plate and money ſuche cupbordes and coffers,
And that without peyne I maie win theſe profers,
Than couetyſe bearyng Uenus bargayne backe,
Praiſyng this bargayne ſaith, better leaue then lacke.
And gredineſſe, to drawe deſyre to hir lore,
Saieth, that the wiſe man ſaieth, ſtore is no ſore.
Who hath many peaſe maie put the mo in the pot.
Of two yls, chooſe the leaſt whyle choyſe lyth in lot.
Sens lacke is an yll, as yll as man may haue,
To prouyde for the worſt, whyle the beſt it ſelfe ſaue.
Reſtie welth wylth me this wydow to wyn,
To let the world wag, and take mine eaſe in mine in.
He muſt nedes ſwym, that is holde vp by the chyn.
He laugth that wynth. And this threde fyner to ſpyn,
Maiſter promocion ſaieth, make this ſubſtance ſure,
If ryches bryng ones portly countenance in vre,
Than ſhalt thou rule the roſte all rounde about.
And better to rule, than be ruled by the rout.
It is ſaide be it better be it wurs,
Owe ye after him that beareth the purs.
Thus be I by this, ones *le ſenior de graunde*,
Many that commaunded me, I ſhall commaunde.
And alſo I ſhall to reueng former hurtz,
Hold their noſes to grinſtone, and ſyt on theyr ſkurtz,
That erſt ſate on mine. And riches maie make
Frends many waies. Thus better to geue then take.
And to make carnall appetite content,
Reaſon laboreth wyll, to wyn wyls conſent,
To take lacke of beautie but as an eye ſore.
The fayre and the foule, by darke are lyke ſtore.
When all candels be out, all cats be grey,
All thingz are then of one colour, as who ſey.
And this prouerbe ſaith, for quenching hot deſyre,
Foule water as ſone as fayre, will quenche hot fyre.

Where

Where gyftz be geuen freely, est west north or south,
No man ought to looke a geuen hors in the mouth.
And though hir mouth be foule, she hath a fayre tayle.
I constre this text, as is moste my auayle.
In want of white teeth and yelow heares to beholde,
She flourisheth in white siluer and yelow golde.
What though she be toothlesse, and balde as a coote?
Her substaunce is shoote anker, wherat I shoote.
Take a peyne for a pleasure all wyse men can.
What, hungry dogges will eate durty puddyngs man.
And here I conclude (quoth he) all that I knowe
By this olde widow, what good to me maie growe.

The. vi. chapiter.

YE haue (quoth I) in these conclusions founde
Sundrie thinges, that veray sauerly sounde,
And bothe these longe cases, beyng well vewde,
In one short question, we maie well inclewde,
Whiche is, whether best or wurst be to be ledde
With riches, without loue or beautie, to wedde:
Or with beautie without richesse for loue.
This question (quoth he) inquerth all that I moue.
It dooth so (said I) and is neerely couched.
But thanswere will not so breuely be touched.
And your selfe, to length it, taketh direct trade.
For to all reasons, that I haue yet made,
Ye seeme more to seeke reasons how to contende,
Than to the councell of myne to condiscende.
And to be playne, as I must with mi frende,
I perfectly feele euen at my fyngers ende.
So harde is your hande set on your halfpeny,
That my reasonyng your reason setteth nought by.
But reason for reason, ye so styfly lay,
By prouerbe for prouerbe, that with you do way,

That reaſon onely ſhall herein nought moue you.
To here more then ſpeake. wherfore I wyll proue you,
With reaſon, aſſiſted by experience.
Whiche my ſelfe ſawe, not long ſens nor far hence.
In a matter ſo lyke this faſhond in frame,
That none can be lyker, it ſéemeth euen the ſame,
And in the ſame, as your ſelfe ſhall eſpy
Eche ſentence ſothed with a prouerbe welny.
And at ende of the ſame, ye ſhall cléerely ſée
How this ſhorte queſtion ſhortly anſwerd may bée.
Ye mary (quoth he) nowe ye ſhote nie the pricke.
Practyſe in all, aboue all toucheth the quicke.
Proofe vppon practiſe, muſt take holde more ſure,
Than any reaſonyng by geſſe can procure.
If ye bryng practiſe in place, without fablyng,
I wyll banyſh both haſte and buſy bablyng.
And yet that promiſe to perfourme is mickell,
For in this caſe my toung muſt oft tickell.
Ye know well it is, as telth vs this olde tale,
Méete, that a man be at his owne bridale.
If he wyue well (quoth I) méete and good it were.
Or els as good for him an other were there.
But for this your bridale I meane not in it,
That ſcilence ſhall ſuſpend your ſpeeche euery whyt.
But in theſe mariages, whiche ye here meue,
Sens this tale conteinth the counſayle I can geue,
I would ſée your eares attend with your tong,
For aduyſe in bothe theſe weddyngs olde and yong.
In whiche heryng, time ſéene when and what to talke,
When your tonge tickleth, at wyll let it walke.
And in theſe bridales, to the reaſons of ours,
Marke mine experience in this caſe of yours.

The

The ſeuenth chapiter.

VVithin few yeres paſt, from London no far way
Where I and my wife, with our poore houſhold lay.
Two yong men were abydyng whom to diſcriue.
Were I, in portraiyng perſons dead or aliue,
As cunnyng and as quicke, to touche them at full,
As in that feate I am ignorant and dull,
Neuer could I paynte their pictures to allow,
More liuely, than to paint the pycture of yow.
And as your thrée perſons ſhew one ſimilitewd,
So ſhew you thrée one, in all things to be vewd,
Likewyſe a wydowe and a mayde there did dwell,
A lyke lyke the wydow and mayde ye of tell.
The frends of theim foure in euery degrée,
Standyng in ſtate as the frends of you thrée.
Thoſe two men, eche other ſo hasted or taried,
That thoſe two women on one daie they maried.
Into two houſes, which next my houſe did ſtand,
The one on the right, thother on the left hand.
Both bridegromes bad me, I could do none other,
But dine with the tone, and ſup with the tother.
Ye that wedded this widow riche and olde,
And alſo ſhe, fauourd me ſo, that they wolde
Make me dyne or ſup ones or twyſe in a weeke.
This poore yonge man and his make beyng to ſeeke
As oft, where they might eate or drinke, I them bad,
Were I at home, to ſuche pittaunce as I had.
Whiche common conference ſuche confidence wrought,
In them to me, that deede, worde, ne welny thought
Chaunced among them, what euer it weare,
But one of the foure, brought it ſtreight to mine eare.
Wherby betwene theſe twayne, and their two wyues,
Bothe for welth and wo, I knew all their four liues.

And ſens the matter is muche intricate,
Betwene ſyde and ſyde, I ſhall here ſeperate
All matters on both ſydes, and than ſequeſtrate
Thone ſyde, while thother be full teherſt, in rate,
As for your underſtandyng maie beſt ſtande.
And this yonge poore couple ſhall come fyrſt in hande.
Who, the day of weddyng and after, a whyle,
Could not loke eche on other, but they muſt ſmyle.
As a whelpe for wantonnes in and out whipps,
So playde theſe twayne, as merry as thræ chipps.
Ye there was God (quoth he) whan all is done.
Abyde (quoth I) it was yet but hony mone.
The blacke ore had not trode on his nor hir foote.
But er this braunche of blis could reach any roote,
The flowers ſo faded, that in fiftene wækes,
A man might eſpie the chaunge in the chækes
Both of this poore wretch, and his wife this poore wenche,
Their faces told toies, that Totnam was tournd frenche.
And all their light laughyng turnd and tranſlated
Into ſad ſighyng, all mirth was amated.
And one mornyng tymely he toke in hande,
To make to my houſe, a ſlæueles errande.
Haukyng vpon me, his minde herein to breake,
Whiche I woulde not ſee, tyll he began to ſpeake,
Prayyng me to here him. And I ſaide, I woulde.
Wherwith this that foloweth forthwith he tolde.

The. viii. chapiter.

I Am nowe driuen (quoth he) for eaſe of my harte,
To you, to vtter parte of mine inward ſmarte.
And the matter concerneth my wyfe and mæ,
Whoſe fathers and mothers long ſens dead bee.
But vncles, with auntes and cosins, haue wee
Dyuers riche on bothe ſydes, ſo that we did ſee,

If we had wedded, eche, where eche kynred would,
Neither of vs had lackt, either ſiluer or gold.
But neuer coulde ſuite, on either ſyde obtayne
One peny, to the one weddyng of vs twayne.
And ſens our one marlyng or marryng daie,
Where any of them ſee vs, they ſhrinke awaie,
Solemnly ſwearyng, ſuche as maie geue ought,
While they and we liue, of them we get right nought.
Nor nought haue we, nor no waie ought can we get,
Sauyng by borowyng, tyll we be in det
So far, that no man any more will vs lende.
Wherby, for lacke we bothe be at our witt's ende.
Wherof no wonder, ſens the ende of our gwd,
And beginnyng of our charge, together ſtwd.
But wit is neuer gwd tyll it be bought.
Howbeit when bought wits to beſt price bée brought,
Yet is one gwd forewit worth two after wits.
This paith me home lo, and full mo foly hits.
For had I lokt afore, with indifferent eye,
Though haſte had made me thurſt neuer ſo drye:
Yet to drowne this drought, this muſt I nedes thynke,
As I woulde nédes brewe, ſo muſt I nédes drynke.
The drynke of my bride cup I ſhould haue forborne,
Tyll temperance had tempred the taſte before.
I ſée nowe, and ſhall ſée while I am aliue,
Who wedth or he be wiſe ſhall die or he thriue.
I ſinge nowe in this facte, *factus eſt repente*,
Nowe mine eies be open I do repent me.
He that will ſell lawne before he can folde it.
He ſhall repent him before he haue ſolde it.
Som bargains dére bought, gwd cheape wold be ſold,
No man loueth his fetters, be they made of gold.
Were I loſe from the louely lynkes of my chayne,
I would not daunce in ſuch fayre fetters agayne.

In house to kepe housholde, whan folks wyll néedz wed,
Mo thyngs belong, than foure bare legs in a bed.
I reckened my weddyng a suger swéete spyce,
But reckners without their host must recken twyce.
And although it were swéete for a wéeke or twayne,
Swéete meate will haue sowre sawce, I sée now playne.
Continuall penurie, whiche I muste take
Telth me, better eye out then alwaie ake.
Boldly and blindly I ventred on this,
How be it, who so bolde as blynde Bayard is?
And herein to blame any man, then should I raue.
For I did it my selfe: and selfe do, selfe haue.
But a daie after the fayre, comth this remors,
For reliefe: for though it be a good hors
That neuer stumbleth, what praise can that auouche
To iades that breake their necks at fyrst trip or touche.
And before this my fyrst foyle or breakneck fall,
Subtilly lyke a shéepe thought I, I shall
Cut my cote after my cloth. When I haue her.
But now I can smell, nothyng hath no sauer.
I am taught to know, in more hast than good spéede,
How Judicare came into the Créede.
My carefull wife in one corner wéepeth in care,
And I in an other the purs is thréede bare.
This corner of our care (quoth he) I you tell.
To craue therin your comfortable counsell.

The, ix. chapiter.

I Am sory (quoth I) of your pouertée,
And more sorie, that I can not succour yée,
If ye stur your néede myne almes to stur,
Then of trouth ye beg at a wrong mans dur.
There is nothyng more vayne, as your selfe tell can,
Than to beg a bréeche of a bare arst man.

I come to beg nothyng of you (quoth he)
Saue your aduyſe, whiche maie my beſt waie be,
How to wyn preſent ſalue for this preſent ſore.
I am lyke thyll ſurgeon (ſayd I) without ſtore
Of good plaiſters. Howbeit ſuche as they are,
Ye ſhall haue the beſt I haue. But fyrſt declare,
Where your and your wyues riche kynſfolke do dwel.
Enuyronned about vs (quoth he) which ſhewth well,
The nere to the churche, the ferther from God.
Moſt parte of them dwell within a thouſand rod.
And yet ſhall we catche a hare with a taber,
As ſone as catche ought of them, and rather.
Ye plaie coleprophet (quoth I) who takth in hande,
To knowe his anſwere before he do his errande.
What ſhould I to them (quoth he) flyng or fyt.
An vnbydden geaſt knoweth not where to ſyt.
I am caſt at carts ars, ſome folke in lacke
Can not preaſe, A broken ſleeue holdth tharme backe.
And ſhame holdth me backe, beyng thus forſaken.
Tuſhe man (quoth I) ſhame is as it is taken.
And ſhame take him that ſhame thinkth ye thinke none.
Unminded, vnmoned, go make your mone.
Tyll meate fall in your mouth, will ye ly in bed,
Or ſit ſtyll: nay. he that gapeth till he be fed,
Maie fortune to faſt and famiſhe for honger.
Set forward, ye ſhall neuer labour yonger.
Well (quoth he) if I ſhall nedes this viage make,
With as good will as a beare goth to the ſtake,
I will ſtreight weie anker, and hoyſe vp ſayle.
And thytherward hye me in haſte lyke a ſnayle.
And home agayne hytherward quicke as a bee.
Nowe for good lucke, caſte an olde ſhoe after me.
And firſt to mine vncle, brother to my father,
By ſuite, I will aſſaie to win ſome fauer.

Who brought me vp, and tyll my weddyng was don
Loued me, not as his nephew, but as his ſon.
And his heire had I bene, had not this chaunced,
Of lands and godes, which ſhould me much auaunced.
Trudge (quoth I) to him, and on your marybones,
Crouche to the grounde, and not ſo ofte as ones
Speake any one word him to contrary.
I can not tell that (quoth he) by Seint Mary.
One yll word areth an other, as folke ſpeake.
Well (quoth I) better is to bow then breake.
It hurteth not the tounge to geue fayre wurdes.
The rough net is not the beſt catcher of burdes.
Sens ye can nought wyn, if ye can not pleaſe,
Beſt is to ſuffre: For of ſuffrance comth eaſe.
Cauſe cauſeth (quoth he) and as cauſe cauſeth mé,
So will I dó. And with this away went hé.
Yet whether his wyfe ſhould go with him or no,
He ſent hir to me to know er he would go.
Wherto I ſayde, I thought beſt he went alone.
And you (quoth I) to go ſtreight as he is gone,
Among your kynsfolke likewyſe, if they dwell ny.
Yes (quoth ſhe) all round about euen here by.
Namely an aunte, my mothers ſyſter. who well
(Sens my mother died) brought me vp from the ſhell.
And much would haue geuen me, had my weddyng growne
Vpon hir fanſy, as it grew vpon mine owne.
And in likewyſe myne vncle hir huſband, was
A father to me. Well (quoth I) let pas:
And if your huſbande will his aſſent graunt,
Go, he to his vncle, and you to your aunt.
Yes this aſſent he graunteth before (quoth ſhe)
For he er this thought this the beſt way to be.
But of theſe two thinges he woulde determine none
Without ayde. For two heades are better then one.

Which

With this we departed, ſhe to hir huſbande,
And I to diner to them on thother hande.

The. x. chapiter.

VVhan diner was done, I came home agayne,
To attende on the retourne of theſe twayne.
And er thꝛée howꝛes to ende were fully tryde,
Home came ſhe fyꝛſt, welcome (quoth I) and well hyde.
Ye a ſhoꝛt hoꝛſe is ſone coꝛryd (quoth ſhée)
But the weaker hath the wurs we all daie ſée.
After our laſt partyng, my huſbande and I
Departed, eche to place agréed foꝛmerly.
Myne vncle and aunte on me dyd loure and glome.
Bothe bad me god ſpéede, but none bad me welcome.
Their folkꝭ glomd on me to, by which it apéereth.
The yonge cocke croweth, as he the olde héereth.
At dyner they were, and made (foꝛ maners ſake)
A kynſwoman of ours me to table take.
A falſe flattryng fylth, and if that be good,
None better to beare two faces in one hood.
She ſpeaketh as ſhe would créepe into your boſome.
And when the meale mouth hath won the bottome
Of your ſtomake, than will the pickthanke it tell
To your moſt ennies, you to bye and ſell.
To tell tales out of ſchoole, that is hir great luſt.
Loke what ſhe knoweth, blab it will, and out it muſt.
There is no mo ſuch titifyls in Englands ground,
To holde with the hare, and run with the hound.
Fyꝛe in the tone hande, and water in the tother,
The makebate beareth betwéene bꝛother and bꝛother.
She can wynke on the yew, and weꝛy the lam.
She maketh earneſt matters of euery flymflam.
She muſt haue an oꝛe in euery mans barge.
And no man may chat ought in ought of hir charge.

Coll vnder canſtyk, ſhe can plaie on bothe handꝫ,
Diſſimulacion well ſhe vnderſtandꝫ.
She is loſt with an apple, and won with a nut.
Her tong is no edge tole, but yet it will cut.
Her chéekes are purple ruddie lyke a horſe plumme.
And the bygge parte of hir bodie is hir bumme.
But little titte all tayle, I haue heard er this,
As high as two horſe loues hir perſon is.
For priuie nyps or cakks ouertwart the ſhyns,
He ſhall leſe the maiſtrie that with hir begyns.
She is, to turne loue to hate, or ioye to greéfe
A paterne, as méete as a rope for a théefe.
Her promiſe of frendſhip, for any auayle,
Is as ſure to holde as an ele by the tayle.
She is nother fyſhe nor fleſhe, nor good red hearyng.
She is a ryngleader there, And I fearyng
She would ſpit her venym, thought it not euyll
To ſette vp a candle before the deuyll.
I clawd hir by the backe in waie of a charme,
To do me, not the more good, but the leſſe harme.
Prayyng hir in hir eare, on my ſyde to holde,
She therto ſwearyng by her falſe faith, ſhe wolde.
Streight after diner myne aunte had no choice,
But other burſt, or burſt out in pilats voice.
Ye huſwife, what wynde blowth ye hyther thus right?
Ye might haue knokt er ye came in, leaue is light.
Better vnborne than vntought, I haue heard ſaie,
But ye be better fed then taught farre awaie.
Not very fat fed, ſaid this flebergebet,
But néede hath no lawe, néede maketh hir hither iet.
She comth néere Ales (quoth ſhe) for that is hir name,
More for néede, than for kyndnes, peyne of ſhame.
Howbeit ſhe can not lacke, for he fyndth that ſéekes,
Louers liue by loue, ye as larkes liue by léekes

Saied

Saied this Ales, muche more then halfe in mockage.
Tushe (quoth mine aunte) these louers in dotage
Thinke the ground beare them not, but wed of corage
They must in all haste, though a leafe of borage
Might by all the substance that they can sell.
Well aunt (quoth Ales) all is well that endes well.
Ye Ales, of a good begynnyng comth a good end.
Not so good to borowe, as be able to lend.
Naie in dede aunte (quoth she) it is sure so,
She must needs grant, she hath wrought hir owne wo.
She thought Ales, she had seene far in a millstone,
Whan she gat a husbande, and namely suche one,
As they by weddyng could not onely nought wyn,
But lose bothe liuyng and loue of all their kyn.
Good aunt (quoth I) humblie I beseche yée,
My trespas done to you forgeue it mée.
I know and knowlage, I haue wrought mine owne peyn,
But thing? past my hand?, I can not call agein.
True (quoth Ales) thinges done can not be vndone,
Be they done in due tyme, to late, or to sone,
But better late then neuer to repent this,
To late (quoth mine aunt) this repentance shewd is,
Whan the stéede is stolne shut the stable durre.
I toke hir for a rose, but she brédth a burre.
She comth to sticke to me nowe in hir lacke.
Rather to rent of my clothes fro my backe,
Than to do me one farthyng worth of good.
I sée daie at this little hole. For this bood
Shewth what fruite will folow. In good faith I saide,
In waie of petition I sue for your ayde.
A well (quoth she) now I well vnderstand
The walkyng staffe hath caught warmth in your hand.
A cleane fingred huswyfe, and an ydell, folke saie,
And wyll be lyme fyngerd I feare by my fay.

It is as tender as a parſons lemman.
Nought can ſhe dwe, and what can ſhe haue than?
As ſober as ſhe ſeemth, fewe daies come about
But ſhe will onece waſſhe hir face in an ale clout.
And than betwene hir and the reſt of the rout,
I proud, and thou proud, who ſhall beare thaſhes out.
She maie not beare a fether, but ſhe muſt breath,
She maketh ſo much of hir peynted ſheath.
She thinkth her farthyng good ſyluer I tell you,
But for a farthyng who euer did ſell you,
Wyght boſt you to be better ſolde then bought.
And yet though ſhe be worth nought, nor haue nought,
Her gowne is gaier and better then mine.
At hir gaie gowne (quoth Ales) ye maie repine.
Howe be it as we maie we loue to go gaie all.
Well well (quoth mine aunte) pryde wyll haue a fall.
For pryde goeth before, and ſhame cometh after.
Sure (ſaide Ales) in maner of mockyng laughter,
There is nothing in this worlde that agreeth wurs,
Then doeth a Ladies hert and a beggers purs.
But pryde ſhe ſhewth none, hir loke reaſon alouth,
She lokth as butter wolde not melte in hir mouth.
Well the ſtill ſowe eats vp all the draffe Ales.
All is not golde that gliſters by tolde tales.
In youth ſhe was towarde and without euill.
But ſone rype ſone rotten, yong ſeynt olde deuill.
Howbe it lo god ſendth the ſhrewd cow ſhort hornes.
While ſhe was in this houſe ſhe ſat vpon thornes.
Eche one daie was three, tyll lybertee was borow,
For one month' ioie to bryng hir hole liues ſorow.
It were pitie (quoth Ales) but ſhe ſhould do well.
For beautie and ſtature ſhe beareth the bell.
Ill weede growth faſt Ales: wherby the corne is lorne.
For ſurely the weede ouergroweth the corne.

Ye prayſe the wyne, before ye taſt of the grape.
But ſhe can no more harme than can a ſhe ape.
It is a good body, hir propertie prœues.
She lacketh but euen a new payre of ſlœues.
If I maie (as they ſay) tell trouth without ſyn.
Of trouth ſhe is a wolfe in a lambes ſkyn.
Her herte is full hie, whan her eye is full low.
A geſt as good loſt as founde, for all this ſhow.
But many a good cowe hath an euill caulfe.
I ſpeake this doughter in thy mothers behalfe.
My ſiſter (God reſt hir ſoule) whom though I boſt,
Was cald the floure of honeſtée in this coſt.
Aunt (quoth I) I take for father and mother
Myne vncle and you aboue all other.
When we wold, ye wold not be our childe (quoth ſhée)
Wherfore now whan ye wold, now will not wée.
Sens thou wouldſt néedes caſt awaie thy ſelfe thus,
Thou ſhalte ſure ſinke in thine own ſyn for vs.
Aunt (quoth I) after a dotyng or dronken déede,
Let ſubmiſſion obteine ſome mercie or méede.
He that kylth a man, whan he is dronke (quoth ſhe)
Shalbe hangd when he is ſobre. And he
Whom in itching no ſcratchyng will forbere,
He muſt beare the ſmartyng that ſhall folow there,
And thou beyng borne very nigh of my ſtocke,
Though ny be my kyrtell, yet nere is my ſmocke.
I haue one of mine owne whom I muſt loke to.
Ye aunt (quoth Ales) that thinge muſte ye néedes do.
Nature compelth you to ſet your owne fyrſt vp.
For I haue heard ſaie, it is a déere colup
That is cut out of thowne fleſhe. But yet aunte,
So ſmall maie hir requeſt be, that ye maie graunte
To ſatiſfie the ſame, whiche maie do her good,
And you no harme in thauanſyng your owne blod.

And

And coſin (quoth ſhe to me) what ye would craue,
Declare, that our aunt may know what ye would haue.
Nay (quoth I) be they wynners or loſers,
Folke ſaie alwaie, beggers ſhould be no chooſers.
With thankes I ſhall take what euer mine aunte pleaſe.
Where nothyng is, a little thyng doth eaſe,
Hunger makth hard beanes ſweete. where ſaddles lacke
Better ride on a pad, than on the horſe bare backe.
And by this prouerbe apærth this o thyng,
That alwaie ſomwhat is better then nothyng.
Hold faſt whan ye haue it (quoth ſhe) by my lyfe.
The boy thy huſbande, and thou the gyrle his wyfe,
Shall not conſume that I haue laboured fore.
Thou art yong inough, and I can worke no more.
Kyt calot my coſyn ſawe this thus far on,
And in mine aunt⁊ eare ſhe whiſpreth anon
Roundly theſe wordes, to make this matter whole.
Aunt, leat them that be a colde blowe at the cole.
They ſhall for me Ales (quoth ſhe) by gods blyſſ.
She and I haue ſhaken handes. farewell vnkyſſ.
And thus with a becke as good as a dieu gard,
She flang fro me, and I from hir hitherward.
Beggyng of hir boteth not the worth of a beane.
Litteil knoweth the fat ſow, what the leane doth meane.
Forſoth (quoth I) ye haue beſtyrd ye well.
But where was your vncle whyle all this fray fell?
A ſlæpe by (quoth ſhe) routyng lyke a hog.
And it is euyll wakyng of a ſlæpyng dog.
The bytche and hir whelpe might haue bene a ſlæpe to,
For ought they in wakyng to me would do.
Fare ye well (quoth ſhe) I will nowe home ſtreite,
And at my huſband⁊ hand⁊ for better newes weite.

The. xi. chapiter.

HE came home to me the nexte daie before none.
What tyding? now (quoth I) how haue ye done?
Upon our departyng (quoth he) yeſterdaie
Toward myne vncles, ſomwhat more than mydway,
I ouertoke a man, a ſeruaunt of his,
And a frēend of myne. Who geſſed ſtreight with this
What mine errand was, offryng in the ſame,
To do his beſt for me, and ſo in gods name,
Thyther we went, no body beyng within,
But myne vncle, myne aunte, and one of our kyn.
A mad knaue, as it were a raylyng geſter,
Not a more gagglyng gander henſe to Cheſter.
At ſight of me he aſked, who haue we there?
I haue ſeene this gentleman, if I wiſt where.
Howe be it lo, ſeldome ſeene, ſone forgotten.
He was (as he will be) ſomwhat cupſhotten.
Sire daies in the weeke beſide the market daie.
Malt is aboue wheate with him. market men ſaie.
But for as muche as I ſawe the ſame taunt
Contented well mine vncle and mine aunt.
And that I cam to fall in, and not to fall out,
I forbare: or els his dronken red ſnout,
I would haue made as oft chaunge from hew to hew,
As doth the cocks of Inde. For this is trew,
It is a ſmall hop on my thombe. And Chriſt wot,
It is wood at a worde. little potte ſone whot.
Nowe mery as a cricket, and by and by,
Angry as a waſpe, though in both no cauſe why.
But he was at home there, he might ſpeake his will.
Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghill.
I ſhall be euen with him herein whan I can.
But he hauyng done, thus myne vncle began.

Ye marchant, what attempth you, to attempt vs,
To come on vs before the meſſenger thus?
Roming in an out, I here tell how ye toſſe.
But ſonne, the rollyng ſtone neuer gatherth moſſe.
Lyke a pyckpurs pilgrim, ye pꝛie and ye pꝛoule
At rouers, to rob Peter and paie Poule.
Iwys I know, or any moꝛe be tolde,
That dꝛaffe is your errand, but dꝛinke ye wolde.
Uncle (quoth I) of the cauſe, foꝛ whiche I com,
I pꝛay you pacientlye here the hole ſom.
In fayth (quoth he) without any moꝛe ſummyng,
I know to beg of me is thy commyng,
Foꝛſoth (quoth his man) it is ſo in dēde.
And I dare boldly boſte, if ye knewe his nēde,
Ye wolde of pittie yet ſet him in ſome ſtey.
Sonne, better be enuied than pitied, folke ſey.
And foꝛ his cauſe of pitē (had he had grace)
He might this daie haue bēene clēre out of the caſe.
But now he hath well kyſht and caught a frog.
Where nought is to wed with, wiſe men flē the clog.
Where I (quoth I) did not as ye wyld oꝛ bad,
That repent I oft, and as oft wiſhe I had.
Sonne (quoth he) as I haue herd of myne olders,
Wiſhers and wolders be no gꝛod houſeholders.
This pꝛouerbe foꝛ a leſſon, with ſuch other.
Not lyke (as who ſaieth) the ſonne of my bꝛother,
But lyke mine owne ſonne, I ofte befoꝛe tolde the,
To caſt hir quite of, but it woulde not holde the.
Whan I wyld the any other where to go,
Tuſhe, there was no mo maydes but malkyn tho.
Ye had bēen loſt to lacke your luſt, whan ye kyſt,
By two myles trudgeyng twyſe a wēke to be kyſt.
I would ye had kyſt, well I will no moꝛe ſturre.
It is gꝛod to haue a hatche befoꝛe the durre.

But

But who will in tyme present pleasure refrayne,
Shall in time to come, the more pleasure obtayne.
Folowe pleasure, and then will pleasure flée.
Flée pleasure, and pleasure will folowe thée,
And howe is my saiyng come to passe nowe?
How oft did I prophecie this betwéene you
And your ginifinée nycebecetur?
Whan swéete suger should tourne to soure salte petur,
Wherby ye should in seyng that ye neuer sawe,
Thynke that you neuer thought. your selfe a dawe.
But that tyme ye thought me a dawe. so that I
Dyd no good in all my woordes then, saue onely
Approued this prouerbe playne and true mater,
A man maie well bring a horse to the water,
But he can not make him drinke without he will.
Colts (quoth his man) may proue well with tatches yll.
For of a ragged colte there comth a good horse.
If he be good now of his ill past no force.
Well, he that hangth him selfe a sondaie (said hée)
Shall hang still vncut downe a mondaie for mée.
I haue hangd vp my hatchet, God spéede him well.
A wonder thing what thing? these olde thinges tell.
Cat after kynde good mouse hunt. And also
Men saie, kinde will créepe where it maie not go.
Commenly all thyng shewth fro whens it camme.
The litter is lyke to the syre and the damme.
How can the fole amble, if the hors and mare trot?
These sentenses are assigned vnto thy lot,
By condicions of thy father and mother,
My syster in lawe, and mine owne said brother.
Thou folowest their steppes as right as a lyne.
For when prouander prickt them a little tyne,
They did as thy wife and thou did, both dote
Eche one on other, and beyng not woorth a grote,

They went (witleſſe) to wedding. Wherby at laſt
They both went a beggyng. And euen the lyke caſt
Haſt thou. thou wilt beg or ſteale, er thou dye.
Take hede frende I haue ſeene as far come as nye.
If ye ſeke to fynde thynges, er they be loſt,
Ye ſhall fynde one daie you come to your coſt.
This dw I but repete, for this I tolde thee,
And more I ſaie: but I could not then holde thee.
Nor will not holde the now: nor ſuche foly feele,
To ſet at my hert that thou ſetteſt at thy heele.
And as of my gwd, er I one grote geeue,
I wyll ſee how my wyfe, and my ſelfe maie leeue.
Thou goeſt a gleenyng er the cart haue caried.
But er thou gleine ought, ſens thou woldſt be maried
Shall I make the laugh now, and my ſelfe weepe then?
Naie gwd childe, better childzen weepe then olde men.
Men ſhould not preſe much, to ſpend much vpon fooles.
Fiſhe is caſte awaie that is caſt in drie poles.
To flee charge, and fynde eaſe, ye wold now heere oſte.
It is eaſy to cry vle at other mens coſte.
But a bow long bent, at length muſt ware weake.
Long bent I toward you, but that bent I will breake.
Fare well and fede full, that loue ye well to do.
But you luſt not to dw, that longeth therto.
The cat would eate fyſhe, and would not wet her feete.
They muſt hunger in froſt, that will not worke in heete.
And he that will thriue, muſt aſke leaue of his wife.
But your wife will geue none, by your and hir life.
It is harde to wiue and thryue bothe in a yere.
Thus by thy wyuyng, thryuyng dwth ſo appere,
That thou art paſt thrift before thryft begyn.
But lo, wyll wyll haue wyll, though will wo wyn.
Will is a gwd ſonne, and will is a ſhrewde boy.
And wilfull ſhrewde will hath wrought thee this toy.

A gentle white ſpurre, and at néede a ſure ſpeare.
He ſtandth now as he had a flea in his eare.
How be it for any great courteſie he doth make,
It ſæmth the gentill man hath eaten a ſtake.
He beareth a dagger in his ſleue, truſt mée,
To kyll all that he méeteth prouder then hée.
He will perke, I here ſay he muſt haue the benche.
Jacke would be a gentleman if he could ſpeake frenche.
He thinkth his fæte be, where his head ſhall neuer come.
He would fayne flée, but he wanteth fethers, ſome.
Sir (quoth his man) he will no faute defende,
But harde is for any man all fautes to mende.
He is liueles, that is fautles, olde folkes thought.
He hath (quoth he) but one faute, he is nought.
Well (quoth his man) the beſt cart maie ouerthrowe.
Cartz well driuen (quoth he) go longe vpright thowe.
But for my reward, let him be no longer tarier.
I will ſend it him, by John Longe the carier.
O helpe him ſir (ſaide he) ſens ye eaſily maie.
Shamfull crauyng (quoth he) muſt haue ſhamefull naie.
Ye maie ſyr (quoth he) mend thrée naies with one yée.
Two falſe knaues néede no broker, men ſay (ſaid hée)
Some ſaie alſo it is mery when knaues méete.
But the mo knaues the worſe company to gréete.
The one knaue now croucheth, while thother crauith.
But to ſhew what ſhalbe his releuauith.
Either after my death if my will be kept,
Or duryng my lyfe: had I this hall hept
With golde, he maie his parte on good fridaie eate,
And faſt neuer the wurs, for ought he ſhall geate.
Theſe former leſſons conde, take forth this, ſonne.
Tell thy cardes, and than tell me what thou haſt wonne.
Nowe here is the dore, and there is the wey,
And ſo (quoth he) farewell gentill Geffrey.

Thus parted I from him, beyng muche diſmaide,
Whiche his man ſawe, and (to comfort me) ſaied.
What man, plucke vp your hert, be of good chéere.
After cloudes blacke, we ſhall haue weather cléere.
What ſhould your face thus agayne the woll be ſhorne
For one fall? What man all this winde ſhak̃ no corne.
Let this winde ouerblow. a tyme I will ſpy,
To take wynde and tyde with me, and ſpede therby.
I thanke you (quoth I) but great boſt and ſmall roſte,
Maketh vnſauery mouthes, where euer men oſte.
And this boſte veraie vnſauorly ſerueth.
For while the graſſe groweth the horſe ſterueth.
Better one byrde in hande than ten in the wood.
Rome was not built in one daie (quoth he) and yet ſtood.
Till it was finiſht, as ſome ſay, full faire.
Your hert is in your hoſe all in diſpaire.
But as euery man ſaith, a dog hath a daie.
Should you a man, diſpaire than any daie? naie.
Ye haue many ſtryng̃ to the bowe, for ye know.
Though I, hauyng the bent of your vncles bow,
Can no way bryng your bolte in the but to ſtand,
Yet haue ye other mark̃ to roue at hand.
The kays hang not all by one mans gyrdell man.
Though nought wilbe won here, I ſay, yet ye can
Taſte other kinſmen, of whom ye may geat,
Here ſome and there ſome, many ſmall make a great.
For come lyght winnynges with bleſſings or curſes,
Euermore light gaynes make heauy purſes.
Children learne to crépe er they can learne to go.
And little and little, ye muſt learne euen ſo.
Throw no gyft agayne at the geuers head,
For better is halfe a lofe than no bread.
I maie beg my bread (quoth I) for my kyn all
That dwelth ny. Well, yet (quoth he) and the worſt fall,

Ye

Ye maie to your kinſman, hens nine or ten mile.
Riche without charge, whom ye ſaw not of long while.
That benchwhiſtler (quoth I) is a pinchpeny,
As free of gyft, as a poore man of his eie.
I ſhall geat a fart of a dead man as ſone
As a farthyng of him, his dole is ſone done.
He is ſo hy in thinſtep, and ſo ſtreight laſte,
That pryde and couetyſe withdrawth all repaſte,
Ye know what he hath beene (quoth he) but iwis,
Abſence ſaith plainly, ye know not what he is.
Men know (quoth I) I haue herd now and then,
How the market goth by the market men.
Further it is ſaide, who that ſaiyng wayth,
It muſt nedes be true, that euery man ſayth.
Men ſay alſo, children and fooles can not ly.
And both man and child ſaieth, he is a heinſby.
And my ſelfe knowth him, I dare boldly brag,
Euen as well as the begger knowth his bag.
And I knew him, not worth a grey grote.
He was at an ebbe, though he be now a flote,
Poore as the poreſt. And now nought he ſetteth
By poore folke, For the parvſhe prieſt forgetteth
That euer he hath bene holy water clarke.
By ought I can now here, or euer could marke.
Of no man hath he pitie or compaſſion.
Well (quoth he) euery man after his faſſion.
He maie yet pitie you, for ought doth appeere,
It hapth in one houre, that hapth not in. vii. yere.
Forſpeake not your fortune, nor hide not your neede.
Nought venter nought haue, ſpare to ſpeake ſpare to ſpeede.
Unknowne vnkyſt. it is loſte that is vnſought.
As good ſeeke nought (quoth I) as ſeeke and finde nought.
It is (quoth he) yll fyſhyng before the net.
But though we get little, dere bought and far fet.

Are

Are deinties for Ladies. Go we both two,
I haue for my maiſter thereby to do,
I maie breake a diſhe there. and ſure I ſhall
Set all at ſtre and ſeuen, to win ſome windfall.
And I will hang the bell about the cats necke.
For I will firſt breake, and leobard the firſt checke.
And for to wyn this praie, though the coſt be mine,
Leat vs preſent him with a bottle of wyne.
What ſhould we (quoth I) greaſe the fat ſow in thars,
We maie do much ill, er we do much wars.
It is, to geue him, as muche almes or nede
As caſt water in tems, or as good a dede,
As it is to helpe a dogge ouer a ſtyle.
Than go we (quoth he) we leſe tyme all this while.
To folow his fancy, we went together.
And toward night yeſternight when we came thyther,
She was within, but he was yet abrode.
And ſtreight as ſhe ſawe me, ſhe ſwelde lyke a tode.
Pattryng the diuels Pater noſter to hir ſelfe,
God neuer made a more crabbed elfe.
She bad him welcome, but the wurs for mé.
This knaue comth a beggyng, by me thought ſhé.
I ſmelde hir out, and had hir ſtreight in the wynde.
She maie abide no beggers of any kynde.
They be both grédy guts all geuen to get.
They care not how: all is fiſhe that comth to net.
They know no ende of their good: nor beginnyng
Of any goodneſſe. ſuche is wretched winnyng.
Hunger droppeth euen out of bothe their noſes.
She goth with broken ſhone and torne hoſes
But who is wurs ſhod, than the ſhoemakers wyfe,
With ſhops full of newe ſhoes all hir lyfe?
Or who will do leſſe, then they that may do moſte?
And namely of hir I can no waie make boſte.

She is one of them, to whom God bad who.
She will all haue, and will right nought forgo.
She will not part with the paryng of hir nayles,
She toyleth continually for auayles.
Whiche life she hath so long now kept in bre.
That for no life she wolde make chaunge, be sure.
But this lesson lernde I, er I was yeres seuen.
They that be in hell, wene there is none other heuen.
She is nothyng fayre, but she is yll fauourd.
And no more vnclenly, than vnswéete sauourd.
But hakney men saie, at mangy hackneis hyer,
A scald hors is good inough for a scabde squyer.
Ye is a knuckylbonyard veraie méete
To matche a minion nother fayre nor swéete.
He winkth with the tone eie, and lokth with the tother
I will not trust him though he were my brother.
He hath a poyson wyt, and all his delyte,
To geue tauntes and checkes of most spitefull spyte.
In that house commonly such is the cast,
A man shall as sone breake his necke as his fast.
And yet nowe suche a gyd did hir head take,
That more for my mates then for maners sake.
We had bread and drinke, and a chéese very greate.
But the greattest crabs be not all the best meate.
For hir crabbed chéese, with all the greatnesse,
Myght well abide the fineneſſe, or sweatneſſe,
Anon he cam in. And when he vs sawe,
To my companion kindlie he did drawe.
And a well fauourd welcome to him he yéelds.
Byddyng me welcome strangly ouer the fields.
With these wordes, Ah yong man I know your matter,
By my faith you come to loke in my water.
And for my comfort to your consolacion,
Ye would, by my purs, geue me a purgacion.

But I am laratiue inough there otherwiſe.
This (quoth this yonge man) contrary doth ryſe.
For he is purs ſicke, and lackth a phiſicion,
And hopeth vpon you in ſome condicion.
Not by purgacion, but by reſtoratiue.
To ſtrength his weakeneſſe to kæpe him aliue.
I can not (quoth he) for though it be my lot
To haue ſpeculacion, yet I practyſe not.
I ſée muche, but I ſay little, and dó leſſe,
In this kinde of phiſicke. and what would ye geſſe,
Shall I conſume my ſelfe, to reſtore him now?
Nay, backare (quoth mortimer to his ſow)
He can before this tyme, no tyme aſſine,
In whiche he hath laied downe one peny by myne,
That euer might either make me bite or ſup.
And by lady fréd. nought lay downe, nought take vp.
Ka me, ka the, one good tourne aſkth an other.
Nought won by the tone, nought won by the tother.
To put me to coſte, thou camſt halfe a ſcore myles,
Out of thine owne neſt, to ſéeke me in theſe out yles.
Where thou wilt not ſtep ouer a ſtraw, I thynke,
To wyn me the worth of one draught of drynke.
No more than I haue wonne of all thy hole ſtocke.
I haue bene common Jacke to all that hole flocke.
Whan ought was to dó, I was common hackney,
Folke call on the horſe that will cary alwey.
But euermore the common horſe is worſt ſhod.
Deſert and reward be oft tymes thynges far od.
At end I might put my winnyng in mine eye,
And ſée neuer the worſe, for ought I wan them bye.
And now without them, I liue here at ſtaues end.
Where I néed not borowe, nor I will not lend.
It is good to beware by other mens harmes,
But thy takyng of thyne aulter in thine armes.

Teacheth

Teacheth other to beware of their harmes by thyne.
Thou haſt ſtriken the ball, vnder the lyne.
I praie you (quoth I) pitie me a poꝛe man,
With ſomewhat, tyll I maie woꝛke as I can.
Toward your woꝛkyng (quoth he) ye make ſuch taſting,
As appꝛoue you to be none of the haſting.
Ye ren to woꝛke in haſte as nine men helde ye.
But whan ſo euer ye to woꝛke muſt yeld ye.
If your mæte mate and you mæte together,
Than ſhall we ſée two men beare a fether.
Recompenſyng foꝛmer loytryng lyke loſe,
As dyd the pure penitent that ſtale a goſe
And ſtack downe a fether. And where olde folke tell,
That euill gotten good neuer pꝛoueth well.
Ye wyll truely get, and true gettyng well kæpe
Till time ye be as ryche as a new ſhoꝛne ſhæpe:
Howe be it whan thꝛift and you fell fyꝛſt at a fray,
You played the man, foꝛ ye made thꝛift ren away.
So helpe me god, in my poꝛe opinion,
A man might make a plaie of this minion.
And fain no ground, but take tales of his owne frændes,
I ſucke not this out of my owne fingers ændes.
And ſens ye were wed, although I nought gaue you,
Yet pꝛay I foꝛ you, God and ſaint Luke ſaue you.
And here is all. Foꝛ what ſhould I further wade:
I was neyther of court noꝛ of counſayle made.
And it is, as I haue lerned in lyſtnyng,
A poꝛe dogge, that is not woꝛth the whyſtlyng.
A daie er I was wedde, I bad you (quoth I)
Scarbꝛough warnyng I had (quoth he) wherby,
I kept me thens, to ſerue the accoꝛdyng.
And now if this nightes lodgeyng and boꝛdyng.
Maie eaſe the, and ryd me from any moꝛe charge,
Then welcome, oꝛ els get the ſtreight at large.

For of further reward, marke how I boſt me,
In caſe as ye ſhall yelde me as ye coſt me,
So ſhall ye coſt me as ye yelde me likewiſe.
Whiche is, a thing of nought rightly to ſurmyſe.
Here with all his wife to make vp my mouthe,
Not onely hir huſbandes tauntyng tale auouthe,
But therto deuiſeth to caſt in my téeth,
Checks and chokyng oyſters. And whan ſhe ſéeth
Her tyme to take vp, to ſhew my fare at beſt,
Ye ſée your fare (ſayd ſhe) ſet your hert at reſt.
Fare ye well (quoth I) how euer I fare now.
And well mote ye fare bothe whan I dyne with yow.
Come, go we hens friend (quoth I to my mate)
And now will I make a croſſe on this gate.
And I (quoth he croſſe the quyte out of my booke.
Sens thou art croſſe ſayled. auale vnhappie hooke.
By hooke or crooke nought could I wyn there, men ſay
He that comth euery daie, ſhall haue a cocknaie.
He that comth now and then, ſhall haue a fatte hen.
But I gat not ſo muche in comyng ſéelde when,
As a good hens fether, or a poore egſhell.
As good play for nought as woorke for nought, folke tell.
Well well (quoth he) we be but where we were.
Come what come would, I thought er we came there,
That if the woorſt fell, we could haue but a naie.
There is no harme done man in all this fraie.
Neither pot broken, nor water ſpylt.
Farewell he (quoth I) I will as ſone be hylt,
As watte againe for the moneſhine in the water.
But is not this a preety pyked mater?
To diſdeygne me, who mucke of the worlde hoordth not,
As he doth, it may ryme but it accordth not.
She fometh lyke a boore, the beaſt ſhould ſéeme bolde,
For ſhe is as fierce, as a Lyon of Cotſolde.

She fryeth in hir owne greaſe, but as for my parte,
If ſhe be angry, beſhrew her angry harte.
Frend (quoth he) he maie ſhewe wiſdome at will,
That with angry herte can holde his tongue ſtyll.
Let pacience growe in your gardein alwaie.
Some loſe or od ende will come man, ſome one daie
From ſome frende, eyther in lyfe or at death.
Death (quoth I) take we that tyme, to take a breath:
Than graffe we a greene graffe on a rotten rote,
Who waitth for dead men ſhoen, ſhall go long bareſote
Let paſſe (quoth he) and leat vs be trudgeing,
Where ſome noppy ale is, and ſofte ſweete ludgeing.
Be it (quoth I) but I would very fayne eate.
At breackfaſt and diner I eate little meate.
And two hongry meales make the thyrd a glutten:
We went where we had boylde beefe and bake mutton,
Wherof I fed me as full as a tunne.
And a bed were we er the clocke had nine runne.
Early we roſe, in haſt to get awaie,
And to the hoſtler this morenyng by daie
This felow calde. what how felow, thou knaue,
I pray the leat me and my felow haue
A heare of the dog that bote vs laſt night.
And bitten were we both to the braine aright,
We ſawe eche other drunke in the good ale glas,
And ſo did eche one eche other, that there was.
Saue one, but olde men ſay that are ſkyld,
A hard foughten feeld, where no man ſkapth vnkyld.
The reckenyng reckned he, needs would pay the ſhot,
And nedes he muſt for me, for I had it not.
This done we ſhoke handes, and parted in fyne,
He into his waie, and I into myne.
But this iourney was quite out of my waie.
Many kynſfolke and few frends, ſome folke ſaie,

But I fynde many kynſfolke, and frende not one.
Folke ſay, it hath bene ſaide many yeres ſens gone,
Proue thy frende er thou haue nede, but in dede
A frende is neuer knowen tyll a man haue nede.
Before I had nede, my moſt preſent foes
Semed my moſt frends, but thus the world goes,
Euery man baſteth the fat hog we ſee,
But the leane ſhall burne er he baſted be.
As ſeyth this ſentence, oft and long ſayd before,
He that hath plentie of goodes ſhall haue more,
He that hath but a little, he ſhall haue leſſe.
He that hath right nought, right nought ſhall poſſeſſe.
Thus hauing right nought, and would ſomwhat obtayne.
With right nought (quoth he) I am retourned againe.

The.xii.chapiter.

SVrely (quoth I) ye haue in this time thus worne,
Made a long harueſt for a little corne.
Howbeit, comforte your ſelfe with this old tert,
That telth vs, when bale is hekſt, bote is nert.
Though euery man may not ſyt in the chayre.
Yet alwaie the grace of God is worth a fayre.
Take no thought in no caſe, God is where he was.
But put caſe in pouertee all your life pas.
Yet pouertee and powre degree, taken well,
Feedth on this, he that neuer climbde, neuer fell.
And ſome caſe at ſome tyme ſhewth preeſe ſomwhere,
That riches bringth oft harme, and euer feare.
Where pouertee paſſeth without grudge of greefe.
What man, the begger maie ſyng before the theefe.
And who can ſyng ſo mery a note,
As maie he, that can not chaunge a grote.
Ye (quoth he) beggers maie ſyng before theeues,
And weepe before true men, lamentyng their greeues.

Some

Some ſaie, and I feele hunger perſeth ſtone wall.
Meate nor yet money to bye meate withall,
Haue I not ſo muche as maie hunger defende
Fro my wyfe and me. Well (quoth I) God will ſende
Tyme to prouyde for tyme, right well ye ſhall ſée.
God ſende that prouiſion in tyme (ſaide he.)
And thus ſæmyng welnie wery of his lyfe,
The poore wretch went to his like poore wretched wyfe.
From wantonnes to wretchednelle, brought on their knees.
Their hartes full heauy, their heades be full of bees.
And after this a monthe, or ſomwhat leſſe,
Their landlorde came to their houſe to take a ſtreſſe
For rent, to haue kept Bayard in the ſtable.
But that to win, any power was vnable.
For though it be ill plaiyng with ſhort daggers,
Whiche meaneth, that euery wiſe man ſtaggers,
In earneſt or borde to be buſie or bolde
With his biggers or betters, yet this is tolde.
Where as nothing is, the kynge muſt loſe his right.
And thus, kyng or keyſer muſt haue ſet them quight.
But warnyng to departe thens they neded none.
For er the next daie the birdes were flowne eche one,
To ſéeke ſeruyce. of whiche where the man was ſped,
The wife could not ſpéede, but maugre hir hed,
She muſt ſéeke elswhere. for eyther there or ny,
Seruyce for any ſuite ſhe none could eſpy.
All folke thought them not onely to lyther,
To lynger bothe in one houſe togyther.
But alſo dwellyng ny vnder their wyngs,
Under their noſes, they might conuey thinges,
Suche as were neither to heauie nor to whot.
More in a month then they their maiſter got
In a whole yere. Wherto folke further weiyng,
Receiue eche of other in their conueiyng,

Myght

Wight be woꝛſt of all. Foꝛ this pꝛouerbe pꝛéues,
Where be no receiuors, there be no théues.
Suche hap here hapt, that common dꝛeade of ſuch gyles
Dꝛoue them and kepth them a ſunder many myles.
Thus though loue decrée, departure death to bée,
Yet pouertie parteth felowſhip we ſée.
And doth thoſe two true louers ſo diſſeuer,
That méete ſhall they ſéelde when, oꝛ haply neuer.
And thus by loue, without regard of liuyng,
Theſe twayne haue wꝛought eche others yll chiuyng.
And loue hath ſo loſt them the loue of their fréndꝫ,
That I thinke them loſt, and thus this tale éndꝫ,

The.xiii. chapiter.

AH ſir (ſaid my fréend) when men will néedꝫ mary,
I ſee now, how wiſdome and haſt maie varie,
Namely where they wed foꝛ loue altogether.
I would foꝛ no gwd, but I had come hyther.
Swéete beautie with ſoure beggery, naie I am gon,
To the welthy wythered wydow, by Sent John.
What yet in all haſte (quoth I) Ye (q hee)
Foꝛ ſhe hath ſubſtance inough. and ye ſee,
That lacke is the loſſe of theſe two yong fooles.
Know ye not (quoth I) that after wiſe mens ſchooles,
A man ſhould here all partꝫ, er he iudge any?
Why are ye that (quoth he.) Foꝛ this (quoth I.
I tolde you, whan I this began that I woulde
Tell you of two couples. and I hauyng told
But of the tone, ye be ſtreight ſtartyng away,
As I of the tother had right nought to ſay.
Oꝛ as your ſelfe of them right nought wold here.
Naie not all ſo (quoth he) but ſyns I thynke clere,
There can no way appeere ſo peinfull a lyfe,
Betwene your yong neighbour and his old ryche wyfe.

As

As this tale in this yong powre couple doth ſhow,
And that the moſt good or leaſt yll ye know.
To take at ende, I was at begynnyng bent,
With thanks for this, and your more peyne to preuent,
Without any more matter now reuolued.
I take this matter here cléerely reſolued.
And that ye herein awarde me to forſake,
Beggerly beautie, and riueld riches take.
Thats iuſt, if the halfe ſhall iudge the whole (quoth I)
But yet here the whole, the whole wholly to try.
To it (quoth he) than I praie you by and by.
We will dyne fyrſt (quoth I) it is none by.
We maie as well (quoth he) dine whan this is done.
The longer forenone the ſhorter after none.
All comth to one, and therby men haue geſt,
Alwaie the longer eaſt the ſhorter weſt.
We haue had (quoth I) before ye came, and ſyn,
Weather, méete to ſette paddockes abrode in.
Rain, more than enough, and when all ſhrews haue dind,
Chaunge from foule weather to faire is oft enclind.
And all the ſhrews in this parte, ſauyng one wife
That muſt dine with vs, haue dinde peine of my life.
Now if good chaunge of ill weather be dependyng
Upon hir diet, what were mine offendyng,
To kepe the woman any longer faſtyng.
If ye (quoth he) ſet all this far caſtyng,
For common wealth, as it apéereth a cléere caſe,
Reaſon would your will ſhuld, and ſhall take place.

Thus endeth the fyrſt part.

The seconde parte.

The. i. chapiter.

DIners can not be long, where deinties want,
Where coine is not common, commons must be scant.
In poste pase we past from potage to chæse,
And yet this man cride, alas what time we læse.
He would not let vs pause after our repaste,
But apart he pluckt me streight, and in all haste,
As I of this pore yonge man, and pore yong mayde,
Or more pore yong wyke, the foresaid wordes had said,
So praieth he me now the processe mate be tolde,
Betwéene thother yong man, and riche widow olde.
If ye lacke that (quoth I) awaie ye must wynde,
With your hole errand, and halfe thanswere behynde.
Whiche thing to do, sens hast therto shewth you loth,
And to hast your goyng, the daie awaie goth.
And that tyme losse, again we can not wyn.
Without more losse of tyme, this tale I begyn.
IN this late olde wydow, and than olde new wyke,
Age and appetite fell at a stronge stryke.
Her lust was as yonge as hir lyms were olde.
The daie of hir weddyng, like one to be solde,
She set out hir selfe in fyne apparell.
She was made lyke a bære pot, or a barell.
A crooked hooked nose, bætyll browde, blere eyde.
Many men wisshte, for beautifiyng that bryde.
Hir waste to be gyrde in, and for a bone grace,
Some well fauourd vysor, on hir yll fauourd face.
But with visorlyke visage, suche as it was.
She smirkt, and she smylde, but so lisped this las,
That folke might haue thought it done onely alone,
Of wantonnesse, had not hir téeth béene gone.

Upright

Upright as a candle ſtandth in a ſocket,
Stode ſhe that daie, ſo ſimple de cocket.
Of auncient fathers ſhe toke no cure nor care,
She was to them, as koy as a crokers mare.
She toke thenterteinment of the yong men
All in daliaunce, as nice as a nuns hen.
I ſuppoſe that daie hir eares might well glow,
For all the towne talkt of hir hy and low.
One ſaide, a well fauourd old woman ſhe is.
The diuell ſhe is ſaide an other. and to this,
In came the thyrde, with his. v. egges, and ſayde,
Fyfty yere ago I knew hir a trym mayde.
What euer ſhe were than (ſayd one) ſhe is nowe,
To become a bryde, as mete as a ſowe
To beare a ſaddle. She is in this mariage
As comely as is a cowe in a cage.
Cup with a galde backe gill, come vp to ſupper.
What mine olde mare woulde haue a new crouper.
And now mine olde hat muſt haue a new band.
Well (quoth one) glad is he that hath hir in hand.
A godly maryage ſhe is, I here ſaie.
She is ſo (quoth one) were the woman awaie.
Well (quoth an other) fortune this moueth.
And in this caſe euery man as he loueth
Quoth the good man, whan that he kyſſt his cowe.
That kyſſe (quoth one) doth well here, by god a vowe.
But how can ſhe geue a kyſſe ſowre or ſweete?
Her chin and hir noſe, within halfe an inche meete.
God is no botcher ſyr, ſaide an other.
He ſhapeth all partes, as eche part maie fytte other.
Well (quoth one) wiſely, let vs leaue this ſcannyng.
God ſpede them. be as be maie is no bannyng.
That ſhalbe, ſhalbe. and with gods grace they ſhall
Do well, and that they ſo may, wiſhe we all.

THIS wonder (as wonders laſt) laſted nine daies.
Whiche done, and all geſts of this feaſt gon their waies,
Ordinary houſholde this man ſtreight began.
Very ſumptuouſly, whiche he might well do than.
What he would haue, he might haue, his wife was ſet
In ſuche dotage of him, that fayre woordes did fet,
Gromelſede plentie, and pleaſure to prefer,
She made muche of him, and he mockt muche of her.
I was (as I ſaide) muche there, and moſt of all
The fyrſt month in which time ſuche kindneſſe did fall,
Betwene theſe two counterfaite turtle burdes,
To ſee his ſweete lokes, and here hir ſweete wurdes.
And to thinke wherfore they bothe put both in bre,
It wolde haue made a hors breake his halter ſure.
All the fyrſt fortnight their tickyng might haue tought,
Any yonge couple, their loue tickes to haue wrought.
Some laught, and ſaid, all thing is gay that is greene.
Some therto ſaid, the greene new brome ſweepth cleene.
But ſens all thyng is the woors for the wearyng,
Decaie of cleane ſweepyng folke had in fearyng.
And in deede, er two monthes away were crept,
And hir biggeſt baggs into his boſome ſwept.
Where loue had apeered in him to hir alway
Hotte as a toſte, it grew cold as a kay.
He at meate caruyng hir, and none els before,
Now carued he to all but hir, and hir no more.
Where her woordes ſeemd hony, by his ſmylyng cheere,
Now are they muſtard, he frowneth them to heere.
And whan ſhe ſawe ſweete ſauce began to ware ſoure,
She wart as ſowre as he, and as well could lowre.
So turned they their typpets by way of exchaunge,
From laughyng to lowryng, and taunts did ſo raunge,
That in plaine termes, plaine truth to you to vtter,
They two agreed like two cats in a gutter.

Mary

Mary ſir (quoth he) by ſcratchyng and bytyng
Catts and dogs come together, by folkes reatyng.
Together by the eares they come (quoth I) chærely.
How be it thoſe wordes are not boyde here clærely.
For in one ſtate they twayne could not yet ſettle.
But wauerynge as the wynde, in docke out nettle.
Now in now out. now here now there, now ſad.
Now mery, now hie, now lowe, now good, now bad.
In whiche vnſtedy ſturdy ſtormes ſtreinable.
To know how they bothe were irrefreynable,
Marke how they fell out, and how they fell in.
At ende of a ſupper ſhe did thus begin.

The. ii. chapiter.

HUſbande (quoth ſhe) I would we were in our neſt.
Whan the bealy is full, the bones wold be at reſt.
So ſone vpon ſupper (ſaide he) no queſtion,
Sléepe maketh yll and vnholſome digeſtion,
By that diete a great diſeaſe once I gat.
And burnt childe fyre dredth. I will beware of that.
What a poſt of phiſyke (ſaide ſhe) ye a poſt.
And from poſt to pyller wyfe, I haue béene toſt
By that ſurfet. And I féele a little fyt,
Euen now, by former attemptyng of it.
Wherby, except I ſhall ſéeme to leaue my wit,
Before it leaue me, I muſt now leaue it.
I thanke God (quoth ſhe) I neuer yet felt payne,
To go to bed timely, but riſyng againe
To ſone in the mornyng, hath me diſpleaſed,
And I (quoth he) haue béene more diſeaſed,
By earely lyyng downe, than by early riſyng.
But thus differ folke lo, in exerciſyng.
That one may not, an other may.
Vſe maketh maiſtry, and men many tymes ſay,

That one loueth not, an other doth, which hath ſped,
All meates to be eaten, and all maides to be wed.
Haſte ye to bed now, and ryſe ye as ye rate.
While I ryſe early, and come to bed late.
Long lyng warme in bed is holſome (quoth ſhée)
While the leg warmeth, the boote harmeth (quoth hée)
Well (quoth ſhe) he that doth as moſt men dó,
Shalbe leaſt wondred on, and take any two,
That be man and wyfe in all this whole towne.
And moſte parte together, they ryſe and lie downe.
Whan byrds ſhall rouſt (quoth he) at. viii. ix. or ten,
Who ſhall appoynt their houre, the cocke, or the hen.
The hen (quoth ſhe) the cocke (quoth he) iuſt (quoth ſhe)
As Iermans lips. It ſhall proue more iuſt (quoth he)
Than proue I (quoth ſhe) the more fole far away.
But there is no fole to the olde fole, folke ſay.
Ye are wyſe inough (quoth he) if ye kéepe ye warme,
To be kept warme, and for none other harme,
Nor for muche more good, I toke you to wedde.
I toke not you (quoth he) nyght and day to bedde.
Her carrain carkas (ſaide he) is ſo colde,
Becauſe ſhe is aged, and somwhat to olde,
That ſhe kylth me, I dó but roſte a ſtone.
In warmyng hir. And ſhall not I ſaue one,
As ſhe wolde ſaue an other? yes by ſeint Johne.
A yr (quoth ſhe) mary this geare is alone.
Who that wyll maie, ſhall holde the candell, I ſée,
I muſt warme bed for him ſhould warme it for mée.
This medicine thus miniſtred is ſharpe and colde.
But all thing that is ſharpe is ſhort. folke haue tolde.
This trade is now begun, but if it holde on,
Then farewell my good daies. they wyll be ſone gon.
Goſpell in thy mouth (quoth he) this ſtrife to breake.
How be it, all is not goſpell that thou doeſt ſpeake.

But what néede we lumpe out loue at ones laſhyng.
As we ſhould now ſhake handes. what ſoft for dalhyng.
The fayre laſteth all the yere. we be new knéet,
And ſo late met, that I feare we parte not yéet,
Quoth the baker to the pyloríe. Which thyng,
From diſtemperate fondyng, temperance maie bryng.
And this reaſon to ayde, and make it more ſtrong,
Olde wiſe folke ſaie, loue me little, loue me long.
I ſay little (ſaid ſhe) but I thinke more.
Thought is frée. Ye leane (quoth he) to the wrong ſhore.
Braulyng boted not, he was not that night bent,
To plaie the bridgroome. Alone to bed ſhe went.
This was their beginnyng of iar. How be it,
For a begynnyng, this was a feat fit.
And but a fleabytyng to that did enſew.
The worſt is behynd. we come not where it grew.
How ſay you (ſaid he to me) by my wyfe.
The diuell hath caſt a bone (ſaid I) to ſet ſtryfe
Betwéene you, but it were a foly for mée,
To put my hande betwéene the barke and the trée.
Or to put my finger to far in the fyre,
Betwéene you, and lay my credence in the myre.
To meddle little for me it is beſte.
For of little medlyng cometh great reſte.
Yes ye maie meddle (quoth he) to make hir wyſe,
Without takyng harme, in geuyng your aduiſe.
She knowth me not yet, but if ſhe ware to wilde,
I ſhall make hir knowe, an olde knaue is no childe.
Sluggyng in bed with hir is worſe than watchyng.
I promiſe you an olde ſacke areth much patchyng.
Well (quoth I) to morowe I will to my beades,
To pray, that as ye both will, ſo ake your heades.
And in meane time my akyng head to eaſe,
I will couche a hogs hed. Quoth he whan ye pleaſe.

We parted, and this within a daie or twayne,
Was raakt vp in thashes, and couerd agayne.

The. iii. chapiter.

THese two daies past, he said to me, whan ye will,
Come chat at home, al is wel. Jack shall haue gill.
Who had the wurs ende of the staffe (quoth I) now?
Shall the maister weare a brēche, or none? say you.
I trust the sow will no more so dēepe wrote.
But if she do (quoth he) you must set in fote.
And whom ye sée out of the waie, or shote wyde,
Ouer shote not your selfe any syde to hyde.
But shote out some wordes, if she be to whot.
She maie saie (quoth I) a fooles bolte soone shot.
Ye will me to a thankeleſſe office hēre.
And a busy officer I maie appēre.
And Jack out of office she maie bid me walke.
And thinke me as wise as Waltams calfe, to talke.
Or chat of hir charge, hauyng therin nought to do,
How be it, if I sée nēde, as my part comth to,
Gladly betwene you I will do my best.
I byd you to diner (quoth he) as no geste,
And bryng your pore neighbors on your other syde.
I did so. And streight as tholde wife vs espied,
She bad vs welcome and merily toward me,
Grēne rushes for this straunger, strawe here (quoth she)
With this aparte she puld me by the slēeue.
Saiyng in few words, my mynd to you to mēeue,
So it is, that all our great fraie the last night,
Is forgeuen and forgotten betwene vs quight.
And all fraies by this I trust haue taken end.
For I fully hope my husband will amend.
Well amended (thought I) whan ye both relent,
Not to your owne, but eche to others mendment.

Now

Now if hope fayle (quoth ſhe) and chaunce bryng about
Any ſuche breache, wherby we fall again out.
I pray you tell him his pars vers now and than.
And winke on me alſo hardly, if ye can
Take me in any tryp. Quoth I, I am lothe,
To meddle commonly. For as this tale gothe,
Who medleth in all thyng, maie ſhoe the goſlyng,
Well (quoth ſhe) your medlyng herein may bryng
The wynde calme betweene vs, whan it els might rage.
I will with good will (quoth I) yll wynds to ſwage,
Spend ſom wind at neede, though I walk winde in vayne.
To table we ſat, where fyne fare did remayne.
Mery we were as cup and can could holde,
Eche one with eche other homely and bolde.
And ſhe for hir parte, made vs cheere heauen hye.
The fyrſt parte of dyner mery as a pye.
But a ſcalde head is ſone broken. and ſo they,
As ye ſhall ſtreight here, fell at a new frey.

The. iiii. chapiter.

HAlband (quoth ſhe) ye ſtudie, be mery now.
And euen as ye thynke now ſo come to yow.
Nay not ſo (quoth he) for my thought to tell right,
I thynke how ye lay gronyng wife, all laſt night.
Huſband, a gronyng horſe, and a gronyng wyfe,
Neuer fayle their maiſter (quoth ſhe) for my lyfe.
No wyfe, a woman hath nyne lyues lyke a cat.
Well my lambe (quoth ſhe) ye may picke out of that,
As ſone goth the yonge lamſkyn to the market
As tholde yewes. God forbyd wyfe, ye ſhall fyrſt iet.
I will not iet yet (quoth ſhe) put no doutyng.
It is a bad ſacke that will abide no cloutyng.
And as we oft ſee, the lothe ſtake ſtandeth longe,
So is it an yll ſtake I haue heard among.

That can not ſtande one yere in a hedge.
I drinke (quoth ſhe) Quoth he I will not pledge.
What nede all this, a man may loue his houſe well,
Though he ryde not on the rydge, I haue heard tell.
What, I wene (quoth ſhe) prokerd ſeruyce ſtynkth.
But ſomwhat it is, I ſée, when the cat wynkth,
And bothe hir eyne out, but further ſtryke to ſhonne,
Let the cat winke, and leat the mouſe ronne.
This paſt, and he chered vs all, but moſt chéere
On his part, to this fayre yong wyfe dyd appéere.
And as he to her caſt oft a louyng eye,
So caſt hir huſbande lyke eye, to his plate by.
Wherwith in a great muſyng he was brought.
Frend (quoth the good man) a peny for your thought.
For my thought (quoth he) that is a godly diſhe.
But of trough I thought, better to haue then wiſhe.
What, a godly yong wyfe, as you haue (quoth he)
Nay (quoth he) godly gylt goblets, as here bée.
Byr lady frends (quoth I) this maketh a ſhow,
To ſhewe you more vnnaturall than the crow,
The crow thinkth hir owne birdes faireſt in the wood.
But by your words (except I wrong vnderſtood)
Eche others byrdes or iewels, ye doe weie
Aboue your owne. True (quoth the old wyfe) ye ſeie.
But my neighbours deſyre rightly to meaſure,
Comth of nede, and not of corrupte pleaſure.
And my huſbands more of pleaſure, than of nede.
Olde fiſh and yong fleſh (quoth he) doth men beſt fede.
And ſome ſay, chaunge of paſture makth fat calues.
As for that reaſon (quoth ſhe) ronth to halues.
As well for the cowe calfe as for the bull.
And though your paſture loke barreinly and dull,
Yet loke not on the meate, but loke on the man.
And who ſo loketh on you, ſhall ſhortly ſkan,

Ye maie wryte to your frendꝛ, that ye are in helth.
But all thyng maie be ſuffred ſauyng welth.
An olde ſaide ſawe, itche and eaſe, can no man pleaſe.
Plentie is no deintie, ye ſée not your owne eaſe.
I ſée, ye can not ſée the wood foꝛ trées.
Your lips hang in your light, but this poꝛe man ſées
Both how blindly ye ſtand in your owne light,
And that you roſe on your right ſyde here right.
And might haue gone further, and haue faren wurs.
I wot well I might (quoth he) foꝛ the purs,
But ye be a baby of Belſabubs bowꝛe.
Content ye (quoth ſhe) take the ſwéete with the ſowꝛe.
Fancy may boult bꝛan, and make ye take it floure,
It will not be (quoth he) ſhould I dye this houre.
While this fayꝛe floure flouriſheth thus in mine eye.
Yes, it might (quoth ſhe) and here this reaſon whye.

Snow is white
And lyeth in the dike
} And euery man lets it lye.

Pepper is blacke
And hath a good ſmacke
} And euery man doth it bye.

Mylke (q͛ he) is white
And lieth not in the dike
} But all men know it good meate.

Inke is all blacke
And hath an ill ſmacke
} No man will it drinke nor eate.

Thy ryme (quoth he) is muche elder then mine,
But mine beyng newer is truer then thine.
Thou likeneſt now foꝛ a vayne aduauntage,
White ſnow to fayꝛe youth, blacke pepper to foule age.
Whiche are placed out of place here by rod.
Blacke inke is as yll meate, as blacke pepper is god.
And white milke as god meate, as white ſnow is yll.
But a milke ſnow white ſmoth yong ſkyn, who chaunge will.
Foꝛ a pepper ynke blacke rough olde wytherd face?
Though chaunge be no robbꝛy foꝛ the chaunged caſe,

Yet ſhall that chaunge rob the chaunger of his wit.
For who this caſe ſercheth, ſhall ſone ſée in it,
That as well agréeth thy compariſon in theſe,
As a lyke to compare in taſte, chalke and cheſe.
Or a like in colour to déeme ynke and chalke.
Walke drab walke. Nay (quoth ſhe) walke knaue walke
Saieth that terme. How be it ſir, I ſaie not ſo.
And beſt we laie a ſtrawe here, and euen there who.
Or els this geare will bréede a pad in the ſtrawe.
If ye hale this waie, I will an other waie drawe.
Here is God in thambrie (quoth I.) Quoth he, naie,
Here is the diuell in thorologe, ye maie ſaie.
Sens this (quoth I) rather bryngeth bale then bote,
Wrap it in the clothe, and tread it vnder foote.
Ye harpe on the ſtryng, that geueth no melody.
Your tounges run before your wit, by ſeint Antonie.
Marke ye, how ſhe hitteth me on the thomb (quoth hée)
And ye taunt me tyt ouer thumb (quoth ſhée)
Sens tyt for tat (quoth I) on euen hand is ſet,
Set the hares head againſt the goſe ieblet.
She is (quoth he) bent to force you perforce
To know, that the grey mare is the better horſe.
She chopth logyke, to put me to my clargy.
She hath one poynt of a good hauke, ſhe is hardie.
But wife, the fyrſt point of haukyng is holde faſt.
And holde ye faſt I red you, leſt ye be caſt,
In your owne tourne. Naie ſhe will tourue the leafe.
And rather (quoth I) take as falth in the ſheafe,
At your handes. and let fall hir holde, than be to bolde.
Naie, I will ſpyt in my handes, and take better holde.
He (quoth ſhe) that will be angry without cauſe,
Muſt be at one, without amendes. by ſage ſawes.
Tread a worme on the tayle, and it muſt turne agayne.
He taketh pepper in the noſe, that I complaine

Upon his fautes, my selfe beyng fautlesse.
But that shall not stop my mouth, ye maie well gesse.
Well (quoth I) to muche of one thyng is not good,
Leaue of this. Be it (quoth he) fall we to our food.
But suffrance is no quittance in this daiment.
No (quoth she) nor misrecknyng is no paiment.
But euen recknyng maketh longe fréends, my fréend.
For alwaie owne is owne, at the recknyngs éend.
This recknyng thus reckned, and dyner once doone,
We thrée from them twayne, departed very soone.

The. v. chapiter.

This olde woman the next daie after this night,
Stale home to me, secretly as she might.
To talke with me. In secrete counsell (she saide)
Of thinges which in no wise might be bewraied.
We twayne are one to many (quoth I) for men say,
Thrée maie a kepe counsayle, if two be away.
But all that ye speake, vnméete againe to tell,
I will say nought but mum, and mum is counsell.
Well then (quoth she) herein auoydyng all feares,
Auoyd your children. small pitchers haue wide eares.
Whiche doone (she saide) I haue a husband, ye know,
Whom I made of nought, as the thing self dooth show.
And for these two causes onely him I tooke.
First, that for my loue, he should louingly looke,
In all kynd of cause, that loue ingender might,
To loue and cherishe me by daie and by night.
Secondly, the substance, whiche I to him brought,
He rather should augment, than bring to nought,
But now my good, shall both be spent, ye shall sée,
And it in spendyng soole instrument shall bee
Of my destruction, by spendyng it on suche
As shall make him destroy me: I feare this muche.

He maketh hauok. and setteth cocke on the hope.
He is so laueis, the stocke beginneth to drope.
And as for gaine is deade, and layde in tumbe,
Whan he should get ought, eche synger is a thumbe,
Eche of his iointes against other iustles,
As handsomly as a beare picketh muscles.
Flattryng knaues & sleryng queanes beyng the marke.
Hang on his sleeue, many hands make light warke.
He hath his haukes in the mew. but make ye sure,
With emptie handes men maie no haukes allure.
There is a nest of chickens, whiche he doth brod,
That will sure make his heare grow through his hod.
They can currifauell, and make faire wether,
Whyle they cut large thongs of other mens lether.
He maketh his marts with marchants likely,
To bryng a shillyng to. ix. pens quickely.
If he holde on a while, as he begins,
We shall see him proue a marchaunt of eele skins.
A marchaunt without either money or ware.
But all be bugs words, that I speake to spare.
Better spare at brym than at bottem, say I.
Euer spare and euer bare (saith he) by and by.
Spend, and god shall send (saieth he) saith tholde ballet,
What sendth he (saie I) a staffe and a wallet.
Than vp gothe his staffe, to send me a louse.
He is at three words vp in the house rouse.
And herein to grow (quoth she) to conclusion,
I praie your ayde, to auoid this confusion.
And for counsaile herein, I thought to haue gon,
To that cunnyng man, our curate sir John.
But this kept me backe, I haue herd now and then,
The greatest clerkes be not the wysest men.
I thynk (quoth I) who euer that terme began,
Was neither great clerke, nor the greatest wise man.

In

In your rennyng from him to me, ye runne
Out of gods bleſſing into the warme ſunne.
Where the blynd leadth the blynd, both fall in the dike,
And blynde be we both, if we thinke vs his lyke.
Folke ſhow much foly, when things ſhould be ſped,
To ren to the fote, that maie go to the hed.
Sens he beſt can and moſt ought to dwe it,
I feare not, but he will, if ye wyll wo it.
There is one let (quoth ſhe) mo than I ſpake on.
My huſband and he be ſo great, that the ton
Can not piſſe, but the tother muſt let a fart.
Chooſe we him aparty, than farewell my part.
We ſhall ſo part ſtake, that I ſhall leſe the hole.
Folke ſay of olde, the ſhoe will holde with the ſole.
Shall I truſt him then? nay in truſt is treaſon.
But I truſt you, and come to you this ſeaſon
To here me, and tell me, what waie ye thinke beſt,
To hem in my huſbande, and ſet me in reſt.
If ye minde (quoth I) a conqueſt to make
Ouer your huſband, no man maie vndertake
To bring you to eaſe, nor the matter amende.
Except ye bring him to weare a cocks comb at ende,
For take that your huſband were, as ye take him,
As I take him not, as your tale would make him.
Yet were contencion lyke to do nought in this,
But kepe him nought, and make him wors then he is,
But in this complaint, for counſele quicke and clere,
A few prouerbes for principles, leat vs here.
Who that maie not as they wolde, will as they maie.
And this to this, they that are bound muſt obaie:
Foly it is to ſpourne againſt a pricke,
To ſtryue againſt the ſtreme, to winche or kicke
Againſt the hard wall. By this ye maie ſee.
Beyng bound to obedience, as ye bee.

And

And alſo ouermacht, ſuffraunce is your daunce.
Ye maie ouermatche me (quoth ſhe) perchaunce
In ſtrength of bodie, but my tung is a lym,
To matche and to bere euery vayne of him.
Toung breaketh bone, it ſelfe hauyng none (quoth I)
If the winde ſtande in that doore, it ſtandth awry.
The perill of pratyng out of tune by note,
Telth vs, that a good beſtyll is worth a grote.
In beyng your owne foe, you ſpin a fayre threede.
Aduyſe ye well, for here doth all ly and bleede,
Flee thattemtyng of extremities all.
Folke ſaie, better ſyt ſtyll than ryſe and fall.
For little more or leſſe no debate make,
At euery dogs barke, ſeeme not to awake.
And where the ſmall with the great, can not agree,
The weaker goeth to the potte, we all daie ſee.
So that alwaie the bygger eateth the beane.
Ye can nought wyn, by any wayward meane.
Where the hedge is loweſt, men maie ſoneſt ouer,
Be ſilent. Leat not your toung ron at rouer.
Sens by ſtryfe, ye maie loſe, and can not wyn,
Suffer. It is good ſlepyng in a whole ſkyn.
If he chide, kepe you byll vnder wyng muet.
Chatting to chiding is not worth a chuet.
We ſee many tymes, might ouercomth right.
Were not you as good than to ſay, the crow is whight.
And ſo rather let faire wordes make fooles fayne,
Than be plaine without pletes, & plant your owne payne.
For were ye as plaine as dunſtable hy waie.
Yet ſhould ye that waie rather breake a loue daie,
Than make one thus though ye perfytely knew,
All that ye conjecture to be proued trew,
Yet better diſſemble it, and ſhake it of,
Than to broide him with it in earneſt or ſcof.

If he plaie falsehed in felowship, plaie yée,
Sée me, and sée me not. to worst part to flée.
Why thinke ye me so whyte lyuerd (quoth shée)
That I will be toung tyed? Naie I warrant yée.
They that will be afraid of euery farte,
Must go far to pisse. Well (quoth I) your parte
Is to suffre (I saie) For ye shall prœue.
Taunts appease not things, they rather agrœue,
But for yll company, or expense extrœme,
I here no man doubte, so far as ye dœme.
And there is no fyre without some smoke, we sée.
Well well, make no fyre, reyse no smoke (sayd shée)
What cloke for the rayne so euer ye bryng mée,
My selfe can tell best, where my shoe doth wryng mée.
But as ye saie, where fyre is, smoke will appéere.
And so hath it done, For I did lately héere,
How flek and his make, vse their secrete hauntyng,
By one byrd, that in mine eare was late chauntyng.
One swalowe maketh not sommer (said I) men saie.
I haue (quoth she) no blocks in his waie to laie.
For further encrease of suspicion of yls,
Besyde his iettyng into the towne, to his gyls,
With calets he consumeth him selfe and my goodes,
Sometyme in the fœlds, sometyme in the woodes.
Some here and sée him, whom he hereth nor sœth not.
But fœlds haue eies, and woodes haue eares, ye wot.
And also on my maydes he is euer totyng.
Can ye iudge a man (quoth I) by his lokyng?
What, a cat maie loke on a king, ye know.
My cats léeryng loke (quoth she) at fyrst show.
Shewth me, that my cat gothe a catterwalwyng.
And specially by his maner of drawyng,
To Madge my faire maide. for may he come ny her.
He must nedes basse hir, as he comth by her.

He loueth well ſhéeps fleſh, that wets his bred in the wul,
If he leaue it not, we haue a crow to pul.
He loueth hir better at the ſole of the foote,
Than euer he loued me at the hert roote.
It is a foule byrd, that fyleth his owne neſt.
I wold haue him liue as gods lawe hath erpreſt.
And leaue lewde tickyng. he that will none ill do,
Muſt do nothyng, that belongeth therto.
To ticke and laughe with me, he hath laukull leeue.
To that I ſaide nought but laught in my ſleeue.
But whan ſhe ſéemed to be fired in mynde,
Rather to ſéeke for that ſhe was lothe to fynde,
Than leaue that ſéekyng, by whiche ſhe might fynd eaſe,
I fainde this fancy to féele how it would pleaſe.
Will ye do well (quoth I) take peyne to watche him.
And if ye chaunce in aduoutrie to catche him,
Then haue ye him on the hyp, or on the hyrdell.
Then haue ye his head faſt vnder your gyrdell.
Where your wurds now do but rub him on the gall.
That déede without woords ſhall driue him to the wall.
And further than the wall he can not go.
But muſt ſubmit him ſelfe, and if it hap ſo,
That at ende of your watche, he gyltles apéere,
Then all grudge, growne by ielowſie, taketh end cléere.
Of all folkes I maie worſt watche him (ſaid ſhe)
For of all folks him ſelfe moſt watcheth me.
I ſhall as ſone trie him or take him this waie,
As dryue a top ouer a tyeld houſe, no naie.
I maie kepe cozners or holowe trées with thowle,
This ſeuen yeres, daie and night to watche a bowle.
Before I ſhall catche him with vndoubted enill.
He muſt haue a long ſpoone, ſhall eate with the diuell.
And the deuill is no falſer then is hée.
I haue heard tell, it had néede to bée.

A wyly mouſe that ſhould bꝛæde in the cats eare.
Shall I get within him than? nay ware that geare.
It is harde haltyng beforꝛe a crꝛeple ye wot.
A falſer water drinker there liueth not.
Whan he hunteth a doe, that he can not avow,
All dogs barke not at him, I warrant yow.
Namely not I, I ſaie, though as I ſayde.
Ye ſomtyme, though ſeldome, by ſome be bewꝛayde.
Cloſe huntyng (quoth I) the gꝏd hunter alowth.
But be your huſband neuer ſo ſtyll of mouth,
If ye can hunt, and will ſtand at receite.
Your maide eraminde, maketh him open ſtreite.
That were (quoth ſhe) as of my truth to make pꝛéeke,
To are my felow whether I be a thꝛéeke.
They cleaue together like burs. that way I ſhall
Pike out no mꝛe, than out of the ſtone wall.
Than lyke ye not to watche him foꝛ wife noꝛ mayde.
No (quoth ſhe) Noꝛ I (quoth I) what euer I ſayde.
And I miſlyke not onely your watche in vayne.
But alſo if ye take him. what could ye gayne?
From ſuſpicion to knowlage of yll. foꝛſothe
Coulde make ye dwe, but as the flounder dothe,
Leape out of the fryng pan into the fyꝛe.
And chaunge from yll peyn to wurs is wꝛth ſmall hyꝛe.
Let tyme trie. Tyme tryeth trouth in euery doubt.
And déeme the beſt, till time hath tryde the trouth out.
And reaſon ſaieth, make not two ſoꝛowes of one,
But ye make ten ſoꝛowes where reaſon maketh none.
Foꝛ where reaſon (as I ſaide) wylth you to winke,
(Although all were pꝛoued as yll as ye thinke)
Contrary to reaſon ye ſtampe and ye ſtare.
Ye fret and ye fume as mad as a marche hare.
Without pꝛwfe to his repꝛwfe pꝛeſent oꝛ paſt.
But by ſuche repoꝛte, as moſte pꝛoue lies at laſt.

And here gothe the hare awaie, for ye iudge all,
And iudge the worſt in all, er proofe in ought fall.
But blinde men ſhould iudge no colours: by olde ſaufe,
And folk oft tymes ar moſt blind in their owne cauſe,
The blynde eate many flies. Howbeit the fancy,
Of your blindneſſe comth not of ignorancy.
Ye coulde tell an other herein the beſt waie.
But it is as folke dwe, and not as folke ſaie.
For they ſaie, ſaiyng and dwyng are two things,
To defende daunger that double dealyng bryngeſ.
As ye can ſeme wiſe in wordes, be wiſe in deede.
That is (quoth ſhe) ſomer ſaid then dwne, I dreede.
But me thinkth your counſell weith in the whole,
To make me put my fynger in a hole.
And ſo by ſuffrance to be ſo lyther,
In my houſe to lay fyre and tow together.
But if they fyre me, ſome of them ſhall wyn
More towe on their diſtaues, than they can well ſpyn.
And the beſt of them ſhall haue both their handſ full.
Bolſter or pillow for me, be whoſe will.
I will not beare the diuels ſacke, by ſaint Audry.
For concelyng ſuſpicton of their baudry.
I feare fals meaſures, or els I were a chylde.
For they that thinke none yll, are ſoneſt begyle.
And thus though muche water goeth by the myll,
That the miller knowth not of, yet I will
Caſt what may ſcape, and as though I did fynde it.
With the clacke of my myll, to fyne meale grynde it.
And ſure ere I take any reſt in effect,
I muſt baniſhe my maydes ſuche as I ſuſpect.
Better it be dwne than wiſhe it had bene dwne.
As good vndwne (quoth I) as dw it to ſwne.
Well (quoth ſhe) till ſwne, fare ye well, and this
Keepe ye as ſecrete, as ye thinke meete is.

Out at dores went she herewith. and hereupon
In at dores came he forthwith as she was gon.
And without any temprate protestacion,
Thus he began, in wate of exclamacion.

The. vi. chapiter.

O By what choyce may compare, to the diuels lyke,
Lyke his, that haue chosen a diuel to his wife?
Namely such an olde witche, suche a mackabroyne,
As euermore like a hog hangeth the groyne,
On hir husbande, except he be hir slaue,
And solow all fancies, that she would haue.
Tys sayde, there is no god accorde,
Where euery man would be a Lorde.
Wherfore my wyfe will be no lorde, but lady,
To make me, that should be her Lorde, a baby.
Before I was wedded, and sens, I made reckyng,
To make my wyfe bow at euery beckyng.
Bachelers bost, how they will teach their wyues god,
But many a man speaketh of Robyn hod,
That neuer shot in his bowe. Whan all is sought,
Bachelers wiues, and maides children be well tought.
And this with this, I also begin to gather,
Euery man can rule a shrewe, saue he that hath her.
At my wil I wend she should haue wrought, like war.
But I fynde and fele, she hath found suche knar
In her bouget, and suche toies in her hed.
That to daunce after her pipe, I am my led.
It is saide of olde, an olde dog byteth sore.
But by God, tholde bitche biteth sorer and more.
And not with teeth (she hath none) but with hir toung.
If all tales be true (quoth I) though she be stong,
And therby styng you, she is not muche to blame,
For what euer you saie. thus goeth the fame.

Whan folke first saw your substance layd in your lap,
Without your peyn, with your wife brought by good hap,
Oft in remembrance of haps happie deuise,
They would saie, better to be happie then wise.
Not minding therby than, to depraue your wit,
For they had good hope, to see good proofe of it.
But sens their good opinion therin so cooles,
That they saie as ofte, God sendeth fortune to fooles.
In that as fortune without your wit gaue it,
So can your wit not kepe it whan ye haue it.
Saieth one, this geare was gotten on a holy daie.
Saieth an other, who maie holde that will awaie.
This game from begynnyng, shewth what ende is ment.
Sone gotten sone spent, yll gotten yll spent.
Ye are calde not onely to great a spender,
To franke a geuer, and as free a lender.
But also ye spende geue and lende, among suche,
Whose lightnesse mintsheth your honestee as muche
As your money, and much they disalow,
That ye bryke all from hir, that brought all to yow.
And spende it out at dores, in spyte of hir,
Because ye wolde kyll hir to be quite of hir.
For all kindnesse, of hir parte, that maie ryse,
Ye shewe all thunkindnesse ye can deuise.
And where reason and custome (they say afords,
Alwaie to let the losers haue their words,
Ye make hir a cokqueane, and consume hir good.
And she must syt like a beane in a monks hood.
Bearyng no more rule, than a gose turd in tems,
But at hir owne maides becks, winges, or hems,
She must obey those lambs, or els a lambs skyn,
Ye will prouyde for hir, to lap her in.
This biteth the mare by the thumbe, as they sey.
For were ye, touching condicion (say they)

The caſtell of honeſtée in all things els.
Yet ſhould this one thing, as their hole tale tels,
Defoyle and deface that caſtell to a cotage.
One crop of a tourd marrth a pot of potage,
And ſome to this, crie, let him pas, for we thinke,
The more we ſtur a tourde, the wurs it will ſtynke,
With many condicions good, one that is yll,
Defaceth the flowre of all, and doth all ſpyll.
Nowe (quoth I) if you thinke they truely clatter,
Let your amendment amende the matter.
Halfe warnd halfe armde. this warnyng for this I ſhow,
Ye that hath an yll name, is halfe hangd, ye know.

The. vii. chapiter.

VVell ſaide (ſaide he) mary ſir here is a tale,
For honeſtie, méete to ſet the diuell on ſale.
But now am I forſt, a bead roule to vnfolde,
To tell ſomwhat more to the tale I erſt tolde.
Grow this. as moſt part doth, I durſt holde my lyfe,
Of the ielouſy of dame Julok my wyfe,
Than ſhall ye wonder, whan truth doth defyne,
How ſhe can, and doth here, both byte and whyne.
Franſy, hereſy, and ielouſy are thrée,
That men ſay hardly or neuer cured bée.
And although ielouſy néede not or bote not,
What helpeth that counſayle, if reaſon rote not.
And in mad ielouſy ſhe is ſo farre gon,
She thinkth I run ouer all, that I looke on.
Take good héede of that (quoth I) for at a worde,
The prouerbe ſaith, he that ſtriketh with the ſworde,
Shalbe ſtrikyn with the ſcaberde. Tuſhe (quoth he)
The diule with my ſcaberde will not ſtrike me.
But my dame taking ſuſpicion for full prééfe,
Reporteth it for a trouth, to the moſte miſchéefe.

In

In wordꝭ golde and hole, as men by wyt could wiſhe.
She will lie as faſt as a dogge will licke a diſhe.
She is of trouth as fals, as God is trew.
And if ſhe chaunce to ſee me at a vew
Kyſſe any of my maydes alone, but in ſporte,
That taketh ſhe in erneſt. after Bedlem ſorte.
The cow is wood. Her tong ronth on patens.
If it be morne, we haue a payre of matens.
If it be euen, euenſong, not Laten nor Græke,
But Engliſhe, and like thutas in eaſter wæke.
She beginneth, firſt with a cry a leyſone.
To whiche ſhe ringth a peale, a larom. ſuche one,
As folke ring bées with baſons. the world runth on whéles.
But except hir maide ſhewe a fayre paire of héles,
She haleth her by the boy rope, tyll hir braines ake.
And bring I home a good diſhe. good chére to make,
What is this (ſaith ſhe) God meate (ſaie I) for yow.
God haue mercy hors, a pyg of mine owne ſow.
Thus whan I ſée, by kindneſſe eaſe renewth not,
And than, that the eie ſéeth not, the hert rewth not,
And that he muſt néedes go, whom the diuel dwth driue,
Her force forcing me, for mine eaſe to contriue,
To let her faſt and freate alone for me,
I go where mery chat, and good chére may be.
Muche ſpend I abrode, whiche at home ſhould be ſpent,
If ſhe would leaue controllyng, and be content.
There lepte a whityng (quoth ſhe) and lept in ſtreite.
Take a heare from his beарde, and marke this conceite.
He makth you beleue, by lies laide on by lode,
My branlyng at home, makith him banket abrode.
Where his bankets abrode, make me braule at home.
For as in a froſt, a mud wall made of lome
Cracketh and crummeth in péeces aſunder,
So melteth his money, to the worlds wonder.

Thus male ye ſée, to tourne the cat in the pan,
Or ſet the cart before the hors, well he can.
He is but little at home, the treweth is ſo.
And forth with him, he will not let me go.
And if I come to be mery where he is,
Than is he mad. as ye ſhall here by this.
Where he with gollyps at a banket late was,
At whiche as vſe is, he paide all. but let pas.
I came to be mery. wherwith merily,
Proface. Haue among you blynd harpers (ſayde I)
The mo the merier, we all daie here and ſée.
Ye, but the fewer the better fare (ſaid hée)
Then here were, er I came (quoth I) to many,
Here is but little meate lefte, if there be any.
And it is yll commyng, I haue heard ſay,
To thend of a ſhot, and beginnyng of a fray.
Put vp thy purs (quoth he) thou ſhalt none paie.
And fray here ſhould be none, were thou gone thy way.
Here is, ſens thou camſt, to many féete a bed.
Welcom when thou goeſt. thus is thine errand ſped.
I come (quoth I) to be one here, if I ſhall,
It is mery in halle, when herds wag all.
What, byd me welcome pyg. I pray the kys me.
Nay farewell ſow (quoth he) our lord blys me
From ballyng of beaſtes of Weare binder lane.
I haue (quoth I) for fyne ſuger, faire rats bane.
Many yeres ſens, my mother ſaide to me,
Her elders would ſaie, it is better to be
An olde mans derlyng, then a yong mans werlyng.
And god knowth. I knew none of this merlyng
In my olde husbandꝭ daies. for as tenderly,
He loued me, as ye loue me ſklenderly.
We drew both in one line. Quoth he wold to our lorde
Ye had in that drawyng, hangd both in one corde.

For I neuer méete the at fleſhe nor fat fiſhe,
But I haue ſure a deade mans head in my diſhe.
Whoſe beſt and my worſt daie, that wiſht might bée,
Was when thou didſt bury him and mary mée.
If you (quoth I) long for chaunge in thoſe caſes,
Wold to god he and you, had chaunged places.
But beſt I chaunge place, for here I may be ſparde.
And for my kynde commyng, this is my rewarde.
Claw a churle by thars, and he ſhyteth in my hand.
Knak me that nut. much good doyt you all this band.
Muſt ſhe not (quoth he) be welcome to vs all,
Among vs all, lettyng ſuche a farewell fall?
Suche carpenters, ſuch chips. (quoth ſhe) folke tell,
Suche lips, ſuche lettice. ſuch welcome, ſuch farewell.
Thine owne word? (quoth he) thine owne welcome mard.
Well (ſaide ſhe) whan ſo euer we twayne haue iard,
My word? be pried at narowly, I eſpie.
Ye can ſée a mote in an other mans eye,
But ye can not ſée a balke in your owne.
Ye marke my word?, but not that they be growne,
By your reuellous rydyng on euery royle.
Well ny euery day a new mare or a moyle.
As muche vnhoneſt, as vnprofytable.
Whiche ſhall bryng vs ſhortly to be vnable,
To geue a dog a loke, as I haue oft ſaide.
Howe be it your pleaſure maie no tyme be denayde.
But ſtill you muſt haue, bothe the fyneſt meate,
Apparail, and all thing that money maie geate,
Lyke one of fond fancy ſo fyne and ſo neate,
That would haue better bread than is made of wheate.
The beſt is beſt cheape (quoth he) men ſaie clére.
Well (quoth ſhe) a man may by gold to dére.
Ye nother care, nor welny caſt what ye paie,
To by the dereſt for the beſt alwaie.

Than for your diet who vſeth ſædyng ſuch,
Eate more than enough, and drink much more to much.
But temperance teacheth this, where he kepeth ſcole,
He that knoweth whan he hath enough, is no fole.
Fæd by meaſure, and defie the phiſicion.
And in the contrary marke this condicion,
A ſmyne ouer fatte is cauſe of his owne bane.
Who ſæth nought herein, his wit is in the wane.
But pompous proviſion, comth not all, alway
Of glottony, but of pryde ſom tyme, ſome ſay.
But this prouerbe prycketh to men haute or hye,
Hewe not to hye, leſt the chips fall in thine ye.
Meaſure is a mery meane, as this doth ſhow,
Not to hye for the pye, nor to lowe for the crow.
The difference betwene ſtaryng and ſtarke blynde.
The wiſe man at all tymes to folow can fynde.
And ywis an auditour of a meane wit,
Maie ſone accompt, though hereafter come not yit,
Yet is he ſure be the daie neuer ſo long,
Euermore at laſte they ryng to euenſong.
And where ye ſpend much though ye ſpent but lickell,
Yet littell and littell the cat eateth the flickell.
Little loſſe by length maie growe importable.
A mouſe in tyme, maie byte a two, a cable.
Thus to ende of all things, be we læfe or lothe,
Yet lo, the pot ſo long to the water gothe.
Tyll at the laſte it comthe home broken.
Fewe words to the wiſe ſuffice to be ſpoken.
If ye were wiſe, here were enough (quoth ſhé)
Here is enough, and to muche, dame (quoth he)
For though this appéere a proper pulpet péece,
Yet whan the for preacheth, then beware your géeſe.
A good tale yll tolde, in the tellyng is marde.
So are (quoth ſhe) good tales well tolde, and yll harde.

Thy tales (quoth he) ſhew long heare, and ſhort wit, wife.
But long be thy legs, and ſhort be thy lyfe.
Pray for your ſelfe, I am not ſicke (quoth ſhe)
Well lets ſée, what thy laſt tale comth to (quoth he)
Thou ſaieſt I ſpend all, to this, thy wordes wander.
But as déepe drinketh the gaſe, as the gander.
Thou canſt cough in the aumbry, if néede bée,
Whan I ſhall cough without bread or broth for thée.
Wherby while thou ſendſt me abrode to ſpende.
Thou goſſepſt at home, to méete me at lands ende.
Ah, thaa I begyle you (quoth ſhe) this ye meane.
But fyr, my pot is whole, and my water cleane.
Well, thou woldſt haue me (quoth he) pinch lyke a ſnudge,
Euery daie to be thy driuell and drudge.
Not ſo (quoth ſhe) but I would haue ye ſtur
Honeſtly, to kepe the wolfe from the dur.
I wold driue the wulfe out at dore fyrſt (quoth he)
And that can I not do, tyll I dryue out thée.
A man were better be drowned in Venice gulfe
Than haue ſuche a bearded beare, or ſuche a wulfe.
But had I not béene witcht, my weddyng to flée,
The termes that longe to weddyng had warnde mée.
Firſt wooyng for woing, banna for bannyng.
The banes for my bane, and than this thus ſcannyng,
Mariyng marryng. And what maryed I than?
A woman. As who ſaith, wo to the man.
Thus wed I with wo, wed I Gyll, wed I Jane.
I pray god the deuel go with the, downe the lane.
I graunt (quoth ſhe) this doth ſound (as ye agréed)
On your ſyde in words, but on my ſyde in déede.
Thou grantſt this graunt (quoth he) without any grace,
Ungraciouſly, to thy ſyde, to tourne this caſe.
Leaue this (quoth ſhe) and learne liberalitée,
To ſtynt ſtryfe, growne by your prodigalitée.

Oft ſaid the wiſe man, whom I erſt did bery,
Better are meales many, than one to mery.
Well (quoth he) that is anſwered with this wiſe.
Better is one monthes chéere, than a churles hole lyfe.
I thinke it learnyng of a wyſer lectour,
To learne to make my ſelfe myne owne erectour,
Than ſpare for an other that might wed thée,
As the fole, thy fyrſt huſband ſpared for mée.
And as for yll places, thou ſekeſt me in mo,
And in worſe to, than I into any go.
Wherby this prouerbe ſhewth the in by the wéeke.
No man will an other in the ouen ſéeke,
Except that him ſelfe haue béene there before.
God geue grace thou haſt béene good, I ſaie no more.
And wolde haue the ſay leſſe. except thou couldſt proue
Suche proceſſe as thou ſclanderouſly doeſt moue.
For ſclaunder perchaunce (quoth ſhe) I not denie.
It maie be a ſclaunder, but it is no lie.
It is a lye (quoth he) and thou a lyer.
Will ye (quoth ſhe) dryue me to touche ye nyer?
I rub the gald hors backe till he winche, and yit
He would make it ſéeme, that I touche him no whit.
But I wot what I wot, though I few words make.
Many kiſſe the childe for the nurſes ſake.
Ye haue many god children to loke vpon,
And ye bleſſe them all, but ye baſſe but one.
This halfe ſhewth, what the hole meaneth, that I méene,
Ye fet circumquaques to make me beleue
Or thinke, that the moone is made of a gréene chéeſe.
And whan ye haue made me a loute in all thœſe,
It ſemeth ye wolde make me go to bed at none.
Naie (quoth he) the daie of dome ſhall be done,
Er thou go to bed at none or night for mée.
Thou art, to be plaine, and not to flatter thée,

As holſome a moꝛſell foꝛ my comely coꝛs.
As a ſhoulder of mutton foꝛ a ſicke hoꝛs.
The diuell with his dam, hath moꝛe reſt in hell,
Than I haue here with the. but well wif well.
Well well (quoth ſhe) many wels, many buckets.
Ye (quoth he) and many woꝛds, many buffets.
Had you ſome huſband, and ſnapte at him thus,
Iwys he would geue you a recumbentibus.
A dog will barke er he bite, and ſo thow,
After thy barkyng wilt bite me, I trow now.
But it is harde to make an olde dog ſtoupe, lo.
Sir (quoth ſhe) a man maie handle his dog ſo,
That he maie make him byte him, though he would not,
Huſbandes are in heauen (quoth he) whoſe wiues ſcold not.
Thou makeſt me claw where it itcheth not. I would
Thy toung were cold to make thy tales moꝛe cold,
That aſpine leafe, ſuche ſpitefull clappyng haue bꝛed.
That my cap is better at eaſe then my hed.
God ſende that hed (ſaid ſhe) a better nurs.
Foꝛ whan the head aketh, all the bodie is the wurs.
God graunt (quoth I) the head and bodie both twoo.
To nourſe eche other, better then they doo.
Oꝛ euer haue done foꝛ the moſte tymes paſte.
I bꝛought to nurs both (quoth ſhe) had it not beene waſte.
Margery good cowe (quoth he) gaue a good mæle,
But than ſhe caſt it downe again with hir hæle.
Howe can hir purs foꝛ pꝛofite be delitefull?
Whoſe perſon and pꝛoperties be thus ſpitefull.
A peece of a kyd is woꝛth two of a cat.
Who the diuell will chaunge a rabet foꝛ a rat?
If I might chaunge, I wolde rather chooſe to begge,
Oꝛ ſit with a roſted appull, oꝛ an egge,
Where mine appetite ſeꝛueth me to bee,
Then euery daie to fare lyke a duke with thee.

Lyke

Lyke a duke, lyke a duck (quoth ſhe) thou ſhalt fare,
Except thou wilt ſpare, more than thou doſt yet ſpare.
Thou fareſt to well (quoth he) but thou art ſo wood,
Thou knowſt not who doth the harme, who doth the good.
Yes yes (quoth ſhe) for all thoſe wyſe words vttred,
I know on which ſyde my bread is buttred.
But there will no butter cleaue on my breade,
And on my bread any butter to be ſpreade.
Euery promiſe that thou therin doſt vtter,
Is as ſure as it were ſealed with butter.
Or a mouſe tied with a threede. Euery good thyng,
Thou letteſt euen ſlyp, lyke a waghalter flyptryng.
But take vp in time, or els I proteſt,
All be not a bedde, that ſhall haue yll reſt.
Now go to thy deriyngs, and declare thy greefe.
Where all thy pleaſure is, hop horſe, pipe theefe.

The. viii. chapiter.

With this thence hopt ſhe, wherwith o lord he cryde,
What wretch but I, this wretchednes could byde.
Howe be it in all this woo, I haue no wrong
For it onely is all on my ſelfe along.
Where I ſhould haue brydled her fyrſt with rough bit,
To haue made hir chew on the brydell one fit.
For likorous lucre of a little wynnyng,
I gaue hir the brydell at begynnyng.
And now ſhe taketh the brydell in the teeth,
And runth away with it, wherby eche man ſeeth,
It is (as olde men right well vnderſtande)
Ill puttyng a nakt ſword in a mad mans hande.
She taketh ſuch hert of grace, that though I maime hir.
Or kyll hir, yet ſhall I neuer reclaime hir,
She hath (they ſay) bene ſtyffe necked euermore.
And it is yll healyng of an olde ſore.

This

This prouerbe prophecied many yeres agone.
It will not out of the flesshe that is bred in the bone.
What chaunce haue I, to haue a wife of suche sort,
That will no faute amend in earnest nor sport?
A small thinge amis lately I did espy,
Whiche to make hir mende, by a iest mirily,
I saide but this, taunt tiuet wife, your nose drops.
So it maie fall, I will eate no browesse sops
This daie. But two daies after this came in bre,
I had sorow to my sops ynough be sure.
Well (quoth I) it is yll iestyng on the sothe.
Soth bourd is no bourd, in ought that mirth dothe.
Suche iestes could not iuggle hir, were ought amis.
Nor turne melancoly to myrth. for it is
No playyng with a strawe before an olde cat,
Euery tryflyng toie age can not laugh at.
Ye maie walke this waie, but sure ye shall fynde,
The further ye go, the further behynde.
Ye should consyder the woman is olde.
And what for a whot worde. Sone whot, sone colde.
Beare with them, that beare with you, and she is scand,
Not onely the faireste floure in your garland,
But also she is all the faire flowers therof,
Will ye requyte hir then with a tauntyng scof?
Or with any other kynd of vnkyndnesse?
Take hede is a faire thing. Beware this blindnesse.
Why will ye (quoth he) I shall folow hir will?
To make me John drawlache, or such a snekebill.
To bryng hir solace, that bryngeth me sorow,
Byr lady, than we shall catche byrds to morow.
A good wife makth a good husbande, (they saie)
That (quoth I) ye maie tourne an other waie.
To make a good husband, make a good wyfe.
I can no more herin, but god stint all stryfe.

Amen

Amen (quoth he) and god haue mercy brother,
I will now mend this house, and payre an other.
And that he ment of likelyhood by his owne.
For so apairde he that, er thrée yeres were growne.
That little and little he decaied so long,
Tyll he at length came to buckle and bare thong.
To discharge charge, that necessarily grew,
There was no more water than the ship drew.
Suche driftes draue he, from yll to wars and wars,
Tyll he was as bare as a byrdes ars.
Money, and money woorth, did so misse him,
That he had not now one peny to blisse him.
Whiche foreséene in this woman wisely waiyng,
That méete was to staie somwhat for hir staiyng,
To kepe yet one messe for Alison in store,
She kept one bag, that he had not séene before.
A poore cooke that maie not licke his owne fyngers.
But about hir at home now still he lingers,
Not checker a boord, all was not cléere in the coste,
He lookt lyke one that had beshyt the roste.
But whether any secrete tales were sprinklyng,
Or that he by gesse had got an inklyng
Of hir hoord. or that he thought to amend.
And tourne his yll begynnyng to a good ende.
In shewyng him selfe a new man, as was féet,
That appéered shortly after, but not yéet,

The.ix.chapiter.

ONe daie in their arbour, whiche stoode so to mine,
That I might, and did closely myne eare incline,
And likewyse cast mine eye to here and sée,
What they saide and did, where they could not sée mée,
He vnto hir a goodly tale began,
More like a wooer, than a weoded man.

As ferre as matter therof therin ſerued,
But the fyrſt part from wordꝭ of wooyng ſwerued.
And ſtod vpon repentaunce, with ſubmiſſion,
Of his former croked vnkynde condicion.
Prayyng hir, to forgeue and forget all frée,
And he forgaue hir, as he forgeuen wolde bée.
Louyng hir now, as he full déepely ſwore,
As whotly as euer he loued hir before.
Well well (quoth ſhe) what euer ye now ſaie,
It is to late to call again yeſterdaie.
Wife (quoth he) ſuche maie my diligence ſéeme,
That thoffence of yeſterdaie I maie redéeme.
God taketh me as I am, and not as I was.
Take you me ſo to, and let all thinges paſſ pas.
I praie the good wife, thinke I ſpeake and think plaine.
What, he runth far, that neuer turnth againe.
Ye be yong enough to mende, I agrée it,
But I am (quoth ſhe) to old to ſée it.
And amende ye or not, I am to olde a yere.
What is lyke? where liuyng is extinct cléere.
Namely at olde yeres of leaſte helpe and moſt néede.
But no tale coulde tune you, in tyme to take héede.
If I tune my ſelfe now (quoth he) it is fayre.
And hope of true tune, ſhall tune me from diſpayre.
Beleue well, and haue well, men ſay. ye, (ſaid ſhe)
Do well, and haue well, men ſay alſo, we ſée.
But what man can beleue, that man can do well,
Who of no man will counſell take or here tell.
Whiche to you, whan any man any way tryde,
Than were ye deafe, ye could not hers on that ſyde.
Who euer with you any tyme therin weares,
He muſt both tell you a tale, and fynde you eares.
You had on your harueſt eares, thicke of hearyng.
But this is a queſtion of olde enquerying,

Who

Who is ſo deafe, or ſo blynde, as is hée,
That wilfully will nother here nor ſée?
Whan I ſaw your maner, my herte for wo molte.
Than wolde ye mend, as the fletcher mends his bolte.
Or as ſowre ale mendth in ſummer, I know,
And knew, which waie the winde blewe, and will blow.
Though not to my profite, a prophete was I.
I prophecied this, to true a prophecie.
Whan I was right yll beleued, and worſe hard.
By flingyng from your folkes at home, which all mard.
Whan I ſaid in ſemblaunce eyther cold or warme,
A man far from his good, is nye his harme.
Or wilde ye to loke, that ye loſt no more,
On ſuche as ſhewe, that hungry flies byte ſore.
Than wold ye loke ouer me, with ſtomake ſwolne,
Like as the diuel lokt ouer Lincolne.
The diuell is dead wife (quoth he) for ye ſée,
I loke lyke a lambe in all your wordꝭ to mée.
Loke as ye liſt now (quoth ſhe) thus lokt ye than.
And for thoſe lokes I ſhew this, to ſhew eche man,
Suche prowfe of this prouerbe, as none is gretter.
Which ſaith, that ſome man maie ſteale a hors better,
Than ſome other may ſtande and loke vpone.
Leude huſwiues might haue wordꝭ, but I not one
That might be aloude. But now if ye loke,
In miſtakyng me, ye may ſée, ye toke
The wrong way to wood, and the wrong ſow by theare.
And therby in the wrong bore to thryue ye weare,
I haue heard ſome, to ſome tell this tale not fælde.
Whan thrift is in the towne, ye be in the fælde.
But contrary, you made that ſence to ſowne,
Whan thrift was in the fælde, ye were in the towne.
Fælde ware might ſinke or ſwym, while ye had eny.
Towne ware was your ware, to tourne the peny.

But to wne or fælde, where moſt thrift did apére,
What ye wan in the hundred ye loſt in the ſhére.
In all your good huſbandry, thus ryd the rocke,
Ye ſtumbled at a ſtrawe, and lept euer a blocke.
So many kyndes of increaſe you had in choice,
And nought increaſe nor kepe, how can I reioyce?
Good ridyng at two ankers men haue tolde,
For if the tone faile, the tother maie holde.
But you leaue all anker holde, on ſeas or lands.
And ſo ſet vp ſhop vpon Godwins ſands.
But as folke haue a ſaiyng bothe olde and trew,
In that they ſay blacke will take none other hew.
So maie I ſaie here, to my déepe dolour,
It is a bad clothe that will take no colour.
This caſe is yours. For ye were neuer ſo wiſe,
To take ſpecke of colour, of good aduyſe.
Thaduyſe of all frends I ſay, one and other
Went in at the tone eare, and out at the tother.
And as thoſe words went out, this prouerbe in came,
He that will not be ruled by his owne dame,
Shall be ruled by his ſtepdame, and ſo you.
Hauyng loſt your owne good, and owne frends now,
Maie ſéeke your forein frends, if you haue any.
And ſure one of my great gréefes, among many,
Is that ye haue bene ſo veraie a hog,
To my frends. What man, loue me, loue me dog.
But you to caſt prectous ſtones before hogs,
Caſt my good before a ſort of cur dogs.
And ſawte bitches. Whiche by whom now deuoured.
And your honeſtie amonge them defloured,
And that you maie no more erpence a worde,
Now can they not afford you one good worde,
And you them as fewe. And olde folke vnderſtode,
Whan théeues fall out, true men come to their gode.

Whiche

Whiche is not alwaie true. For in all that bretche,
I can no ferthing of my good the more ketche.
Nor I trow them selues neither, if thei were swarne,
Light come, light go. And sure sens we were borne,
Ruine of one ruine, was there none gretter.
For by your giftes, they be as littell the better.
As you be muche the worse and I cast awaie.
An yll wynde that blowth no man to good, men say.
Well (quoth he) euery wind blowth not downe the corne.
I hope (I saie) good happe be not all out worne.
I will nowe begin thrift, whan thrift semeth gone.
What wife there be mo waies to the wood than one.
And I will assaie all the waies to the wood,
Till I fynde one waie, to get againe this good.
Ye will get it againe (quoth she) I feare,
As shortly as a horse will licke his eare.
The Ducheman saieth, that seggyng is good cope.
Good wordes bryng not euer of good deedes good hope,
And these words shew your words spoken in skorne.
It pricketh betymes that will be a good thorne.
Timely crooketh the tree, that will a good camok bee.
And such beginnyng such ende. we all daie see.
And you by me at begynnyng beyng thryuen,
And than to keepe thrift could not be prickt nor driuen.
How can ye now get thrift, the stocke beyng gone?
Which is thonely thing to reise thrift vpon.
Men saie he maie yll renne, that can not go,
And your gain, without your stocke, renneth euen so.
For what is a workman, without his toles?
Tales of Robin hood are good among soles.
He can yll pype, that lackth his vpper lyp.
Who lackth a stocke, his gaine is not worth a chip,
A tale of a tub, your tale no truth auouth,
Ye speake now, as ye would creepe into my mouth,

In pure peinted processe, as false as fayre.
How ye will amend, whan ye can not apayre.
But against gaie glosers, this rude text recites,
It is not all butter, that the coow shites.
I herd ones a wise man saie to his daughter,
Better is the last smyle, than the fyrst laughter,
We shall I trust (quoth he) laugh againe at last.
Although I be ones out of the saddle cast.
Yet sens I am bent to syt, this will I doo,
Recouer the hors, or léese the saddle too.
Ye neuer could yet (quoth she) recouer any hap,
To win or saue ought, to stop any one gap.
For stoppyng of gaps (quoth he) care not a rushe,
I will learne, to stop two gaps with one bushe.
Ye will (quoth she) as soone stop gaps with rushes,
As with any husbandly handsome bushes,
Your tales haue lyke tast, where temprance is taster,
To breake my heade, and than geue me a plaster.
Now thrifte is gone, now would ye thryue in all haste.
And whan ye had thrift, ye had like haste to waste.
Ye liked then better an ynche of your wyll,
Than an ell of your thrift. Wife (quoth he) be still.
Maie I be holpe foorth an ynche at a pinche,
I will yet thriue (I saie) As good is an inche
As an ell. Ye can (quoth she) make it so, well.
For whan I gaue you an ynche, ye tooke an ell.
Till both ell and inche be gone, and we in det.
Naie (quoth he) with a wet fynger ye can fet,
As muche as maie easyly all this matter ease,
And this debate also pleasantly appease.
I could doo as muche with an hundred pround now,
As with a thousand afore, I assure yow.
Ye (quoth she) who had that he hath not, woulde
Doo that he dooth not, as olde men haue tolde.

Had

Had I, as ye haue, I woulde dooe moze (quoth hée)
Than the pzéest spake of on sonday, ye should sée.
Ye dwe, as I haue (quoth she) foz nought I haue,
And nought ye dooe. What man, I trow ye raue,
Wolde ye bothe eate your cake, and haue your cake?
Ye haue had of me all that I might make.
And be a man neuer so greedy to wyn,
He can haue no moze of the fore but the skyn.
Well (quoth he) if ye list to bzing it out,
Ye can geue me your blessyng in a clout.
That were foz my child, (quoth she) had I ony,
But husband, I haue neither child, noz mony.
Ye cast and coniecture this muche like in show,
As the blind man casts his staffe, oz shotes the crow.
Yow be it had I money right muche, and ye none,
Yet to be plaine, ye shulde haue none, foz Jone.
Nay, he that first flattereth me, as ye haue dwne.
And doth as ye did to me after, so swne.
He maie be in my Pater noster in déede.
But be sure, he shall neuer come in my Créede.
Aue Maria (quoth he) how much moeion
Here is to pzaiers, with how littell deuocion.
But some men saie, no peny no Pater noster.
I saie to suche (said she) no longer foster,
No longer lemman. But faire and well than,
Pzaie and shifte eche one foz him selfe, as he can.
Euery man foz him selfe, and god foz vs all.
To those wozdz he saide nought, but foozthwith did fall,
From harping on that stringe, to faire flattring spéeche,
And as I erst saide, he did hir so beséeche,
That thingz erst so far of, were now so far on,
That as she maie wallow, awais she is gon,
Where all that was left laie with a trustie fréende.
Dwelling a good walke from hir at the townes eende,

And

And backe again ſtreight a haltyng pace ſhe hobles.
Bringyng a bag of royals and nobles.
All that ſhe had, without reſtraint of one iote,
She brought bullocks noble. for noble or grote,
Had ſhe not one mo. Whiche I after well knew.
And anon ſmiling, toward him as ſhe drew,
A ſir light burdeine far heauy (quoth ſhe)
This light burdein in longe walke weiny tyreth me.
God geue grace I play not the fole this daie.
For here I ſende thare after the helue awaie.
But if ye will ſtint and auoyd all ſtryfe,
Loue and cheriſhe this as ye wolde my lyfe,
I will (quoth he) wife, by god almightie.
This geare couth euen in puddyng time rightlie.
He ſnacht at the bag. No haſt but good (quoth ſhe)
Short ſhootyng leeſeth your game, ye maie ſee.
Ye myſt the cuſhin, for all your haſt to it.
And I maie ſet you beſyde the cuſhyn yit.
And make you wype your noſe vpon your ſleeue,
For ought ye ſhall win without ye are me leeue.
Haue ye not heard tell all couet all leeſe:
A ſir, I ſee, ye may ſee no greene cheeſe
But your teeth muſt water. A good cocknay coke.
Though ye loue not to bye the pyg in the poke,
Yet ſnatche ye at the poke, that the pyg is in,
Not for the poke, but the pyg good chepe to wyn.
Like one halfe loſt, till greedy graſpyng gat it,
Ye would be ouer the ſtyle, er ye come at it.
But abyde freend, your mother bid till ye were borne.
Snatchyng winth it not, if ye ſnatche tyll to morne.
Men ſaie (ſaid he) long ſtandyng and ſmall offring
Maketh poore perſons. and in ſuche ſignes and proffring.
Many prety tales, and mery totes had they,
Before this bag came fully from hir awey.

Kindly

Kindly he kyſt hir, with wordes not tart nor tough.
But the cat knoweth whoſe lips ſhe lickth well enough.
Anone, the bag ſhe deliuered him, and ſaide,
He ſhould beare it, for that it now heauy waide.
With good will wife, for it is (ſaid he to her)
A proude horſe that will not beare his own prouander.
And oft before ſæmd ſhe neuer ſo wyſe,
Yet was ſhe nowe, ſodeinly waren as nyſe
As it had bene a halporth of ſyluer ſpones,
Thus cloudy mornynges turne to cléere after nones.
But ſo ny none it was, that by and by,
They roſe, and went to diner louyngly.

The.x.chapiter.

THis diner thought he long. and ſtreight after that,
To his accuſtomed cuſtomers he gat.
With whom in what tyme he ſpent one grote before,
In leſſe time he ſpenth now, ten grotes or more
And in ſmall tyme he brought the world ſo about,
That he brought the bottome of the bag cleane out.
His gaddyng thus againe made hir ill content.
But ſhe not ſo much as dreamd that all was ſpent,
How be it ſodeinly ſhe mynded on a daie,
To picke the cheſte locke, wherin this bag laie,
Determinyng this, if it laie whole ſtill,
So ſhall it lie, no mite ſhe miniſhe will.
And if the bag began to ſhrinke, ſhe thought beſt,
To take for hir parte ſome parte of the reſt.
But ſtreight as ſhe had forthwith opened the locke,
And lokt in the bag, what it was a clocke,
Than was it proued trew, as this prouerbe goth,
He that commeth laſt to the pot, is ſoneſt wroth.
By hir commyng laſte, and to late to the pot.
Wherby ſhe was potted, thus lyke a ſot,

To ſée the pot both ſkymd foꝛ rennyng ouer,
And alſo all the licour renne at touer.
At hir good huſbandes and hir nert mætyng,
The diuels good grace might haue geuen a grætyng.
Eyther foꝛ honour oꝛ honeſtie as good
As ſhe gaue him. Shꝫe was (as they ſay) hoꝛne wood.
In no place could ſhe ſit hir ſelfe to ſettle,
It ſéemd to him, ſhe had piſt on a nettle.
Shꝫe nettled him, and he ratled hir ſo,
That at ende of that fraie, a ſunder they go.
And neuer after came together againe.
Ye turnde hir out at doꝛes to graſe on the playne.
And him ſelfe went after. Foꝛ within foꝛtnight,
All that was left, was launched out quyght.
And thus had he bꝛought haddocke to paddocke.
Till they both were not woꝛth a haddocke.
It hath bene ſaide, nœde maketh the olde wife trot.
Other folke ſaide it, but ſhe did it God wot.
Firſt from frœnd to frœnd, and than from dur to dur.
A beggyng of ſome that had begged of hur.
But as men ſaie, miſery maie be mother,
Where one begger is dꝛyuen to beg of an other.
And thus ware, and waſted this moſt wofull wꝛetche.
Tyll death from this lyfe, did hir wꝛetchedly fetche.
Her late huſbande, and now wydower, here and there
Wandꝛyng about few know, and fewer care where.
Caſte out as an abiect, he leadeth his lyfe,
Tyll famine by lyke, fet him after his wyfe.

Now let vs note here. Fyꝛſt of the fyꝛſt twayne,
Where they both wedded together, to remayne,
Hopyng ioyfull pꝛeſence ſhuld weare out all wo.
Yet pouertœ bꝛought that ioye to ioefaile, lo.
But notably note theſe laſt twayne, where as hée
Toke hir onely, foꝛ that he riche wolde bée.

And she him onely in hope of good happe,
In hir dotyng daies to be daunst on the lappe.
In condicion thei differde so many waies,
That lightly he layde hir vp for hollie daies.
Hir good he layd vp so, leste théues might spie it.
That nother she could, nor he can come by it.
Thus failed all foure, of all thinges lesse and more,
Whiche they all, or any of all, maryed fore.

The. xi. chapiter.

FOrsoth said my frend this matter maketh bost,
Of diminucion. For here is a myll post
Thwytten to a puddyng pricke so nerely,
That I confesse me discouraged clerely.
In both my weddynges, in all thinges, except one.
This sparke of hope haue I, to procede vpone.
Though these and some other, spede yll as ye tell,
Yet other haue lyued and loued full well.
If I should deny that (quoth I) I should raue.
For of both these sorts, I graunt, that my selfe haue,
Séene of the tone sorte, and hard of the tother,
That lyked and lyued right well, eche with other.
But whether fortune will you, that man declare,
That shall chose in this choice, your comfort or care,
Sens, before ye haue chosen, we can not know,
I thought to laie the worst, as ye the best show.
That ye might, beyng yet at libertie,
With all your ioye, ioygne all your ieoperdie.
And nowe in this herde, in these cases on eche parte,
I say no more, but lay your hand on your harte.
I hartily thanke you (quoth he) I am sped
Of mine errande. This hitteth the nayls on the hed.
Who that leaueth surety and leaneth vnto chaunce,
Whan fooles pype, by auctoritée he maie daunce.

And ſure am I, of thoſe twayne, if I none chooſe,
Although I nought wyn, yet ſhall I nought looſe.
And to wyn a woman here, and looſe a man,
In all this great winnyng, what gain win I than?
But marke how foly hath me away caryed.
How like a wethercocke I haue here varyed.
Firſt theſe two women to looſe I was ſo lothe,
That if I might, I woulde haue wedded them bothe
Than thought I ſens, to haue wedded one of them.
And now know I cléere, I will wed none of them.
They both ſhall haue this one aunſwere by letter,
As good neuer a whit as neuer the better.
Nowe let me are (quoth I) and your ſelfe anſwere,
The ſhort queſtion, that I aſked while ere.
A foule olde riche widowe, whether wed would ye,
Or a yonge fayre mayde, beyng poore as ye be.
In neither barrell better hearyng (quoth hee)
I lyke thus, richeſſe as yll as pouertée.
Who that hath either of theſe pygs in bre,
He hath a pyg of the woorſe panier ſure.
I was wedded vnto my wyll. How be it,
I will be deuorſt, and be wed to my wyt.
Wherby with theſe examples paſte, I maie ſée,
Fonde weddyng, for loue, as good onely to flée.
Onely for loue, or onely for good,
Or onely for both I wed not, by my hood.
Thus no one thing onely, though one thing chiefly
Shall woo me to wed now: for now I eſpy,
Although the chiefe one thing in wedding be loue,
Yet muſt mo things ioygne, as all in one maie moue.
Suche kynde of lyuyng, for ſuche kynde of lyke,
As lackyng the ſame, no lacke to lacke a wife.
Here is enough, I am ſatiſfied (ſaid he.)
Sens enough is enough (ſaid I) here maie we,

With that one word take ende good, as may be geast.
For talke laie, enough is as good as a least.

FINIS.

The firste hundred of Epigrammes.

Inuented and made by John Heywood.

LONDINI,
1562.

To the reader.

RYme without reason, and reason without ryme,
In this conuersion deepe diffrence doth fall.
In first part wherof where I am falne this time.
The foly I graunte, which graunted (readers all)
Your graunt, to graunt this request, require I shall,
Ere ye full reiecte these trifles folowyng here
Perceiue (I praie you) of the woordes thententes clere.

¶ In whiche (maie ye like to looke) ye shall espie
Some woordes, shewe one sence, a nother to disclose,
Some woordes, them selfes sondrie senses signifie:
Some woordes, somewhat from common sence, I dispose,
To seeme one sence in text, a nother in glose.
These woords in this worke, thus wrought your working looke
Mais worke me to seeme (at least) the les a foole.

¶ Than in rough rude termes of homely honestie
(For vnhoneste terme (I trust) there none here soundes)
Wherin fiue tender eares shal offended bee
Those folies, beyng serght in reasons boundes.
Reason mais bee surgion salupng those woundes.
Turning those sores to salues: for reason doth gesse
Homely matters, homly termes dooe best expresse.

¶ But where all defence standth in exempcion
To defend me herein out of folies bandes.
So that to redeme me thers no redempcion.
Graunting, and submitting foly, that so standes.
This last refuge I craue to haue, at your handes,
Those folies standing cleere from intent of yll.
In lieu or lacke of good wit, except good will.

The table to this booke.

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An Epygramme on this booke of Epygrammes. 1.

THis booke maie ſéeme, as it ſorteth in ſute,
A thin tryn trencher to ſerue folke at frute.
But caruer or reader can no waie win,
To eate frute theron, or compt frute therin.

Of three ſages. 2.

Thrée maner ſages nature doth deuiſe,
The ſage herbe, the ſage fole, and the ſage wiſe.
And who for moſte wyſe him ſelfe doth accept,
Maie matche any ſage, the ſage wiſe except.

Queſtions anſwered. 3.

Truſt thei any,
That truſt not many? } ye.

Pleaſe they any,
That ſerue many? } Nay.

Helpe they any,
That helpe not many? } ye.

Frénde they any,
That flatter many? } Nay.

Feare they any,
That feare not many? } ye.

Kéepe they any,
That kéepe to many? } Nay.

Of water, wine, and ale. 4.

Water vnder a bote, wine in a bottell,
The tone I can beare, thother bearth me well,

And where as nother botes nor bottels bée,
Nother can I beare wyne, nor water beare mée.
But aboue all licour welfare ale (I ſaie)
For I with ale, and ale with me wag away.

To muche or to little. 5.

If that I drinke to muche, than am I drie,
If I drinke to littell, more drie am I:
If I drynke no whit than am I dryeſt.
To muche, to little, no whit, nought is the beſt,
Thus drinke we no whit, or drinke tyll we burſt,
Yet poore drie ſoules we be euer a thurſt.

Of the ſenſes. 6.

Speake not to muche, leſt ſpeeche make the ſpecheleſſe,
Go not to muche, for feare thou go behynde,
Here not to muche, leſt hearyng bring deafneſſe.
Looke not to muche, leſt lokyng make the blynde.
Smell not to muche, leſt ſmellyng loſe his kynde.
Taſt not to muche, leſte taſte miſtaſt thy chaps.
Touche not to muche for feare of after claps.

Of talkyng. 7.

Thy tayle can talke, and knowth no letter,
Thy tounge can talke and talkth much ſwetter.
But except wiſdome be the gretter,
Of tounge and tayle, thy tayle talkth better.

Of heares and wyttes. 8.

Thinne heares and thicke wittes be deynté,
Thicke heares and thicke wittes be pleinté.
Thicke heares and thicke wittes be ſkant,
Thinne heares and thinne wittes none want.

A dronkard. 9.

A goſe is harneſt in hir white fethers,
A drunkard in drynke againſt all weathers.
A fole in his foles hood, put all togethers.

The foxe and the mayde. 10

Although that foxes haue bene sæne there sælde,
Yet was there lately in Fynsbery sælde
A fox sate in syght of certayne people,
Noddyng, and blysshyng, staryng on poules steeple.
A maide toward market with hens in a band
Came by, and with the fox she fell in hand.
What thing is it Rainard in your brain ploddyng,
That bringeth this busy blissing and noddyng?
I nother nod for sleepe sweete herte the fox sayde,
Nor bisse for spirites, excepte the diuell be a mayde.
My noddyng and blysshyng breedth of wonder,
Of the witte of Poules wethercocke yonder.
There is more witte in that cocks onely head,
Than hath bene in all mens heades that be deade.
As thus, by common reporte this we fynde,
All that be dead, did die for lacke of wynde.
But the wethercocks witte is not so weake
To lacke wynde: the wynde is euer in his beake.
So that while any wynde blowth in the skie,
For lacke of winde that wethercocke will not die.
She cast downe hir hennes, and now did she blis,
Jesu (quoth she) *in nomine patris*,
Who hath euer heard at any season
Of a fores forgeyng so feat a reason?
And while she preysed the fores wyt so,
He gat hir hens in his necke and to go.
Whither awaie with my hens fox (quoth she?)
To poules pig as fast as I can (quoth he)
Betwene these hennes, and yonder wethercock
I will assaie to haue chickens a flock.
Whiche if I may get, this tale is made gode,
In all Christendome not so wise a brode.

Maiden (quoth he) theſe hens be forbodden
Your ſight, tyll the wethercock hath trodden.
Who worth (quoth ſhe) all craftie inuencions,
And all inuenters, that by fals intencions,
Inuent with intent to blynd or bleare blunt eies,
In caſe as this for to me doeth deuiſe.

Of an yll gouernour called Jude. xi.

A ruler there was in countrey a fer,
And of the people a great extorcioner:
Who by name (as I vnderſtand) was called Jude,
One gaue him an aſſe, whiche gyft when he had beude,
He aſked the geuer, for what intent
He brought him that aſſe. For a preſent
I bryng maiſter Jude (quoth he) this as hyther,
To ioygne maiſter Jude and this as together.
Whiche two ioygned in one, this is brought to pas,
I maie byd you good euen maiſter Judas.
Vacabe or Iſcariot thou knaue (quoth he:)
Whom it pleaſe your maſterſhip, him let it be.

Of geuyng an almes. xii.

Into a beggars hande, that almes did craue,
In ſtéede of one peny, two penſe one gaue.
Whiche done, he ſaide beggar happie thou art,
For to the my hand is better then my hart.
That is (quoth the begger) as it chaunceth now,
The better for me, and the worſe for yow.

Of a ſinfet. xiii.

¶ A man from a feuer recouered new,
His gréedy appetite could not eſchew,
From meate contagious, wherto he had a luſt,
But one morſell one euenyng, nedes eate he muſt,
Whiche forthwith brought good approbacion,
Of his retourne into reſolucion.

What

What cause causeth this (quoth the phisicion?)
I know (quoth he) no cause of suspicion.
How be it my wonder is great as can be,
By what meane this feuer attacheth me
More, for eatyng a littell this night last,
Than for eatyng muche more the night before past.
I did eate a capon nie euery whit
The last night: after whiche, I felt no fit.
And this night I éete but one bit of fresh béefe.
And yet I am shaken with the hourson théefe.
Now (quoth the phisicion) apéerth the cause why
Capon is holsome, and the béefe contrary.
And a littell yll meate geueth sickneste more fode,
Than a littell to muche of meate that is gode.
Sir, I thanke you muche (quoth the pacient)
This lesson shall henceforth make me to consent,
When I shall néedes surfet, by vnruly will,
Rather to surfet on that is god, than yll.

Repugnancie in apparance. 14.

Muche contrarietée may séeme to stand
Where none is. as by example, my son.
In London is the best ale of all England:
And yet as god ale in England as in London.

The ape and the asse. 15.

The ape and the asse stode, where they behélde.
A course with a greyhound at the hare in a félde.
They well perceiuyng, the greyhound great ground wan.
As long as the hare and he forthright ran.
And like aduauntage they sawe in the hare,
When she list lightly to turne here and thare.
The ape to know whether the asses talkyng,
Were any quicker than his asshis stalkyng.
Asked the asse: if thou shouldest chose one of bothe,
To ren as swiftly as the greyhound yonder gothe

Or turne as light as the hare: whiche one of twaine
Wouldſt thou in thy chooſyng by choyſe obtaine?
I (quoth the aſſe) beyng at lybertée,
Will chooſe none of bothe feates, I may ſay to thée.
What winneth the dog by his ſwift footemanſhip?
When the hare at pinche turnth from him at a whip.
And what winth the hare in hir turns ſo lightly,
The dog out rennyng hir againe by and by?
Rennyng or turnyng ſo, ren or tourne who will,
I will goe ſoftly, or els ſtand euen ſtill.
Howbete to alloyle thy queſtion (quoth he)
If I ſhould chooſe one, lyke the hare would I be.
For where the dog renneth the hare for to kyll,
She turnth for defence, offring the dog none yll.
And better is this part in this caſe brother,
My ſelfe to defend, then offend an other.

A *fooſe and a wiſe man.* 16.

A fooſe and a wyſe man ridyng one eſpyde.
He aſked the horſe, that the wyſe man dyd ryde,
Whither goſte thou horſe? whither go I (quoth he?)
Aſke him that guideth the brydell, aſke not me.
Whither rydeſt thou fooſe (quoth he) with looke ſo fell?
Aſke my horſe knaue (ſaid he) what can I tell.
Whan fooles ryde (quoth he) that can not rule the raine
Their horſes be their herbengers, I ſée plaine.
And when wiſe men ryde, I right well eſpie,
Them ſelfe, not their horſe, apointe where they lie.

Of ſyght. 17

Who néedes will looke, and would not ſée,
The ſyght once ſéene thou lookeſt fore,
Cloſe vp thine eies. For truſt thou me.
Muche lokyng ſo, breédth much ete ſore.

Feigned

Feigned newes. 18.

From a fæld fought, one of the beaten syde,
Ran home, and victorie on his part he cride.
Whose prince by him thus enfourmed of this,
Made bonfiers and bankettes, as the vse is.
In short tyme after all whiche ioie and cost,
The kynge was acertaind, the fæld was lost.
Wherwith he (in as great hast as great græfe)
Charged the fyrst messenger to make præfe,
Where he had this lie, that the fæld was wonne.
My selfe sir (quoth he) this lie fyrst begonne.
Which for commoditee vnto your grace
And all your subiectes, I brought it in place.
Where the truth should haue brought watchyng and wæping,
My lie brought two daies of laughyng and slæping.
And if ye all this yere toke my lye for true,
To kepe you mery, what harme could ensue?
Better is (quoth he) be it new or stale,
A harmelesse lie, than a harmefull true tale.
How his ly was aloude, I know none that knowth.
But it was at least winkt at, I heard of trowth.

Two, arme in arme. 19.

One said to an nother takyng his arme,
By licence frend, and take this for none harme.
No sir (quoth the other) I geue you leue
To hang on my arme, but not on my sleeue.

Of hearyng and speakyng. 20.

Who heareth all
And speaketh nought,
Chaunce maie so fall
He is well fought.
Who speaketh all
And heareth nought

Fall

Fall what shall fall,
Ye is ill tought.
Who heareth all,
And all bableth,
What euer fall
Ye ofte fableth.
Who hereth nought,
Nor nought can speake,
Nate sone be thought
A hodie peake.
Saie nought, here all,
Saie all, here nought,
Both, none, these fall
Ertremely wrought.
Who hereth oft,
And speaketh seld,
Be witte alofte
Ye wynth the feld.

Of wit, will, and wisdome. 21.

Where will is good, and wit is yll,
There wisdome can no maner skyll.
Where wit is good, and will is yll,
There wisdome sitteth all silent still.
Where wit and will are both two yll,
There wisdome no waie meddle will,
Where wit and will well ordred bee,
There wisdome makth a trinitee.

The wrenne, and hir birdes. 22.

Of a nest of wrens late bred in a hedge,
Whiche the dam forsakyng, when they were fledge,
One saide: Alas mother what is the why,
That ye draw from vs vnnaturally?
Child (quoth the dam) I owe now vnto thee,
As my dam in my youth did vnto me.

Wherby I am blamleſſe in that I do,
Sens I do but as I haue bene done to.
Mother (quoth he) to deale as ye be delt with,
Is not alwaie mæte: but this is the pith:
As ye would your dam ſhould haue delt with yow,
So ſhould ye our dam deale with your birdes now.
Why ſonne (quoth ſhe) thinkſt thou me ſuch a fwle?
That my childe ſhall ſet his mother to ſcoole?
Nay adieu (quoth ſhe) and away ſhe is flowne:
This childe for this checke refuſyng for hir owne.
Whiche done, the wyen calth his brothers and ſiſters,
And vnto them this leſſon he whiſters.
I ſée and ye may ſée (quoth he) by this caſe,
The triall of tauntes out of tyme and place.
Where faire wordz haply my mother might haue won,
This taunt makth hir refuſe me for hir ſon.
Whiche maie teach vs all, where euer we becum,
Rather by ſilence alway to be mum,
Than in ought at libertée, or forbydden,
To taunt our betters, openly or hydden.

The maiſter and the man. 23.

A man, and his man, chaunced late to bée
Nie where a crowe ſtode cryng in a trée.
Iames (quoth the maiſter) the crow hath ſpyde thée.
Nay by God, he loketh on you maiſter (quoth he)
Taunts (quoth the maiſter) rebound ſomtyme I ſée.
Where I thought to taunt thée, thou doeſt taunt mée.

Vpon penance. 24.

Two men of one man were confeſt but late,
And both two had penaunce after one rate.
Which was: eche of them a peny ſhould geue
To a peniles man, him to releue.
Thone of theſe twayne had one peny and no more.
Thother, no peny nor farthyng had in ſtore.

They diſcloſyng eche to other in this caſe.
This peny father dyue his purſe apaſe,
Saiyng: ſens thou art penileſſe, I will
Geue the this peny, my penance to fulfill.
God thanke the (quoth the tother) and ſens thow
Art now penileſs, as I was euen now,
For penaunce I geue this peny to thée,
As frélye as euer thou gaueſt it to mé.
Well done (quoth the other) here may we boſt,
Peny dole delt, without one peny coſte.

Jacke and his father. 25.

Jacke (quoth his father) how ſhall I eaſe take?
If I ſtand, my legges ake, and if I knéele,
My knées ake, If I goe, then my féete ake,
If I lie, my backe akthe, If I ſit I féele
My hyps ake: and leane I neuer ſo wéele,
My elbowes ake: Sir (quoth Jacke) peyn to exile,
Sens all theſe eaſe not, beſt ye hang a while.

Of a daw. 26.

With a croſſebowe late in hand readie bent
To ſhoote at a dawe in a trée, I went.
Saiyng to one by: I will aſſaie to hit
Ponder I ſée a daw, if ſhe will ſit.
She is, if ſhe ſit, a daw in déede (quoth he)
But if ſhe ſit not, what is ſhe than ſaie ye?
A daw alſo (ſaid I). Than ſaid he, I ſée,
Whether a daw ſyt, or whether a daw flée,
Whether a daw ſtand, or whether a daw lie,
Whether a daw creke, or whether a daw crie,
In what caſe ſo euer a daw, perſeuer,
A daw is a daw, and a daw ſhall be euer.

Of ſhewyng the waie. 27.

Twaine met in a high waie, what tyme they did go,
Eche one toward the place the tother came fro,

What is my waie (saide the tone) I pray the?
Foule (quoth thother.) That is yll tidynges (quoth he.)
I can tell the better tidyngs then this:
Thy way, both faire and smoth as a dye is.
My tidynges (quoth he) is better then thyne,
But I thinke thy tidyngs truer then mine.
This is (quoth the tother) so well brought about,
That it brought and shall bryng me in dout,
Whiche of these twayne is most ill to vew,
God tales that be false, or yll tales that be trew.

A *quiet neighbour.* 28.

Accompted our commoditées,
Few more commodious reason sées,
Than is this one commoditée,
Quietly neighboured to bée.
Whiche neighbourhod in the apéers.
For we two hauyng ten whole yéers
Dwelt wall to wall, so ioygninglie,
That whispering soundeth through welny.
I neuer herd thy seruaunts brall
More than thou hadst had none at all.
Nor I can no way make auaunt,
That euer I heard the geue them taunt.
Thou art to them and they to thée
More milde then muet, mum ye bée.
I heare no noise mine ease to breake,
Thy buttry dore I here not creake.
The kitchin cumbreth not by heate,
Thy cokes choppe neither herbes nor meate.
I neuer heard thy fyre once sparke,
I neuer heard thy dog once barke,
I neuer heard once in thy house,
So muche as one pépe of one mouse.

I neuer herd thy catte once mew.
These preyses are not small nor few.
I beare all water of thy soyle,
Wherof I feele no sylthie soyle,
Saue water, which doth wash thy hands,
Wherin there none annoiance stands,
Of all thy guestes set at thy boorde,
I neuer heard one speake one woorde.
I neuer heard them coegh nor hem:
I thinke hence to Ierusalem,
For this neighbourlie quietnesse,
Thou art the neighbour neighbourlesse.
For er thou wouldest neighbours annoy,
These kyndes of quyet to destroy,
Thou rather wouldest to helpe that matter,
At home alone fast bread and water.

Of dogges and theeues. 29.

To kepe théeues by night out of my house,
I kepe doggs to ayde me in my yarde,
Whose barkyng at stur of euery mouse,
By lacke of slépe kylth me in regarde,
Théeues or dogs than, whiche maie best be sparde?
Murder is the most mischiefe here to gesse,
Théeues can do no more, and dogs will do no lesse.

A keper of the commaundementes. 30.

If it be (as it is) muche commendable,
To kepe Gods preceptes. geuen Moyses in table:
In kepyng the same (as thou hast pretended)
Thou maist well be marueyllously commended.
First for thy hauyng any mo gods but one,
Thou kepest within that bound, For God thou hast none.
Hauyng or worshippyng of god false or true,
Thou hast nor worshippest God olde nor newe.

And

And as for the committyng of Idolatrie,
By grauyng to thy selfe any Imagerie,
This twenty yeres daie in weather hot or cole,
Thou handledst no caruyng nor worckyng tole.
The name of God in vayne thou consentst not till,
Thou neuer swerst but for some purpose good or yll,
And as for the holy daie, thou doest breake none,
For thou wilt rather make twentie then breake one.
Father and mother not dishonoured by thée:
For thou neuer comst where any of them bée.
And where thou shalt not kyll, to cléere the of that,
Thou neuer durst abyde to fyght with a gnat.
Than all adultery or fornication
Chastitée dischargeth, by this approbacion.
All women hardly can beare the their fauour,
To abyde thy sight: and in no wyse thy sauour.
For stealyng or theft, what euer thou hast béene,
Thy handes at this daie are knowen to be cléene.
How canst thou steale ought in house, fæld, or stræte?
Thou sittest in Newgate fast bound hand & fæte.
By false witnesse thou neuer hurtest man, for why,
Eury word thou speakest, eury man thinkth a lie.
Now, to couet in mynde thy n[illegible]ours asse,
Or his house, when bondage wi[illegible] not let the passe.
To ride to the tone, or go to the tother,
Or in consented thought one waie or other.
For to couet thy neighbours maide or his wyfe,
Thou knowyng, they can not loue thée for their lyfe,
Or of thy neighbours thinges to couet any thyng,
Whan couetousnes can no way bryng winnyng,
But that lacke of credite, libertée, or loue,
Keyth the from that couetyng can moue.
Thou hast to shrewde a wit in desyre to dwell,
To haue things, from whiche dispeyre doth the expell.

Thus in gods precepts, except thou cléere appére,
I know not who the diuell can ſay he is cléere.

Of a noſe. 31.

But for blemiſhe of a face to loke vpon,
I doubt which were beſt, to haue a noſe or none.
Moſt of our ſauours are more ſowre than ſweéte,
A noſe or no noſe, whiche is now moſt méete:

Lettyng of a ferme. 32.

By word without writyng one let out a farme,
The couenaunts wherin the leſſée brake a mayne:
Wherby the leſſor, lackyng writyng, had harme.
He ſaide and ſware, he would make promiſe plaine,
Without writyng, neuer to let thyng againe.
Husband cryde this wyfe, that othe agayne reuarte,
Els without writyng, ye can not let a farte.

Age and youth. 33.

Though age and youth together can ſéeld agrée,
Yet once two yong and two olde folke did I ſée,
Agrée de lyke lams together dyuers yeres.
The ſtorie wherof forthwith aperes.
A woman olde, and a ma ing were led,
She him for loue, and he ood to wed.
A yong woman, and olde man in lyke caſe,
Were wed for lyke cauſe at the ſame tyme and place.
Into one houſe theſe two couples wedded were,
And duryng their lyues, together muſt liue there.
And they once acquainted, and one month maryed,
All their liues after they neuer baryed.
Company and condicion theſe foure folke hold,
As nature naturally wylth yong and old:
Couplyng them ſelues to gether thus euery daie,
Tholde fooles aldaie prate, the yong fooles aldaie plaie.

A roſe and a nettill. 34.

What tyme herbes and weedes, and ſuch thing⁊ could talke,
A man in his gardeine one daie did walke,
Spiyng a nettill greene (as Themeraude) ſpꝛed
In a bed of roſes lyke the rubie red.
Betwene whiche two colours, he thought by his eye,
The greene nettill did the red roſe beautifie.
How be it he aſked the nettill, what thing
Made him ſo pert: ſo nye the roſe to ſpꝛinge.
I grow here with theſe roſes, ſaide the nettill:
Their milde pꝛopertées in me to ſettill.
And you, in laiyng vnto me your noſe,
Shall ſmell, how a nettle maie change to a roſe.
He did ſo, whiche done, his noſtrils ſo pꝛitcht,
That raſhely he rubd, where it no whit itcht,
To whiche ſmart mocke, and wyly begylyng,
He the ſame ſmellyng, ſaide ſmoothly ſmylyng,
Roſes conuert nettils? Nay, they be to fell,
Nettils will peruet Roſes rather, I ſmell.

Of the wyues and hir huſbandes waſte. 35.

Where am I leaſt huſband? quoth he, in the waſt:
Which comth of this, thou art vengeable ſtreit laſte.
Where am I biggeſt wife? in the waſte (quoth ſhee)
Foꝛ all is waſte in you, as far as I ſee.

An olde wiues boone. 36.

In olde woꝛld, when olde wyues bitterly pꝛayde,
One deuoutly as by way of a boone,
Art vengeance on hir huſband, and to him ſaide,
Thou wouldſt wed a young wyfe er this weeke were doone
Wer I dead, but thou ſhalt wed the diuel as ſoone.
I can not wed the diuell (quoth he) why (quoth ſhe?)
Foꝛ I haue wedded his dam beforꝛe (quoth he)

A talke

A talke of two conies. 37.

In tyme whan dum beaſtes, as well as birdꝫ ſpake,
Two conies their mindes in this mater brake.
Were all conies in ſuch caſe (ſaid the one)
That of two winters weather we muſt chooſe one?
Whiche were beſt choice, froſt neuer, and ſnowe euer?
Or els to chooſe froſt euer, and ſnow neuer.
Froſt (quoth the other) maketh vs luſtie and fat,
And ſnow lameth vs for leane. What (quoth he) for that?
Fortie fat conies be oft kylde in one night,
Whan leane conies with lyke ſcape away quight.
Ye (quoth the tother) but where ſnow to long lyeth,
Conies by famin well nie euery one dieth.
Better all be fatte, though ſome die as lotts fall,
Than linger in leanneſſe, and therby die all.

A priſoner. 38.

In priſon, a priſoner condemned to die,
And for execucion waityng daylie,
In his handes for wormes lokyng on a daie,
Smilyng to him ſelfe theſe wordes did saie:
Sence my foure quarters in foure quarters ſhall ſtand,
Why harme I theſe ſely wormes eatyng my hand?
Nought els in this deede do I, but my ſelfe ſhow,
Enemy to the worme and frend to the crow.

Two blinde men. 39.

One blynde man to ſupper an other bad,
Whiche twayne ſittyng at ſuch meate as they had,
Me thinkth (quoth the blind hoſt) this candell burnth dim.
So thinkth me ſir, ſaide the blind gueſt to him.
Wilfe (ſaide the good man) with ſorow mend this light.
She put out the candell, whiche burned very bright.
And chopt downe emptie candelſticks two or three.
So lo: now eate and welcome neighbour (quoth he.)

Debilitée

Debilitee of ſenſes. 40.

Wyfe, my hands for fælyng are oft very yll.
And as thone hand mendth, thother appeyreth ſtill.
Ye ſaie ſoth (ſaid ſhe) thone hand fælth euermore,
Worſe the daie preſent, than the daie before.
Thother hand fæleth by oinctmentes excellent,
Better the day before than the daie preſent.
But how doth your eye ſyght? worſe and worſe (ſaid he.)
For worſe this daie, than yeſterdaie, I ſee the.
Though you wer blinde (quoth ſhe) that ſhuld no loue breake,
I would your eies were out, ſo you could not ſpeake.
Take hearyng to (quoth he) thou makſt my eares ſuch,
That thou haſt made them here enough, and to muche.
And goyng maie go to. For where euer I am,
I go not an ynche from the diuell or his dam.
In feith if thou didſt (quoth ſhe) yet could I well
Fynde meane, to fynde out a fole by the ſmell.
And here may we here and ſee, how this tale fytts,
With my good mans goodly lyms, and good witts.

A fooliſhe huſbande. 41.

Huſband, two wittes are better then one, clarks ſaie,
To debate mattiers: whiche ſeemeth true this waie.
Whan we two contend whats my wit without thyne,
To conuince thy ſelfe, thy wyt conducth mine.

A wytty wyfe. 42.

Jane (quoth James) to one ſhort demaund of myne
Anſwere not with a lie, from that mouth of thine,
And take this noble. Which when ſhe had tane,
Is thy huſband (quoth he) a cockold Jane?
She ſtode ſtill, and to this would no woord ſpeake.
From whiche dum dump when he could hir not breake,
He act his noble againe. Why (quoth ſhe)
Made I any lie to thee? Nay (quoth he.)

Than walke feole (quoth ſhe) this wager I wyn cléere,
And thou of my counſel neuer the néere.
Gogs ſoule (ſware he) and flang away amayne,
I will neuer talke with that woman againe.
For as ſhe in ſpéeche can reuile a man,
So can ſhe in ſilence beguile a man.

Handſom handlyng. 43.

Some wonder to ſée thy handlyng of thing's neate,
But it is no wonder as the caſe ſtand's.
The toes of thy féete in handlyng of thing's feate,
Are as handſom as the fyngers of thy hand's.

A ſaiyng of Patche my lord cardinals foole. 44.

Walter Serten, a parſon of knowne wit,
As he at my lord Cardinals bord did ſit,
Gredily raught at a goblet of wyne:
Drinke none (ſaid my lord) for that ſore leg of thine.
I warrant your grace (quoth Serten) I prouide
For my leg: For I drinke on the tother ſide.

Certaine folies. 45.

To caſt faire white ſalte into wiſe mens meate, } a foly.
To make them count ſalt ſuger, when they eate,
To beare a man in hand he itcheth in eche parte } a foly.
When the man feeleth an vniuerſall ſmarte,
To ſpeake alwaies well, and do alwaies ill, } a foly.
And tell men thoſe deedes are doone of good wyll,
Thy luſtie limd horſe to leade in thy hand, } a foly.
When on thy lame lyms thou canſt ſcantly ſtand,
Of kyſs for cage woorke, to builde thy houſe hie, } a foly.
And couer it with leade to kepe thy houſe drie,

Of two ſtudentes. 46.

Two ſcolers ponge in the vniuerſitée late.
Kept in thinne diet, after ſcolars rate,
Thone beyng an eater greédy and greate,
Thother a weake féeder, ſaid at his meate:

Oh this smart small pittans, and hungrie diet,
Paketh vs to studie aptly and quiet.
Sure (said the tother) small meales are induction
To thencrease of studie, for deper instruction,
This diner shall driue me to studie anon,
Where I maie get more meate, whan this is gon.

A merie woman. 47.

There came by chaunce to a good companie.
A lady, a wanton and a merie.
And though euery word of hir owne showde hir light,
Yet no mans word? els to hir might that recite:
She had all the word?, she babled so fast,
That they beyng weery, one said at the last:
Madame, ye make my hert lyght as a kyt,
To see you thus full of your meretrix.
This tricke thus well tricked in the latine phrase,
Brought to this tricker nother muse nor mase,
She nought perceiuyng, was no whit offended:
Nor hir light behauiour no whit amended,
But still hir tounge was clappyng lyke a paten.
Well, said the said man, in language of laten,
I neuer tolde woman any faute before,
Nor neuer in laten will tell them faute more.

A louse and a flea. 48.

A louse and a flea, set in a mans necke,
Began eche other to taunt and to checke.
Disputyng at length all extremitées
Of their pleasures, or discommoditées.
Namely this I heard, and bare away well.
If one (quoth the louse) scrat within an ell
Of thy tayle: than forthwith art thou skippyng,
Lyke iacke of Bedlem in and out whipping.
Halfe an houre after thou darst no where syt,
To abyde the bytyng of one good byt.

And whan any man herein ſhall proue me,
His nailes dwe (as a writte doth) remoue me.
Whiche nayles once remoued from the mans head,
I am ſtreight at ſædyng within a here breade.
Where I ſed before in my deyntie diot.
Ye be hardie (quoth the flea) I deny not,
But how many liſe haue abydden by it?
Whan they would haue done as fleas dwe, flie it.
With this the man to his necke his hand raught,
The flea ſkypt away, but the louſe he caught.
How now (quoth the flea.) Alas (quoth the louſe)
My head is well ſerued to ſerue for ſowſe:
That thus like a ſowſe head, forſaw not this græke,
Tyll ſælyng hath put peinfull practiſe in præke.

Of him that forgat his pater noſter in latine. 49.

An olde homely man at ſhrift commaundid
By his Curate his pater noſter to bid.
After long ſtudie, he ſaide: Maſter vicker,
By Jys cham a ſhamd, my wyt is no quicker.
Ich laid it within littell more then fortnight.
And now, lyke a beaſt, cha forgote it quight.
Fye on age. In youth Ich had euer ſuche wit,
That what ſo euer Ich had to dwe, yit
At ſhrift chad my pater noſter euermore,
Whan Iche ſaide it not twiſe in the yere before.

Of him that could not learne his Pater noſter in Engliſhe. 50.

A man of the countrey ſhriuen in Lent late,
(Accordyng to thiniuction) his curate
Bad him, the Pater noſter in engliſhe ſaie,
Iche can it not maiſter (quoth he) by my faie.
Saie a pæce of it (quoth he) though ye the reſt mys,
Ich can not one word of it (quoth he) by Jis.

And yet maſter vickar, by gods ſacrament,
Cha iumbled about it euer ſens laſt lent.
And ſome of it ich had in the clenſyng weeke,
But now, whan ich ſhould ſay it, all is to ſeeke.
Well (quoth the prieſt) if your wit be ſo far decayde,
Say the *Pater noſter*, ye haue alway ſayde.
Nay by the Maſſe (ſware he) if you will haue all tolde,
Cha ſo grated on the new, cha forgot tholde.

Of the fiſt and the hart. 51.

One curſt an others hart for a blowe in a fume,
Curſe not his hart (quoth one by) curſe his fiſt.
His hert (quoth he) to mine eare did not preſume,
But his hart to mine eare did his fiſt aſſiſt.
Sens eche lim muſt frame in feate, as the hart liſt,
Whan the hart willth any lym in any faute to fall.
No man blame any man, to blame the hart for all.

Of this woorde enough. 52.

A mery man by his maiſter at mete ſet.
Me thinkth (quoth the maiſter) thou canſt no drinke get.
Here is enough, though there be none ſaid hee:
Than art thou not drie. Yes ſo mote I thee,
And faine would drinke. How be thy word true than?
Thus: This woord *enough* two waies we may ſkan.
Thone much enough, thother littell enough.
And here is littel enough. His maiſter lough,
Callyng in his wife to diſcant vpon this.
How ſaieſt thou wife? our man in this caſe is
Drie, and would drinke, and drinke nothyng nie him.
And yet proueth he drinke enough by him.
Sens he (quoth ſhe) proueth drinke enough in ſtore,
More then enough were waſt. He getth no more.

Of table play. 53.

Wife, I will no more play at tables with thée:
When wée come to bearyng, thou begyleſt mée,

In bearyng of thy men, while thou haſt any,
Eche other caſte thou beareſt a man to man.

The cocke and the hen. 54.

A cocke and his hen perchyng in the night,
The cocke at his houre crode loude as he might,
The hen heuy of ſlepe, praide the cock that he
Would leaue of his crowyng, but it would not be,
The hen ſaw the cock ſticke to his tackling,
In hir treble voyce, ſhe fell ſo to cackling,
That the cocke praide hir, hir cackling to ſeace,
And he of his crowyng would hold his peace,
Nay chorle (quoth ſhe) be ſure, that will I not.
And for thy learnyng hencefworth marke this knot.
Whan euer thou wouldeſt ſéeme, to ouer crow mee,
Than will I ſurely ouer cakill thée.

Cheepenyng of a face of fume. 55.

Into a ſkinners ſhop, while his wife there wrought,
In haſt ran a gentilman there to eſpie.
A fayre face of fur, which he woulde haue bought.
What fur (quoth ſhe) would your maiſterſhip bie?
Harlots wombs (quoth he) know ye any nie?
Harlots wombs (forſoth) I haue none (quoth ſhe)
But ye ſhall haue knaues ſhankes, méete as can be.

Bryng of ſhowes. 56.

Whan I at the ſhoemakers ſhall ſhoes aſſay,
If they be to littell, they will ſtretche (ſaith he)
If they be to muche, they will ſhrinke ſtreight way:
To long, to ſhort, how narrow or wide they be,
All is one matter as he ſhapth them to me.
For may he once get his ſhoes on my féete,
Without laſt or lingel his wordes make them méete.

A ſuſpicion cleared. 57.

One to his frende kiendly,
Gaue monicion friendly,

That

That ill was repo⁊ted
By one that reſo⁊ted
To him: whom (as they thought)
Entiſed him to nought.
He thanked him, and ſayde,
My freende, be not afraide.
The heryng of that fole
Setth me no whit to ſchole.
I here him, whan he liſt,
And folow him whan me liſt.

Of ſpite. 58.

If there be any, as I hope there be none,
That would leſe both his eies, to leeſe his foe one,
Than feare I, there be many as the wo⁊ld gothe,
That would leſe one eie, to leſe their foes bothe.

Of the letter H. 59.

H, is wo⁊ſt among letters in the croſſe ro⁊w,
Fo⁊ if thou finde him other in thine elbow,
In thine arme, o⁊ leg, in any degrée,
In thy head, o⁊ téeth, in thy toe o⁊ knée,
Into what place ſo euer H, may pike him,
Where euer thou finde athe, thou ſhalt not like him.

Of flyyng of idelneſſe. 60.

If flight from idelneſſe may be déemed.
Mayn meane to vertue beyng fled warely:
How maiſt thou than therby be eſtéemed?
Thou fléeſt that vice not meanly no⁊ barely,
But mainely: ſcrupulouſly, and ſo charely,
That in thée, er idelneſſe ſhalbe ſpied,
Thou wilt yet rather be ill occupied.

A tounge and a clocke. 61.

Thy tong ſhould be a clocke wiſe, had I gods po⁊wer,
Fo⁊ than would it ſtrike but once in one ho⁊wer,

Yet it might ren (quoth ſhe) and ſtrike er the time,
And ſhould that clocke haue (as my tong hath) a chime:
I beyng ſerten, might ſet the clocke foorth ſoone,
To ſtrike and chime.xij. twoo houres befoze noone.

A hearer of a ſermon. 62.

What bringſt thou from the ſermon Jacke? declare that.
Forſoth maiſter (quoth he) your cloke and your hat.
I can thée good thanke Jacke. foz thou art yet ſped,
Of ſomwhat in thy hande, though nought in thy hed.

A man without wit, ſtrength, and cunnyng. 63.

Thou art a wight to wonder at.
Thy head, foz wit, ſhowth thée a wat.
Thy bodie foz ſtrength ſhewth thée a gnat.
Thy voyce foz tune ſheweth thée a cat.
Doo, ſay, oz ſyng, in any what,
Thou art a minion marmſat.

How to wiſhe. 64.

How may I haue thée Gill, whan I wiſhe foz thée?
Wiſhe not foz me Jacke, but whan thou maiſt haue mée.
This is a leſſon Gill pzopze and pleaſaunt.
Foz by theſe woꝛdes this winning Jacke may auaunt,
Though Jacke be no nere Gill then Jacke was befoze,
Yet Jack is nere his wit, by gis, by ten ſcoze.

A doubtfull demaunde of choiſe. 65.

If thou muſt chooſe Hodge, touchyng cockoldzy,
Which wouldſt thou chooſe? to know thy ſelf commonly
To be taken foz one: and take thy ſelfe none,
Oz to be taken foz none, and take my ſelf one?
The beſt oz woꝛſt of theſe twaine (Hew) tel me whiche
Claw wher it doth ſmart, oz tikell, where it doth itche?
I know ſmall difference herein, Hodge bzother,
And I (Hugh) know as littell in the tother.

An olde widower and a yong mayde. 66.

A widower riche, with riueld face old,
Wooyng a fayre yong woman, his minde he told.
Boſtyng what he had, as wowers doe, that can,
Wherin he boſted of a goodly yong man.
A ſon of his owne, whome god had him ſent,
Of condicions and qualitees excellent,
In this whot wooyng this old mans behauour
So far foorth had won this yong womans fauour,
That in ſhort tale, whan his long tale was don,
She prayd him to go home, and ſend hir his ſon.

Gaping oyſters. 67

On whom gape thine Oyſters ſo wide, oyſterwife?
Mine Oyſters gape on you ſir, god ſaue your life.
Wherfore gape they? Sir they gape for promocion.
They hope (to promote them) you haue deuocion.
Nay (quoth he) the perill were pernicious,
To promote oyſters, that be ambicious.

The Judge and the Juggler. 68.

To a iuſtice a iuggler did complaine
Of one, that diſpraiſed his liger demaine.
Whats thy name (ſayd the iuſtice) Dauſon ſaid hée.
Is thy father aliue? Nay, dead ſir pardée.
Than thou ſhalt no more be Daus ſon, a clere caſe,
Thou art Daw thy ſelf now, in thy fathers place.

Of looking. 69.

To ſaue mine head, whan I vpward caſt mine eie,
And loke not to my féete: to the ground fall I,
Whan I loke downeward to my féete, to take héede,
A tile falne from a houſe maketh my hed bléede.
And loke I right forth, betweene my féete and hed,
Broken head, breke necke falls, of both I am ſped.
I thinke it as good, by ought I can deuiſe,
To be ſtarke ſtaryng blinde, as thus to haue eies.

Of constancie. 70.

Some say, thou art inconstant, but I say nay,
What though thy wit be wauryng euery way?
Whose wit like the winde hath been wauryng euer,
And in vnstedy wauryng doth perseuer,
A constant man I affirme him constantly,
For he is constant in inconstancy.

Of a face and a witte. 71.

In thy youth and age these properties are sprong,
In youth thy face was olde, in age thy wit is yong.

Of blowyng. 72.

What winde can there blow, that doth not some man please?
A fart in the blowyng doth the blower ease.

To the flatterer. 73.

Thy flatteryng of me, this soloweth therupon:
Other thou art a fole, or els I am one.
Where flattrie aperth, at least: by wyse mens schole
The flattrer, or the flattred, is a fole.

Of contentacion. 74.

Is not the poore man riche, that is contented?
Yes: riche by his contentacion consented.
Is not the riche man poore, that is not content?
Yes: poore by lacke of contentacion here ment.
Than riches and pouertee in mens mindes lie.
Ye: but we may far sooner learne (thinke I)
To thinke our selues riche, hauyng no riches nie,
Than make our selues riche, hauyng much riches by.

Of waytyng. 75.

I would see a man waite to his maisters minde,
As the weathercock waiteth on the winde,
Blow it here or there, blow it low or hie,
The weathercocke beke is still in the winde eie.

Of fore knowlage. 76.

Foreknowlage of things that must fall

To man, I thinke it were not beſt.
The foze knowne ill to man, would call
Foze felt greefe, of foze knowne vnreſt.
By foreknowen good to man were ſeſt
Sweete ſodain ioy, which euermoze
Comth, whan ioyes come vnknowne befoze.

The ſame impugned without chaunge of wordes, except foure or fiue.

Foreknowlage of thinges that muſt fall
To man, I thinke it were the beſt,
The foze knowen ill to man, would call
Digeſtion, of foze knowen vnreſt,
By foze knowen good to man, were ſeſt
Diſtemperate ioy, whiche euermoze
Comth, whan ioyes come vnknowne befoze.

Miſtakyng an errand. 77.

Feaſtyng a freend, the feaſter (whoſe man did waite)
Bad him at the laſt courſe, fetche the clouted conceite.
What bringſt thou here knaue (quoth he) what haſt ỹ done?
I haue (quoth his man) brought here your clouted ſhone.
Clouted ſhone carterly knaue, what doſt thou dreame?
Eate thou the clouted ſhone, fetche vs the clouted creame.

Of holdyng an Inne. 78.

Beyng holden in Newgate, thou canſt not bee
An inholder, foz thine Inne holdeth thee.

A wines defence of hir beetill brow. 79.

Were I to wed againe wife, I make a vow,
I would not wed a wife with a beetill brow.
And I (quoth ſhe) rather would a huſband wed
With a beetill brow, than with a beetell hed.

The ſhrewde wines tounge. 80

A dog dame ruleth in degree
Aboue a diuell with thee:

At lest sower winde a dog letth flee,
Thy nose will stopped bee:
But no deuils word may make decree
To stoppe thy toung I see,
Sens thou aperst to be (quoth she)
A dogged deuill to mee,
To tame thy deuillish propertee,
My tounge shall still be free.

A fooles tounge. 81.

Upon a fooles prouocacion
A wise man will not talke:
But euery light instigacion
May make a fooles toung walke.

Of glas and lattise. 82.

Where glasiers and lattise makers worke in sight,
This one difference in their two feates wée finde:
Glas kéepeth out the winde and letth in the light,
Lattise kéepeth out the light and letth in the winde.
Of both sortz I wishe, whan I shall wish any,
Lattise makers few, and glasiers many.

Two wisshers for two maner of mouthes. 83.

I wisshe thou hadst a littell narrow mouth wife,
Littell and littell to droppe out wordz in strife.
And I wisshe you sir, a wide mouth for the nonce,
To speake all that euer you shall speake at once.

Of dispraise. 84.

All men must be blinde and deafe er thou prayse win.
For no man seeth or herth ought to prayse thée in.

A discharge from hipocrisie. 85.

Thou art no birde of hipocricise broode.
For thou fléest all thingz, that might shew thée goode.

Of the foole and the gentlemans nose. 87.

One gentilman hauyng on other at meate,
That guest hauyng a nose deformd foule and great.
The fole of that house, at this tyme standyng by,
Fell thus in hand with that nose sodeinly.
Nose *autem*, a great nose as euer I sawe.
His master was wroth, & cride hense with that dawe.
One saide: talke no more of great noses ye fole,
Lest ye be talkt withall in the whippyng schoolle.
The fole warnd of great noses no more to speake,
To mend that faut, this way these words did breake.
Saide I, this is a foule great spittell nose?
Byr lady I lyed, it is a fayre littell nose.
Will not that fole be had hence (quoth the master?)
Thou wilt fole (quoth one) by walkt with a waster,
If thou speake of any nose great or small.
The fole at thyrd warnyng, mindyng to mend all,
Stept to he bord againe criyng as he gose,
Before god and man, that man hath no nose.
The fole was feakt for this: but what of that?
The great faute here to note, he amended nat:
Whiche is this: not the wise, but the fole ye see,
In clokyng of one faute, makth fautes two or three.

A *foole taken for wise.* 87.

Wisdome and folyin thee (as men scan)
Is as it were a thyng by it selfe fole:
Among foles thou art taken a wise man,
And among wyse men, thou art knowne a fole.

Thinges to forbeare. 88.

Displeasures that fume and fret
God to forgeue and forget.
All othes, what whan, and where,
Better forbeare, than forsweare.

Other mens liuyng.

As good forstcale as forstall,
Not at bottom but at brynke,
Better forsée, than forthinke.

Of medlars. 89.

To féede of any frute at any feast,
Of all kinds of medlers, meddell with the least.
Meddle not with great medlers. For no question,
Medlyng with great medlers, makth yll digestion.

Of dwelling. 90.

Betwéne Ludgate and Newgate thou canst dwell neuer,
For in Ludgate or Newgate thou must dwell euer.

Of the Milner and the Sexten. 91.

The milner tolth corne, the sexten tolth the bell,
In whiche tollyng, tollers thriue not a lyke well.
Thon tolth with the clapper, thother in the hopper.
Thone sauerth of syluer, thother soundeth of copper.

Of bookes and cheese. 92.

No two thinges in all thinges can séeme onely one:
Because two things so, must be one thing alone.
Howbeit readyng of bookes and eatyng of chéese,
Are two things for some things, more like one then théese.
The talent of one théese in mouthes of ten men,
Hath ten different tasts in iudgement most times when.
The saith tis to salt, he saith tis to freshe,
He saith, tis to hard, he saith tis to neshe.
It is to strong of the rennet, saith hée.
It is saith he, not strong enough for mée.
It is saith an other, well as can bée.
No two of any ten in one can agrée.
And as they iudge of chéese, so iudge they of bookes.
On lookers on whiche, who that narowly lookes.
Mate lookes for this: Seith he, that booke is to long.
Tis to short saith he, Nay, saith he, ye say wrong,

Tis

Tis of méete length, and for fine phraſe or faire ſtile:
The like that booke was not made a good whyle:
And in touchyng the truth inuincibly wrought.
Tis all lies, ſaith a nother, the booke is nought.
No booke, no chéeſe, be it good, be it bad.
But prayſe and diſprayſe it hath, and hath had.

Of heades. 93.

Some heades haue taken two heads better then one:
But ten heads without wit, I wene as good none.

The woodcocke and the daw. 94.

A woodcocke and a dawe ſet vpon a playne,
Both shewde comparíſon eche other to diſdaine.
Back (quoth the woodcocke: Straw for the, quoth the dawe.
Shall woodcocks kepe dawes now in dredfull awe?
None awe (quoth the woodcocke) but in behauour
We ought to reuerence woodcocks, by your fauour.
For what cauſe (quoth the daw?) For your long bils?
Nay (quoth the woodcocke) but lords will by their wils
Rather haue one woodcock, than a thouſand dawſe.
Woodcocks are meate, daws ar carren, wey this clauſe.
In déede ſir (ſaide the daw) I muſt néedes agrée,
Lords loue to eate you, and not to eate mée.
Cauſe of dawes curteſis, ſo, if woodcocks thus gather.
We ſhall haue curtſy: For this I would rather.
Be a daw, and to woodcock curteſy make:
Than be a woodcocke, and of dawes curteſy take.
I were double a daw, had I not leuer,
Byrders ſhould (in their byrdyng endeuer)
Take vp gins, and let me go, whan they geat mée,
Than ſet gins to get me, for lordes to eate mée.

Of few woordes. 95.

Fewe words ſhew men wiſe, wiſe men doe deuiſe,
Whiche is oft tyme true, and oft otherwiſe.

In

In some case silence may as stifly stand
With folly, as with wisdome, wisely scand:

Wottyng and weenyng. 96.

Wottyng and wœnyng, were those two thing? one,
Who could wot him selfe wise like thée, I wene none.

Otherwise.

I would geue thé best cardell in my packe,
To be as wise as thou weenest thou art Iacke.
And to be as wise as I wot thou art,
What would I geue trowest thou? what? not a fart.

A much like matter. 97.

Tom, thou thinkst thy selfe wise, ye what of that Hew?
Thou thinkst thy selfe wyser then I. Ye tom, trew.
It seemth (said a third man) by this deuise,
No maistry for fooles, to wœne them selues wise.

Wisedome and foly. 98.

Thy wisedome and foly both, nay no one
Can be conteined in volumes great nor small.
Thy wisedome beyng none, occupieth place none,
Thy folly beyng all, occupieth place all.

of lacke 99.

One lacke of late in thée saw wée,
Whiche lackth not now, for this we sée,
Thou hast lackt lacke of honestée:
But now that lacke lackth not in thée.

The weathercocke, the reede, and the wynde. 100.

The wethercocke and the rēede comparyng late,
Their ſeruice done to the wynde, fel at debate.
The wynde (quoth the weathercock) windth no where,
But ſtreight bolt vpryght I ſtand waityng there.
Forſoth ſaid the rēede I where the wynd is found,
At euery blaſt I bow downe to the ground.
Surely ſaid the wynde, the waytyng of the tone,
And curteſie of the tother I take both one.
And none of both good but rather yll to me:
For whan I oft in corners ſecrete would be,
Other the crooked curtſy of the rēede,
Or weathercockes waytyng, bewraith me with ſpēede.
As liefe is to me, in ſuch ſeruyng pretence
Single negligence, as double diligence.
The weathercocke and the rēede, beynge both blanke,
Ech told him ſelfe, much ſeruice haue ſmall thanke.

FINIS.

I H

Three hundred Epigrammes, vpon three hundred prouerbes,

Inuented and made by
John Heywood.

LONDINI.
1562.

The Table of this booke.

Of amendment. 1.
Maggyng of beards. 2.
Of haſt. 3.
Breakyng of ſquare. 4.
Lokyng and leapyng. 5.
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FINIS.

Of amendment. 1.

IF euery man mende one, all shall be mended.
This meane to amendment, is now intended.
For though no man loke to mend him self brother:
Yet eche man lokth to controll and mend other.

Wagging of beardes. 2.

It is mery in hall when beardes wagge all.
Husband for this, these wordes to minde I call:
This is ment by men, in their mery eatyng:
Not to wag their beardes in brawlyng and threatyng.
Wyfe, the meanyng herof, differth not two pins,
Betweene waggyng of mens beardes and womens chins.

Of haste. 3.

The hastie man wanteth neuer woo.
In hastie women not euer so.
With suffring husbandes hasty wiues,
Haue oft we sene, full mery liues.

Breakyng of square. 4.

An inche breakth no square: which sins thou hast hard tell,
Thou doest assay how to breake square by an ell.

Otherwise.

An inche breakth no square: thou breakst none, though it do.
Thou rather bringst square the breakst square betweene two.

Lookyng and leapyng. 5.

Loke er thou leape, nay thou canst in no wise breke.
To loke ere thou leape, for thou leapst ere thou loke.

Weddyng and hanging. 6.

Weddyng and hangyng, are destenye I see.
Weddyng or hangyng, which is best, sir (quoth shee?)
Forsoth good wife, hangyng I thinke best (quoth hee)
So helpe me god, good husband, so thinketh mee.
Oh how like lambes, man and wyfe here agree.

Of delay. 7.

He that will not when he may,
When he would he shall haue nay.
But to that nay, nay I say:
If of my wife I delay,
To take shroude wordes: yet that stay
Stayth them not from me next day.

Of wittes. 8.

So many heades, so many wittes, nay nay.
We see many heades, and no wittes some day.

No lacke in loue. 9.

In loue is no lacke, true I dare be borowe.
In loue is neuer lacke, of ioy or sorowe.

Otherwyse.

In loue is no lacke, no in no wooyng day.
But after weddyng day, lets here what ye say.

Of homely home. 10.

Home is homely, yea and to homely sometyme.
Where wiues fotestoles, to their husbandes heads clime.

Geuyng and takyng. 11.

Better giue then take, all say, but so thinke none:
All thinke better take .xx. poundes, then giue one.

Jacke and Gill. 12.

All shalbe well, Jacke shall haue Gill:
Nay nay, Gill is wedded to wyll.

Of the ende of a wit. 13.

Thou art at thy wits ende, which I wonder in
To se a wit at ende before it begin.

Of bought wit. 14.

Wit is neuer good, till it be bought:
Thy wit is dere bought, and yet starke nought.

Otherwyse.

Wit is neuer good till it be bought Will.
Jacke, to bie or sell that ware, fooles can no skill.

Of haſte and waſte. 15.

Haſte maketh waſte: which perceiued by ſlouth,
Slouth will make no haſte, he ſwerth by his trouth.

Makyng of malte. 16.

Soft fire maketh ſweete malte, as malt makers tel:
Then to make ſweete malte, fire is to raſhe in hel.
Wherby ſins in hell no good ale is to ſel,
Drie drunken ſoules can not lyke in hell to dwel.

Of an akyng eye. 17.

Better eye out, then alway ake:
In rage of ache, true as I ſpake:
But in meane ache, meanely to mone,
Better an akyng eye then none.

What thing beggers chooſe. 18.

Beggers ſhould be no chooſers, but yet they will:
Who can bryng a begger from choyſe to begge ſtill?

Of robbyng. 19.

Rob Peter and pay Poule, thou ſayſt I do:
But thou robſt and pouſt Peter and Poule to.

Of neede and law. 20.

Néede hath no law: in ſome caſe in very déede.
Neede hath no law: and yet of law we haue neede.

Of beginnyng and endyng. 21.

Of a harde beginning, comth a good endyng:
Truth, on this terme is not alway dependyng.
Some hardely begin, by the feete to ſit faſt:
That ende with harde hangyng, by the neckes at laſt.

Of grace. 22.

In ſpace comth grace, I graunt grace may come in ſpace:
But in rule, by thy rule never looke for grace.

Of fore proui ſion. 23.

Who ſo that knew what would be dere,
Should neede be marchaunt but one yere.

But thou haſt knowen yeres, two or thrée:
That good condicions woulde in thée
Both dere and deintely be growen:
And yet for all this, thus fore knowen,
To warne thee of good fore prouiſion,
Thou haſt not now one good condicion.

Of ſaiyng and doyng. 24.

Saying and doyng are two thinges, we ſay:
But thy ſayinges and doynges euery way,
Joyne iumpe in one thy wordes and dædes procéede:
But thou art good, nother in worde nor dæde.

Of treadyng on a worme. 25.

Treade a worme on the tayle, and it turneth agayne:
But thou tredſt on the wormes head, that to reſtrayne.

Of eaſe in an Inne. 26.

Thou takeſt thine eaſe in thine Inne, ſo nie thée:
That no man in his Inne, can take eaſe by thée.

Otherwyſe.

Thou takeſt thine eaſe in thine Inne, but I ſée:
Thine Inne takth nother eaſe, nor profit by thée.

How to proue a freende. 27.

Proue thy frænde ere thou næde, that canſt thou no way:
For without næde of thy frænde thou art no day.

Vnwiſe wedlyng. 28.

Who wedth ere he be wiſe, ſhall die ere he thriue.
Then ſhalt not thou be wedded and riche aliue.

Some thyng and nothyng. 29.

Some thyng is better then nothyng.
In ſome thyng I graunt this othyng:
In ſome I deny: for I ſée
As good haue nothyng, as haue thée.

The ſleapyng dogge. 30.

It is ill wakyng of a ſleapyng dogge.
So thinke many, namely the wrotyng hogge.

Of hap. 31.

It hapth in an houre that hapth not in. vii. yéere.
That hapth this houre wife, for thou makſt me good chéere.

Of ſyght and mynde. 32.

Out of ſight out of minde, this may run right:
For all be not in mynde, that be in ſight.

Of mirth with wiſdome. 33.

Tis good to be mery and wyſe:
How ſhall fooles folow that aduyſe?

Of holding of a noſe. 34.

Thou canſt hold my noſe to the grynditone:
So can not I thine, for thou haſt none.

An eye ſore. 35.

It is but an eie ſore, but an eye ſore, fye
That eye ſore is as yll as any ſore eye.

Of recknyng. 36.

Recknyng without thine hoſte thou muſt recken twyſe:
Make not my hoſtes diſapoint that deuiſe:

Settyng vp a candell. 37.

To ſet vp a candell before the deuyll.
Dym ſyghted deuyls, I deeme, deeme it not euyll.

Of cloudes and weather. 38.

After clouds blacke, we ſhall haue wether cléere:
And after wether cléere, we ſhall haue cloudes blake:
Now whot, now colde, now fayre, now foule appeere:
As wether cléerth, or cloudth, ſo muſt men take.

Of making and marryng. 39.

Make or mar I wyll, ſo ſaiſt thou euer:
But thou dooſt euer marre, thou makſt neuer.

Of byrdes and byrders. 40.

Better one byrde in hande, then ten in the wood.
Better for byrders, but for byrdes not ſo good.

Of ſorowes. 41.

Make not two ſorowes of one, if thou can:
Leſt making of two ſorowes, marre one man.

Of feedyng and teaching. 42.

Thou art better fed then taught, I vnder take:
And yet art thou ſkyn and bone, leane as a rake.

Of ſuffiance. 43.

Of ſuffrance comth eaſe: how ſhall I know that, wyfe?
I haue ſuffred the, without eaſe, all my lyfe.

Of him that ſet his hand on his money. 44.

Thy hand is on thy halfepeny, and muſt John:
For thou haſt no more coine to ſet thy hand on.

Of a horſe coryng. 45.

A ſhorte hors is ſone coride, that is to wéete,
When ſhort hors, and ſhort coriers dw méete.

Of ſhame. 46.

Shame take him that ſhame thinkth, for thou doſt thinke non.
Thou art to far paſt ſhame, ſhame to thinke on.

A lordes hart and a beggers purſe. 47.

There is nothing in this world that agréeth wurſe,
Then doth a lordes harte and a beggers purſe,
And yet as yll as thoſe two do agree,
Thou canſt not bryng them a ſunder to bée.

Of forgettyng. 48.

The paryſhe prieſt forgeth, he was paryſhe clarke:
And the perſon forgeth, he was pariſhe prykſte.
But prieſt, clarke, and no clarke, all, who wyll marke,
To forget what we were, ſhall ſée vs entykſte.

Of the harte and the heele. 49.

Shall I ſet at my hart, that thou ſettſt at thy héele?
Nay, a hart in a héelde hoſe, can neuer do wéele.

Otherwyſe.

Shall I ſet at my harte that thou ſetſt at thy héele?
Nay, how euer kybde héeles dw, kybd hartes do not wéele.

A man

Praiſe of a man aboue a horſe. 50.

A man may well leade a horſe to the water:
But he can not make him drinke without he liſt.
I praiſe the aboue the horſe, in this mater:
For I leadyng the to drynke, thou haſt not miſt
Alway to be ready without reſiſtens
Both to drinke, and be drunke, ere thou were led thens.

of weeping. 51.

Better children wepe then olde men, ſay wyſe men.
But olde men wepe when children laugh, now and then.

Of two falſe knaues. 52.

Two falſe knaues nede no broker: but it is nede
That brokers breake falſe knaues felowſhyp with ſpede.

A hart in a hoſe. 53.

Thy hart is in thy hoſe, which layle is not ſtronge,
Thy hoſe are to full of holes, to kepe it longe.

Of creeping and goyng. 54.

Children muſt learne to crepe ere they can go.
In the ſpyttell, olde knaues learne to do ſo.

of flotyng and fleetyng. 55.

Thou art a flote thou weenſt, beyng in the fleete:
But flotyng and fleetyng agree not there mete.

A man at an ebbe. 56.

Thou art at an ebbe in Newgate, thou haſt wrong.
But thou ſhalt be a flote at Tyburne ere long.

Syght in a myſſtone. 57.

Thou ſeeſt far in a myſtone: thanke God therfore.
Thou ſeeſt in a milſtone in nothing more.

Of throwyng. 58.

Throw no gyft againe at the gyuers hed:
Namely no gyfte of thy wyfe, geuen in checke.
If thou do, the rebounde may be ſo red,
That the red blood, may run downe in thy necke.

Store

Of ſtore. 59.

Store is no ſore, yes, ſtore may be a ſore.
I thinke it a ſore, of ſores to haue ſtore.

Of one in priſon. 60.

Thou art in by the weeke, nay ſyr I am here,
Not in by the weeke, I am in by the yere.

Saintes and deuilles. 61.

Yong ſainte, olde diuell: thers mo of woman kynde:
Then yong deuilles olde ſaintes, in mankynde as I fynde.

Of botching. 62.

God is no botcher, but when God wrought you twa.
God wrought as like a botcher, as God might dw.

Of a yeres fayre. 63.

The fayre laſtth all the yere, but wyfe I tell thée,
In this yeres fayre, for fayre I can not ſell thée.
I haue worſe lucke (quoth ſhe) and began to ſcoule,
I can not ſell thée there, for faire nor for foule.

Of a cap and a head. 64.

Thy cappe is better at eaſe then thy hed,
Betwene whiche twayne, might I at wiſhe be ſped,
To chooſe one of the twayne, whiche I would fyrſt craue,
Thy whole cap before thy ſicke hed I woulde haue.

otherwyſe.

My cap is better at eaſe then my hed.
Thy cap is better then thy hed, tis ſed.

A theefe that hath no felow. 65.

Aſke my felow whether I be a théefe,
No way, can that way, of thy theft make préefe:
Thou haſt no felow in theft: to catche thée:
For there is no théefe (in theefte) can match thée.

Falſe meaſures. 66.

Thou fearſt falſe meaſures, which are thinges to feare ſore:
But I feare falſe meaſures, as much and more.

New

Of cleane ſweepyng. 67.

Newe bꝛome ſwepeth cleane, which is thus vnderſtande:
Newe bꝛome ſwepeth cleane, in the cleane ſwepers hande.

Turnyng of typpettes. 68.

He hath turnd his tippet, that turne ſhowth playne,
Our typpets haue ben turnd and turnd agayne.

otherwyſe.

He hath turnd his typpet dyed it and dꝛeſſt it,
Vpon the right ſyde and feyꝛe and playne pꝛeſſt it.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his typpet and pꝛeſſt it ſo cloſe,
That foꝛ a turnd typpet it hath a fayꝛe gloſe.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, lozd how he pꝛouydes,
Typpetts turnd, dyed, ſhozne, and wozne bare on both ſydes.

Otherwiſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, twyſe in my ſyght:
Fyꝛſt on the wꝛonge ſyde and laſt on the right.

Otherwyſe.

He hath turned his typpet an honeſt turnyng,
To turne his typpet and turne round foꝛ burnyng.

otherwyſe.

He hath turned his typpet ſhozne agaynſt the wull ful,
And mozꝛe againſt his will then againſt the wul.

Otherwyſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, that haue we turnd all.
Sum halfe turne, ſum hole turne, turnd round as a ball.

Otherwyſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, ye foꝛ a whyle:
But might he turne agayne, lozd how he wold ſmyle.

Otherwyſe.

He hath turned his typpet, yet mo turns ye mocke,
But who doth weare his typpet a weathercock?

Otherwyſe.

He hath turnd his typpet, now for a noueltée,
And for a noueltée wolde turne ſtreyght ageyne he.

Otherwyſe.

He turnth his typpet, or his typpet turnth hym,
But which turnth which, I ſée not by ſwéete ſaint Sym.

Otherwyſe.

He hath turnd his typpet,
For ſymony a ſyppet.

Otherwyſe.

He turnth his typpet, if that turnyng turne hym
Into the pulpyt, that turnyng is turnd trym.

Of theft and receite. 69.

Where are no receiuers, there are no théeues:
Where nought is to receiue, theues bryng no gréeues.

Of woorke and play. 70.

As good to play for nought, as to woorke for nought:
But thou wylt play for nought, and not woorke for ought.

Of a peinted ſheathe. 71.

Thou makſt much of thy peynted ſheathe, and wylt do,
At hauynge not one good knyfe longyng therto.

The hare and the hound. 72.

Holde with the hare and run with the hounde, run thare
As wight as the hounde, and as wyſe as the hare.

Of beggers ſyngyng. 73.

Beggers ſyng before théeues, but what of that?
When beggers ſynge ſo, theues ſée nought to laugh at.

Of two faces. 74.

Thou bereſt two faces in one whood:
Thou haſt one yll face, both be not good.

Of beggyng. 75.

Thou begſt at wrong dore, and ſo haſt begd longe:
Thy gettyng by beggyng, ſhowth euery dore wrong.

Nothynge

Of nothing. 76.

Nothyng hath no ſauer, which ſauerles ſhowe:
Shewth nothing better, then ſum thyng that we knowe.

Otherwyſe.

Nothing hath no ſauer, as yl is this othing:
Ill ſauerd ſumthing, as vnſauerd nothyng.

Of ventring. 77.

Nought venter nought haue, and ventryng of much,
Pay haue a lyttle, ventryng is now ſuch.

Of ſhalbe and ſhall not be. 78.

That ſhalbe, ſhalbe. but all that ſhulde bée:
Shall not be, noꝛ hath bene, as far as I ſée.

The blacke oxe. 79.

The blacke Oxe neuer trode on thy foote:
But the dun Aſſe hath trode on both thy féete.
Whiche Aſſe and thou, may ſéeme ſpꝛong of one roote:
Foꝛ the aſſes pace, and thy pace are méete.

Of brydlyng. 80.

I wyll bꝛydell the with rough byt wyfe. Quoth ſhe,
If thou wylt bꝛydell me, I wyll ſnakell the.

Mendyng and payryng. 81.

I will mende this houſe, and peyꝛe another.
Ye, but when wylt thou mend thy ſelfe bꝛother?

Of runnyng without turnyng. 82.

He runth far, that neuer turnth againe: nay nay,
Though the ſnayle neuer turne, he runth no far way.

Biyng a pyg. 83.

I will neuer bye the pyg in the poke:
Thers many a foule pyg in a feyꝛe cloke.

Hungry flies. 84.

Hungry flies byte ſoꝛe, which ſhall byte vs euer.
Foꝛ without hungry flies, we ſhalbe neuer.

Of louyng a dog. 85.

Loue me, loue my dog: by loue to agrée,
I loue thy dog, as well as I loue thée.

Of precious ſtones. 86.

Folly to caſt pꝛecious ſtones beforꝛe hogs Hewe,
Hodge, except they be pꝛecious hogs thou ſayſt trewe.

Otherwyſe.

Caſt pꝛecious ſtones beforꝛe hogs, caſt ſtones to hogs nay,
But pꝛecious ſtones haue ben geuen to hogs ſome ſay.

Of yll and good wynde. 87.

It is an yll wynde, that blowth no man to gꝋd:
And lyke gꝋd wynde, that blowth no man yll.
But fearynge yll wyndes, olde men moſt tymes ſtꝋd.
Out of all extreme wyndes vnder the hyll.

Of ſooth boorde. 88.

Sꝋth bꝋꝛde, is no bꝋꝛde: ſꝋth bꝋꝛde ſoundeth yll,
In falſe fayꝛe flattryng bꝋꝛde: bꝋꝛde as ye wyll.

Of tales tolde in the eare. 89.

In at the tone eare and out at the tother.
If tales tolde the, go in and out ſo bꝛother,
Then the trauell of thoſe tales ſhewe much wꝋnder:
Thy two eares be two hundꝛed myle a ſunder.

Of goyng. 90.

The further we go, the further behynde.
Mꝛte fꝋtemen to go with crabbes, in my mynde.

Otherwyſe

The further I go, the further behynde.
Stande ſtill fꝋle, tyll thou better fꝋtyng fynde.

Of neede. 91

Nꝛde makth tholde wyfe trot: is ſhe a trotter nꝋw?
Gallop yonge wyues, ſhall tholde trot, out trot you?

Takyng hart of graſſe. 92.

Thou takeſt hart of graſſe wyfe, not hart of grace.
Cum graſſe, cum grace, ſyꝛ, we graſe both in one place.

Where

Of nothyng and althing. 93.

Where nothing is, a little thyng doth ease.
Where al thyng is, nothyng can fully please.

Couetyng and leesing. 94.

All couet, all lose: this comth oft in vze.
But nought haue, nought lose: this is euer sure.

Of the marche hare. 95.

As mad as a marche hare: where madnes compares:
Are not midsomer hares, as mad as march hares?

How god will not do for vs. 96.

Euery man for him self, and god for vs all:
God will not seale that writing, write it who shall?

Of harping on a string. 97.

Harpe no moze on that strynge, for it standth to hie:
And soundeth as basely as a halter, wel nie.

A losse by the deuils death. 98.

The deuill is dead, then hast thou lost a frende.
In all thy doinges, the deuill was at tone ende.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dead, one deuill is dead but wée se:
No deuils left aliue, as ill or woze then he.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dead, who shall enherite his lande:
Inowe, the deuill hath left childzen a thousande.

Otherwyse.

The deuill is dead, who shall his land rightly win,
Thou, for thou by condishin, art next of kin.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dede, nay the deuill is in a sowne,
But the deuill reuiueth agayne, chil ley my gowne.

Otherwise.

The deuill is dead, what helpeth the death of the deuill,
The deuill hath heyzes as ill as he, and moze euill.

Of a ſheepes eye. 99.

He caſt a ſheepes eye at her: a ſtraunge eye ſpyed,
To ſe a ſheepes eye, looke out of a calues hed.

Of rule. 100.

Better rule, then be rulde: wife thy endeuer,
Hath ſhewde thee to be rulde, by that rule euer.

Of blinde bayard. 101.

Who ſo bolde as blinde bayerd; no beaſt of trouth.
Wherof my bolde blinde bayerd, perfit proofe ſhouth,
Both of his boldnes, and for his bolde blindnes.
By late occaſion, in a cauſe of kindnes:
A company of vs, rode in certaine grounde:
Where we welny, an impaſſible ſlough founde.
Their horſes, ere they entred began to ſtay.
Euery one horſe geuyng an other the way.
Of good manner as it were, and more and more,
Eche horſe gaue backe, to ſet his better before.
Saue this rude ruſtie, bolde blinde bayerd of mine,
As raſhely, as rudely, chopt forth: and in fine,
Without any curtſie, ere any man bids:
Blindly and boldly, he lepte into the mids.
And looke how boldly, the mids he lept in till,
Euen with like boldnes, in the mids he lay ſtill:
And trow you the Jade, at the beſt mens wordes theare,
Would ſtur one toynte: nay not the breade of one heare.
But ſtarde on them, with as bolde a countenaunce:
As that hole had ben his, by enheritaunce:
He hauyng no more to do there then had I.
But ſtreight there cumth, a carteweare, of good hors by:
By force wherof, and helpe of all that rout,
Blynde bayerd and I, were drawen together out.
Which blinde boldenes, by this admonicion:
Except he amend in ſome mete condicion,

Rather

Rather then ride so, I will a foote take payne,
Blynde bolde bayerd, shall not thus beare me agains.

Of the spinsters thrift. 102.

Thus rideth the rocke. if the rocke be ridyng,
The spinsters thrift, is set a foote slidyng.

Of defenes. 103.

Who is so deafe, as he that will not heare:
Not the deuill, till will draw his hearyng neare.

Of a good hors. 104.

It is a good hors, that neuer stumbleth.
Then haue I a good hors, for my hors tumbleth.
And fauleth downe right, my hors stumbleth neuer.
So well am I horst, and haue bin horst euer.
And so loth to lend him, to fælde or townes ænde.
That as soone shall my so ride him, as my frænde.

Of waies to the wood. 105.

There be mo wayes to the wood then one.
Of all good wayes to wood, thou goste none.

Of one that may soone amend. 106.

He may soone amend, for he can not apeyze.
A good euidence to proue him the deuils heyze.

An ill hearer. 107.

I can not heare on that side, no, trueth to tell:
Of any side, thou couldst neuer yet heare well.

Of a good face. 108.

I did set a good face on the matter Jone,
Thou didst borow it then Bes, for thou hast none.

A sharpe thorne. 109.

It prickth betimes, that shalbe a sharpe thorne.
I wæne thou prickst wife, ere time thou were borne.

Commyng and goyng. 110.

As fast as one goth, an other cumth in vre.
Two buckets in a well, come and go so sure.

But go or cum, who shall, while all come and go:
Seldome cumth the better, practise præueth so.

The better cumth seldome. 111.

Sældome cumth the better, come or go who will,
One nayle driueth out an other, wæ se still.

One driueth out an other. 112.

One nayle driueth out an other, with strokes so stout:
That the hammer hed which driueth them, werth quite out.

Of burden. 113.

Light burden, far heuy: that dost thou try.
A tether borne far, will tyre thée welnie.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, borne for other men:
For our selues, heuy burdens light inough then.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, thy braine lacketh strength
To beare a pinte of wine, a payre of buttes length.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, thou dost finde that lacke:
In all light god burdens, that lie on thy backe.

Otherwise.

Light burden, far heuy, how can lame folke proue,
Who in all their liues, their lengthes do not remoue.

Rumnyng and goyng. 114.

He may ill run, that can not go:
He that sitth by the fæte, finde so.

A lacke of tooles. 115.

What is a workeman without his tooles.
How may bables be mist among fooles.

Tast of a mans tales. 116.

A tale of a tub, thy tales taste all of ale.
Not of pescod ale, syr, my tales are not stale.

A cat

Of a cattes looke. 117.

A cat may looke on a kyng, and what of that.
When a cat so lokth: a cat is but a cat.

One put out of a creede. 118.

Thou maist be in my pater noster in déde.
But surely thou shalt neuer come in my créde.
I care not, though I do not, what can I win,
To come in a créde, whiche créde god is not in.

All that may be won of the fox. 119.

Wée can haue no moze of the Fox but the skin:
And the Foxe thinketh that, to much foz vs to win.

The suertie of some seale. 120.

As sure as it were sealde with butter, foz soth:
Sum butter seale lasteth, as longe as some ware doth.

The hares goyng away. 121.

There goth the Hare away, is she gone say you:
Let her go, we haue Hares, and hare heds ynou.

Judgement of colours. 122.

Blinde men should iudge no coloures: should they nat?
Blinde men will iudge all colours, foz all that.

Hap and wit. 123.

Better be happy then wise, here art thou hit,
Thy hap hath euer ben better, then thy wit.

Otherwyse.

Better be happy then wyse, not so, sum say:
He that can be wise, shalbe happy, say thay.

Of fortune to fooles. 124.

God sendth foztune to fooles, not to euery chone:
Thou art a fole, and yet foztune thou hast none.

Otherwyse.

God sendth foztune to fooles, and to wise men still.
God sendth good foztune, oz the deuill sendth ill.

Of looſers wordes. 125.

Let the loſers haue their wordes, all at onſe:
Shall the loſers talke? there will be chat for the nonſe.

Gettyng and ſpendyng. 126.

Ill gotten ill ſpent: be that tale true to tell,
Thou art neuer lyke to ſpende peny well.

Matters not leyde a water. 127.

My matter is leyde a water, thats a falſe tale:
Thy matters lie not in water, they lie in ale.

Meaſure. 128.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
Which filde with noppy drinke.
When mery drinkers drinke of cleane:
Then merely they winke.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane,
But I meane meaſures gret:
Where lippes to litell pitchers leane:
Thoſe lippes they ſcantly wet.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
But ynche, foote, yerde, or ell:
Thoſe meaſures are not worth a beane:
They meaſure no drinke well.

otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
Be drinke deare or good cheape:
From meaſure no wight, may thée weane:
Thou meaſurſt drinke by heape.

Otherwiſe.

Meaſure is a mery meane.
Good licker may not ſhrinke:
Thou takſt no triacle of Geane
So holſome as good drinke.

Meaſure

Otherwyse.

Measure is a mery meane.
Shewyng indifferency:
Would thale wife, play the poulyng queane:
Yet measure will not lie.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
That doth diligently:
Attend the tappes of stande and steane:
To moyst thy lippes full dry.

Otherwyse.

Measure is a mery meane.
And measure is thy mate,
To be a deacon, or a deane:
Thou wouldst not chaunge thestate.

Otherwise.

Measure is a mery meane.
Who that shall enterprise,
This measure from thée, for to gleane,
Right erly must he rise.

Otherwise.

Measure is mery meane.
In volewmes full or flat,
There is no chapter, nor no seane,
That thou applyest like that.

Goyng beyonde the wall. 129.

Furder then the wall, we can not go,
Thine vsage showth otherwise, then so:
Thou goste, when thou must start out of sight:
To the wall, and ouer the wall quight.

Of harme. 130.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme,
Ny thy good, nert thy harme, as chaunce may charme.

Otherwyse.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme,
For thée to feare that, it were worse then woodnes.
Mouables, vnmouables, lande or farme,
Thou hast not one grotes worth, of good or goodnes.

Otherwyse.

A man far from his good, is nie his harme.
This shewth the nie harme: for hadst thou an arme
That could and wolde, reache hence to Constantine,
That arme coulde not reache to any good of thine.

Wit kept by warmth. 131.

Thou art wyse inough, if thou kéepe thée warme:
But the least colde that cumth, kilth thy wit by harme.

Light comyng and goyng. 132.

Light cum, light go, that cumth in vre by light féete:
But light heds, make light féete, ly lame in the stréete.

Otherwyse.

Light cum, light go, for that thou art well wrought:
For thou art as light, as a thyng of nought.

Otherwyse.

Light cum, light go, pas, cum and go lightly,
In a Juggler, that lightnes is sightly.

Otherwyse.

Light cum, light go, thy light goyng doth excell:
But thy light comyng, I like not half so well.

Of kissing. 133.

Unknowen vnkist, and beyng knowen I wéene,
Thou art neuer kist, where thou mayst be séene.

Otherwyse.

Unknowen vnkist, from that desyre, wike blys thée,
For no man that séeth thée, desireth to kis thée.
From kyssyng in sight husbande, such as slée mée,
Let them come kis me, where they do not se mée.

Leaue

Of leaue. 134.

Leaue is light, lyght inough as thou wilt make it,
If thy maister geue no leaue thou wilt take it.

Otherwyse.

Leaue is light, ye and leaue is ared lyghtly,
And may be graunted lightly, aryd rightly.

God in the almery. 135.

There is god in thalmery, a well playde part.
Shut god in thine almery, out of thy hart.

The diuell in thorologe. 136.

The diuell is in thorologe, the houres to trye,
Searche houres by the sunne, the deuyls dyall wyll lye.

Otherwyse.

The deuyll is in thorologe, nowe chéere in boules:
Let the deuyl kepe our clockes, whyle god kéepe our soules.

The best. 137.

The best is behynde, the worst is before:
Betwene bothe, beware dryft to the worst shore.

otherwise.

The best is behynde, we go before to fast,
Byde for the best, els it will be lost at last.

Otherwise.

The best is behynde, starte thou backe and fet it,
Abyde abyde, a wyser man must get it.

Otherwyse.

The best is behinde, euen so I thought it wolde:
The best lacketh féete, fote pace with vs to holde.

Otherwyse.

The best is behynde, behynde nor yet before:
Wolde I haue the best, but with vs euermore.

The woorst. 138.

The worst is behynde.
There art thou assynde.

Otherwyſe.

The worſt is behinde, but the way is not rough:
The worſt wyll get before agayne, tyme ynough.

Otherwyſe.

The worſt is behynde, yet behynde worſe euyll:
We ſée our fare, at next courſe, cumth the deuyll.

Otherwiſe.

The worſt is behynde, god kepe it behinde vs.
Or vs before it, as it neuer fynde vs.

Laſtyng of woonder. 139.

A woonder lasteth but. iy. daies:
Yes thou dydſt. iy. yeres gon
But one good déede, for whiche ſum saies,
Thou art yet woondred on.

of a galde horſe. 140.

Rub a galde horſe on the backe and he wyll kycke:
But the galde aſſe wyll ſtande ſtyll, rub, ſpur, or pricke.

Good begynnyng and ende. 141.

Of a good begynnyng, there cumth a good énde:
Nay, Lucyfer began well, and now a fiende.
But of good begynnyng and endyng, truth to tell,
The beſt way to ende well, is to begyn well.

The ſtill ſoowe. 142,

The ſtyll ſowe eath all the draffe, my ſowe eath none,
The deuill ſtylth not my ſowe, tyll hir groyne be gone.

of ſtumblyng. 143.

Stumble at a ſtrawe, and leape ouer a blocke,
Such ſtumblers are blockeheads, or els they do mocke:

Otherwiſe.

Stumble at a ſtrawe, and leape ouer a blocke,
The Aſſe and the Ape, ſeme here ioyned in one ſtocke.

of the ſhoe and the ſole. 144.

The ſhoe wyll holde with the ſole. No man knowth it,
But he that knowth, how the ſhomaker ſowth it.

The

Otherwyſe.

The ſhoe wyll holde with the ſole, what ſhulde the ſhoo do,
But holde with the ſole, the ſole will holde with the ſhoo.

Myght and ryght. 145.

Myght ouercumth ryght. God kepe vs from that myght,
God geue vs that might, that ſtryueth not with ryght.

Byrth and teaching. 146.

Better vnborne then vntaught, but of truth, thow
Were as well taught afore thou were borne, as now.

Ofhangyng. 147.

I haue hangd vp my hatchet. and ſcapte thy ſelfe:
Thou ſhuldeſt rather be hangde, then thy hatchet, elſe.

An olde knaue. 148.

An olde knaue is no babe, no. but we knowe,
Of an olde knaues babe, an olde knaue may growe.

A mans heare and his whood. 149.

Thy heare groweth through thy whood, is thy whood torne:
Or doth thy heare perſe through thy whood, lyke a horne.

Geynes and loſſes. 150.

Lyght geynes, make heauy purſes.
Lyght loſſes make heauy curſes.

Otherwyſe.

Light geynes make heuy purſes, and lyght purſes
Make heauy hartes, and heuy harted curſes.

Otherwyſe.

Light geynes make heuy purſes, ſo brag marchantes bare,
When they take three halfpence, for two peny worth ware.

Theeues fallyng out. 151.

When théeues fall out, trewe men come to their goode.
Cum betymes, or els it is gone by roode.

Of a ſhorne face. 152.

Thy face is ſhorne ageynſt the wull, very déepe,
Haue I wool in my face: ye, thou art a ſhéepe.

Thou

A benche whistler. 153.

Thou art a benchwhistler. a shryll whystlyng wenche,
But how long hast thou whistled in the kynges benche,
I haue whystled in the kynges bench (Gefrey)
As longe as thou hast marcht in the Marshalsey.

What god sayde to one. 154.

Thou art one of them, to whom god bad who,
God take the for a carte horse, when god bad so.

Otherwise.

Thou art one of them, to whom god bad who,
I wéene thou wentst to far, when god bad so.

Boowyng and breaking. 155.

Better bowe then breake, when strainyng shall stretche.
Nay, as good breake as bowe, beynde our retche.

Otherwyse.

Better bowe then breake, I praise this that ye speake,
But sum bend, or be bent and boude, tyll they breake.

Otherwise.

Better bowe then breake, it is truly spoken.
Boude wands serue for sumwhat, so do not broken.

Of wrestlyng. 156.

The weaker hath the worse, in wrestlyng alway,
Best for the weake to leaue wrestlyng then I say,

God and the church. 157.

The neare to the churche, the furder from god,
Bothe one to thée, a reame thence, or a rod.

Of one tale in all men tolde. 158.

It must néedes be true, that euery man saith,
Tyll all men say one thinge, the iudgement staith.

Otherwise.

It must nedes be true that euery man saith,
Must it so? then art thou a fole, in sayth.

Of malkin. 159.

There be mo maydes then Malkyn, thou saist truth Jone.
But how may we be sure, that Malkin one? I will

Raſhe ventringe. 160.

I will ſet all, euen at fyue and at ſeuen,
Ye, and repent all, betwene ten and eleuen.

A ſcabde horſe. 161.

A ſcabde horſe is good enough, for a ſcalde ſquyre.
Your maſtershyp, nede not care, what horſe ye hyre.

Of ſyttyng. 162.

Betweene two ſtooles, my tayle goth to the grounde.
Better ſtande then ſyt, tyll ſure ſeate be founde.

Ale and wyt. 163.

When ale is in, wyt is out.
When ale is out, wyt is in.
The firſt thou ſhewſt, out of dout,
The laſt in the hath not byn.

Of reſtitucion. 164.

Steale a goſe, and ſticke downe a fether.
In a fether, and ſuch conſcience,
If I ſhoulde ſtycke them downe together:
I can deuyſe no great difference.

Eatyng of flies. 165.

The blynde eateth many a flie, not thou wike,
For though blyndnes haue bamyſht thyne eyes defence,
Yet when flies in flienge to thy mouth be ryke,
Thy toung is a flie flap, to flap flies from thence.

Of the foxes preaching. 166.

When the fore preacheth, then beware our géeſe.
You that keare your géeſe, learne wyt here a péeſe.
Kepe fores from pulpets, your géeſe to teache:
Or kepe géeſe from ſermons, when fores do preache.

of poore mens ſoules. 167.

Poore men haue no ſoules, no but poore men had ſoules:
Tyll the drunken ſoules, drowned theyr ſoules in ale boules.

Otherwyse.

Poore men haue no soules, yes, but we see,
Poore men soules as poore: as their purses bee.

Otherwyse.

Poore men haue no soules, no. haue ryche men any,
I feare but fewe, for they haue lost soules many.

Otherwise.

Poore men haue no soules. No no. the dyuell mad them.
The sots coulde not kepe theyr soules, whyle they had them.

Promise of lycence. 168.

I wyll say no more, tyll the day be longer,
No no, say no more tyll thy wyt be stronger.

Of little saiyng. 169.

Lyttle sayde, soone amended.
Lyttle good, soone spended.
Lyttle charge, soone attended.
Lyttle wyt, soone ended.

Of the tyde. 170.

The tyde taryeth no man. but here to scan,
Thou art tyde so, that thou tarryst euery man.

Praise of good ende. 171.

All is well that endth well, a good saiynge (wyse)
But I would see it proued, by thende of thy lyse.

Of hearyng and iudgeyng. 172.

Here all parts, ere ye iudge any.
God sende suche hearers many.

A lesson for lookyng. 173.

Sum man may better Steale a horse:
Then sum may stand and loke vpone.
Where suche suspicion standth in force,
Flee syght of stolne horse, loke on none.

Of a womans lines. 174.

Wyse, a woman hath nine lines lyke a cat.
Syr, you haue but one lyse, and yet inough of that.

I wyll

The crowe called white. 175.

I wyll say the crowe is whyte, art thou so lyght,
What is thy credence, when the crowe cumth in syght.

Otherwyse.

Ye must say the crowe is whyte, in any case,
Not nowe, but we were made sey so a longe space.

Otherwyse.

I will say the crowe is whyte. wylt thou so?
When euery man seeth hir blacke: go fole go.

Of the olde foole. 176.

There is no fole to the olde fole.
Go yonge foles, to tholde foles to scole.

Otherwyse.

There is no fole to tholde fole. speake not that loude,
That prayse wyll make olde foles vengeable proude,
Which prayse of olde foles, yong foles perceyuyng playne:
Yonge foles, and olde foles, eche wyll other disdayne.

Of a beane. 177.

A beane in a monkes whood, very good,
Here is the beane, but where is the whood.

The gyft of a pyg. 178.

Syr ye gyue me a pyg, of myne owne sowe.
Wyfe, I gyue a sowe pyg to a sowe nowe.

Chaunge and robery. 179.

Chaunge is no robry, that is a tale not straunge,
Chaunge is no robry, but robry maketh chaunge.
Many swéete blyssynges chaunge to bytter curses.
When trewe mens money, chaungth into théeues purses.

Of fayre woordes. 180.

Fayre wordes make foles fayne, that was by olde scoles;
But now we sée, fayre wordes make wyse men foles.

Otherwyse.

Fayre words make foles fayne, yet fayre words are chereful,
But foule words make all folke, Irefull or ferefull.

Of laughyng. 181.

I laught in my ſléeue, feynt laughynges there to wyn,
Sléeues be to narowe, to laugh luſtily in.

Of ſeekyng. 182.

I ſéeke for a thyng wyſe, that I would not fynde.
Good huſbande ye are the more fole in my mynde.

Otherwiſe.

Thou ſéekeſt for a thynge, that thou wouldſt not fynde.
And I fynde all thynges, that I do not ſéeke:
In my hap, and thy wyt, what dyfference allynde,
I wéene not the value of a good gréene léeke.

Of a head vnder a gyrdell. 183.

Ye hath thy hed vnder his gyrdell, take héede
Ye hange not thy hed, in his gyrdell in déede.

Of wyde ſhootyng. 184.

Ye ſhooteth wyde. the cauſe why, I ſée euen ſyth.
Ye hath not one ſtreight ſhafte, to ſhoote ſtreight with.

Otherwiſe.

Ye ſhootth wyde.
On which ſyde.

Otherwiſe.

Ye ſhooteth wyde, but he can not amende that,
For he ſéeth not the marke that he ſhooteth at.

The fooles bolte. 185.

A fooles bolte is ſoone ſhot, and fléeth oftymes fer,
But the fooles bolte and the marke, cum few tymes ner.

Of a marchant. 186.

Ye is a marchaunt without money or ware.
Wyd that marchaunt be couered, he is bare.

Otherwyſe.

Ye is a marchaunt without money or ware.
Ye hath in ſum reſpecte, the leſſe cauſe of care,

Tounge

Of tongue. 187.

Tounge breaketh bone, and bone it hath none.
I wishe (wife) thy tounge may haue a bone.
And I wishe (quoth she) a bone in your whood.
Wy she that bone away (said he) tis not good.
Then wishe you the tother (quoth she) away.
They did so, which done: now sayd she wee may
Witnes bothe, that you haue your wishe in fine,
But both can not witnes that I haue mine.

Otherwyse.

Tounge breaketh bone, it selfe hauyng none.
Such tounges should haue bones, or bodkins the tone.

Otherwyse.

Toung breaketh bone, and bone it self hath none.
Yes, thy tounge is full of good ale bones (Jone)

Of speeche. 188.

Spare to speake, spare to spede. If speeche bring spede,
Then wilt thou spede, for thou speakst more then nede.

A busy body. 189.

He will haue an ore in euery mans barge.
Euen in cocke lorels barge, he berth that charge.

Otherwyse.

He will haue an ore in euery mans barge,
Then with sum of those ores, he rowth at large.

Of time. 190.

Time is tickell, we may matche time in this,
For we be euen as tickell, as time is.

Otherwyse.

Time is tickell.
Chaunce is fickell.
Man is brickell.
Frailties pickell.
Poudreth mickell,
Seasonyng lickell.

Of far caſtyng. 191.

He caſth beyonde the mone. great diuerſitie,
Betwéene far caſtyng and wiſe caſtyng, may be.

Otherwiſe.

He caſth beyonde the mone. what néede that be done?
We haue caſtyng inough, a this ſide the mone.

Of hunger. 192.

Hunger dꝛoppeth out of his noſe,
That is the wꝛꝛſt kinde of the poſe.

Of feedyng. 193.

He hath fed till he is as full as a ton.
I meane an emptie ton. what fode hath he won?

Of Mortimers ſow. 194.

Backare, qnoth Mꝛtimer to his ſow.
Went that ſow backe, at that biddyng trowe you?

Otherwiſe.

Backare quoth Mꝛtimer to his ſow: ſe
Mꝛtimers ſow ſpeakth as gꝛd latin as he.

Otherwiſe.

Backare quoth Mꝛtimer to his ſowe:
The bꝛe ſhall backe firſt (quoth ſhe) I make a bowe.

Of fleabytyng. 195.

Tis but a fleabityng: fréende if fleas bite ſo,
They will bite men to the bare bones where they go.

The breecheleſſe maiſter. 196.

The maſter weareth no bꝛeeche, then I pꝛoteſt,
The maſter is a girle, a boy, oꝛ a beſt.

Of meate and ſauce. 197.

Swéete meate will haue ſoure ſauce, to this reaſon feate,
Ioyne this conuerſion ſoure ſauce will haue ſweete meate.
Thus ſourenes and ſwéetenes, the one and thother,
In feare of the tone, we hope of the tother.

Swéete

Otherwise.

Swéete meate will haue soure sauce, where that is séene,
As good lacke that meate, as haue that sauce, I wéene.

Of proferd seruice. 198.

Proferde seruice stinketh, thou art deceiued elfe,
Thy proferde seruice stinkth not: thou stinkst thy selfe.

Otherwyse.

Proferde seruice stinkth. more fole thou to profer it,
Thou shuldest season thy seruice ere thou offer it.

Of common medlers. 199.

He that medleth with all thyng, may shoe the gollyng:
If all such medlers were set to goose shoyng:
No goose néede go barfote betwene this and Créese,
For so: we should haue as many goose shoers as géese.

Of enough and a feast. 200.

As good ynough as a feast: ye god saue it.
Inough were euen as good, if we might haue it.

Otherwise.

As good ynough as a feast.
This for a truth say most and least.
But what ynough is iustly ment,
And with inough to be content,
Those are two pointes that fewe or none,
Can learne to know, and stande vpon.

Of plaine fashion. 201.

The playne fashin is best, what plaine without pleates
That fashin commendth the calfe when it bleates.

Otherwise.

The playne fashin is best, and accepted beste
In thinges that please heares but not in the rest.

Otherwise.

The playne fashin is best, thats trewly exprest
Where fashiners of playne fashins are honest.

Of him that cumth laſt. 202.

He that cumth laſt make all faſt, to this ſay ſum
All is made faſt ere the laſt cummer cum.

Otherwyſe.

He that cumth laſt make all faſt,
Who ſhall make him faſt that cumth laſt.

Of ſtriuyng. 203.

He ſtriueth agaynſt the ſtreme, by cuſtums ſcoole
That ſtriuer is either a fiſhe or a foole.

Of ſittyng. 204.

Better ſit ſtill then riſe and fall
If all fayle ye may hange when ye ſhall.

Of writyng to frendes. 205.

Ye may write to your frendes that ye are in helth:
Who may write to his frendes that he is in welth.

Of great clarkes. 206.

The greateſt clarkes be not the wiſeſt men
Be ſmaule learnd or vnlernd foles wyſeſt then.

Of killyng. 207.

He will kill a man for a meſſe of muſtard
He will kill ten men then for a cuſtard.

Of falſhed. 208.

There is falſhed in felowſhip, there is ſo
The felowſhyp is ſmall els as the worlde doth go.

Otherwyſe.

There is falſhed in felowſhip, no wunder
Falſhed and felowſhip are ſeeld a ſunder.

Of bleedyng. 209.

Here lithe all and bleadth, all, thats fals and folith,
Thou neuer ſawſt bloud bleed out of a ſtockfiſh.

Of ſeyng. 210.

Seeſt me and ſeeſt me not, both one thing for ſoth
As good vnſeene as ſeene whole ſight no good doth.

Of

Of ils. 211.

Of two Ils chose the least, of ils many
The least is to great to chose any.

Otherwyse.

Of two Ils chose the least, may we chose ils now,
Chose on chosers the like choyse neuer had yow.

Of Pepper. 212.

Thou takst pepper in the nose, and yet thy nose,
Lokth not blacke like pepper, but red like the rose.

Otherwyse.

Thou takst pepper in the nose which nedeth not,
Thy nose without pepper is fury red whot.

Otherwyse.

Thou takst pepper in the nose which so sesond
Shewth thy nose better sesond then thy hed resond,

Of an ill stake. 213.

An ill stake that can not stand one yere in a hedge
If the stake selfe fayle, the stake is as ye alege.
But if stake stobbers will not let stake stand
Blame not the stake, blame the stake stobbers hand.

Of suffraunce. 214.

Suffrans is no quittans, but suffryng to longe,
Showth much like a quittans in suffryng of wrong.

Of misrecknyng. 215.

Mysrecknyng is no paiment, yes as doth fall
In sum reckners, misrecknyng is payment all.

Otherwise.

Misrecknyng is no payment, to auoyde that,
Sum detters with their creditours recken nat.

Of euen recknyng. 216.

Euen recknyng makth long frends
Od reckyng makth many fends.

Of takyng. 217.

I will take as falth in the sheake, where euer it fall
In the sheake or out of the sheake thou takst all.

Of mum. 218.

Mum is counsell in euery man we sée
But mum except, nothyng is counsell in thée.

Of stoppyng a mouth. 219.

He shall not stop my mouth, no Nan I thinke that
I beleue all the deuils in hel stopth it nat.

Of castyng. 220.

He is cast in his owne turne, that is likly
And yet in all turnes he turnth wonders quikly.

Of Jacke. 221.

He is iacke out of office, curtsie withdrawe
Jacke once out of office all hayle Jack dawe.

Of the winking Cat. 222.

Let the Cat winke and let the Mouse run, run mise
Or els the cats clawes will catch you at a trise.

Otherwyse.

Let the cat winke and let the mouse run, run rats
Smalle holes kéepe small mise, from wily winkyng cats.

Otherwyse.

Let the cat winke and let the mouse run, créepe mouse créepe
Run not before cats that winke more then they sléepe.

Of saying nay. 223.

Say nay and take it, ye say nay and take it
But say nay or say ye neuer forsake it.

Otherwyse.

Say nay and take it, here me say this othyng
Say nother ye nor nay, takte and say nothyng.

Of the pie and crowe. 224.

Not to hie for the pie nor to lowe for the crowe
Hie pies made lowe crowes we haue inough I trowe.

Of saying nought but mum. 225.

I will say nought but mum.
Thou shalt the more wit sum.

Otherwyſe.

I wyll ſay nought but mum, that I beſéeche,
Mum hath a grace in thée far moze then ſpéeche.

Of tounge and wit. 226.

Thy tounge runth befoze thy wit, thats no raſhe raſe
Foz ſo may it run, runnyng but a ſnayle pace.

Of owne. 227.

Owne is owne,
Whers owne knowne.

Otherwyſe.

Owne is owne, theſe wozdes I ſpeke with eyes wéepyng.
Foz all mine owne is in other mens kéepyng.
But good is that riches where it is heapt
That from thowner by no means can be keapt.

Of ſpinnyng. 228.

She hath ſpun a fayze thzéede, which ſhowth in déede
That a fowle ſpinner may ſpin a fayze thzéede.

Of laughyng. 229.

They laugh that win, falſly to win and kéepe,
Winners may laugh when they haue cauſe to wéepe.

Otherwyſe.

They laugh that win, by theft to win and kéepe
Théeues at ſtealyng laugh, théeues at hangyng wéepe.

Of pleying. 230.

He pleyth beſt that wins, that deny I will
Many pleyers win much that pley very ill.

Otherwyſe.

He pleyth beſt that wins, there is a lye runnyng,
Many win much, much moze by hap then cunnyng.

Of the winde blowyng. 231.

Let this winde ouerblow, when ouer blow
This winde will ouer blow vs firſt I trow.

Of far and nie. 232.

I haue ſéene as far come as nie, come no nere
The ferder thou art hence the better is it here.

Of thynſtep. 233.

He is hie in thynſtep, his ſteps may be hie,
But to ſtepe in good ſteps he ſtepth nothyng nie.

Of ſmeule and greate. 233.

Many ſmaul make a great, and ſum great made ſmall,
Thou hadſt great good maners, and thou haſt non at all.

Of the keyſe. 234.

The keiſe hang not all by one mans gyrdle, no
Euery key hath a clog, who wolde be clogd ſo.

Of prouender. 236.

His prouender prickth him, prick him godsforbod
What is his prouender, pinnes by likelyhod.

Otherwyſe.

His prouender prickth him, where grew that corne,
Pricking prouender as il as botes borne.

Otherwyſe.

His prouender prickth him, that hors muſt néede ſtur
Prickt, with in with prouender, without with ſpur,

Of ſum here and there. 237.

Here ſum and there ſum, ye here and there ſum:
But moſt when and moſt where no ſum doth cum.

Of the perſons lemman. 238.

She is as tender as a perſons leman,
Parſons lemans are tough inough now and than.

Of il weede. 239.

Ill wéede growth faſt, it groweth faſt in déede
The corne can ſcantly growe for the wéede.

Otherwyſe.

Ill wéede growth faſt, that is ſhowyng
In the ſhow of thy faſt growyng.

Of ſynkyng. 240.

He ſhall ſynke in his owne ſinne. ye when he ſynkth,
But he ſæeth in his owne ſin yet me thinkth.

Of good ſyluer. 241.

She thinkth hir farthing good ſyluer, but truſt me
She is quycke ſyluer what euer hir farthyng be.

Of the proude cocke. 242.

Euery cocke is proude on his owne dunghyll,
The hen is proud inough there marke who wyll.

Of fat in the fyre. 243.

The fat is in the fyre, that is a ſhrowde turne,
Caſt the leane after, fat and leane let all burne.

Of bowe bent. 244.

I haue the bent of his bowe, that I know.
What bolts ſhotſt thou from that bow, foles bolts I trow.

Of gods beynge. 245.

God is where he was. ye but ſo art not thow
Thou were abrode late and art in Newgate now.

Of kinſfolke. 246.

Many kynſfolke fewe frendſ,
Fewe frendſ and many fendſ.

Of Freendſhippe. 247.

A frende is neuer knowne tyll a man haue nede
Nor then nother for any I know in dede:

Of nothinge. 248.

Where nothyng is the kynge muſt leſe his ryght,
Where althynge is there ryght is loſt by myght.

Of pouertee. 249.

Pouertée partth felowſhip, thats not treiwe euer,
Pouertie in beggers partth felowſhip neuer.

Of eares glowyng. 250.

Thyne eares may glowe, lets ſée whether they glow John.
I lye: thyne eares can not glowe for thou haſt non.

Of poste and pyller. 251.

Tost from post to pyller, thou art a pyller stronge,
And thou hast byn a pyller sum say to longe.

Of may be. 252.

Be as be may is no bannynge.
But be as be shall hath much scannynge.

Of vse. 253.

Vse maketh maistry, that is a trew tale to tell,
In that vse hath made the pycke a purse so well.

Of spurnyng. 254.

Folly to spurne or kycke ageynst the harde wall.
Weyng shod with cakebread, that spurner marth all.

Otherwyse.

Folly to spurne or kycke ageynst the harde wall,
But ageynst soft walles spurners spurne and kyck all.

Of tiyng the bell. 255.

Who shall ty the bell about the cats necke how,
Not I (quoth the mouse) for a thing that I know.

Of had I wyst. 256.

Beware of had I wyst wyke. Oh man tys to late
To beware therof syns thou were my wedded mate.

Of daunsyng. 257.

He dauncth attendance. are attendantes daunsyng?
Then haue we much daunsyng with small auaunsyng.

Of the cat eatyng fysshe. 258.

The cat would eate fysshe but she wyll not weate hir fete,
She thinkth fleshe with dry fete more swete thē fish wō wete.

Of the blinde. 259.

The blynde eate many a flie, that we fynde,
Chefly where caruers to the blynde are blynde.

Of the woorst and best. 260.

Prouyde for the worst, the best wyll saue it selfe.
For that sauyng syde thou art a suttle elfe.

Of

Of all kynds of thyngs thou hast prouishin prest,
For thy neighbours the wurst, for thy selfe the best.

Of fyue egges. 261.

He cumth in with his. v. egges, what egges to call?
Hen egges, goose egges, or ducke egges, nay dawes egges all.

Of clymyng.. 262.

He that neuer clymbd neuer fell, sum men clyme
For douys nests and fynde dawes nests sum tyme.

Of the wey. 263.

It is out of my way, so it lyghtly may,
To all good thyngs thy way is out of the way.

Of waytyng. 264.

He wayteth for moone shyne in the water,
Such waytyng such wynnyng thats a méete mater.

Of Ryme. 265.

It may ryme but it acordth not. cordth not Wyll,
Beware of cording rymes those rymes agrée yll.

Of fyshyng. 266.

It is yll fyshyng before the net.
Wurse fyshyng behynde as nets are set.

Of good. 267.

He knowth none ende of his good, marke his wynnyng,
He knowth of his good none ende, nor begynnyng.

Of the hot yron. 268.

When the Iron is hot stryke, stryke hot Iron and stéele,
But golde or syluer to stryke we haue no déele.

Of the purse. 269.

Thy purse is thréede bare, we sée on the out syde,
And more bare on the in syde when both sydes are tryde.

Of many handes. 270.

Many handes make lyght warke, many handes ye marke.
Ye must say thus. many lyght handes make lyght warke.

Otherwyse.

Many hands make light woorke, no woorke is sinde thée,
Thou canst not woorke thy hands be bounde behynde thée,

Of the lothe ſtake. 271.

The loth ſtake ſtandth longe, we haue many lothe ſtakes,
Eche ſtake welny to other it ſelfe, lothe makes.

Otherwyſe.

The lothe ſtake ſtandth longe, in ſome place, but ſome hande
Pluckth vp all ſtakes, ſuffrynge no ſtake longe to ſtande.

Of hauinge. 272.

Better to haue then wiſhe, nay ye may ſo craue,
That better to wyſhe ten tymes then once to haue.

Otherwyſe.

Better to haue then wyſhe, not alway coſyn,
What yf ye raſhely wyſht ſtrypes nowe a doſyn.

Otherwyſe.

Better to haue then wiſhe. better haue as we haue,
Then to haue at wiſhe all that wiſhers wolde craue,

Of counſell. 273.

Thrée may kepe councell if twayne be away.
But one fole doth ofte his owne councell bewray.

Otherwyſe.

Thrée may kepe councell if twayne be away,
Sum women I here ſay, that ſaiyng denay.

Of Roome. 274,

Rome was not bylt on one day, that is well knowne,
Nor in one day Rome wyll not be ouerthrowne.
For where Rome ſemd puld downe in one day brother,
There is Rome ſet vp agayne in an other.

Of Speeche. 275.

Spare to ſpeake ſpare to ſpéede.
Dome men wyn nought in déede,
And ſpéech as ſpéeche may fall
May wyn nought, and léeſe all.

Of one had in the wynde. 276.

I haue him in the wynde. wel ſyr it is your mynde
To haue him in the wynde, or hange him in the wynde.

Of one yll ſhod. 277.

Who is woꝛſe ſhod then is the ſhomakers wyfe?
The deuyls wyfe, ſhe was neuer ſhod in hir lyfe.

Of all and naught. 278.

He woulde all haue and naught foꝛgo, no,
He may all foꝛgo and naught haue ſo,

Of warnyng. 279.

I gaue him ſcarboꝛow warnyng, ſcarboꝛow
That warnyng cam ſhoꝛt to bꝛyng good harboꝛow.

Of byrdes flowne. 280.

The bꝛydes are flowne, that bꝛydes neſt was yll watcht,
Bꝛydes wynges once full ſumd bꝛydes wyll hardly be catcht.

Otherwyſe.

The bꝛyds are flowne. Flowne, that flight no wunder bꝛings
Bꝛyds may ſone flée where bꝛyders clyp no bꝛyds wyngs.

Of ſecuyng. 281.

Leaue it oꝛ it leaue you, leaue what folly,
He can neuer leaue it noꝛ it him wholly,

Of ſettyng in foote. 282.

He hath ſet in foote, thyngs by wyt to be ſped,
His foote ſhall dwe ſeruyce as good as his hed.

Otherwyſe.

I wyll ſet in foote, frende thou maiſt ſet in fyt
Foote hand and hed but thou canſt ſet in no wyt.

Of faſt byndyng. 283.

Faſt bynd faſt fynd, nay thou weare pꝛentyſe faſt bowndе,
And yet ranſt thou a way where thou couldſt not be founde.

Of hap. 284.

Happy man happy dole, ſo ſay ſycke and hole,
But good hap is deintie, moſt men haue ſeld good dole.

otherwyſe.

Happy man happy dole, hap is full of holes,
Hap catcheth and holdeth very few good doles.

Of tyme. 285.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, we are oftymes told of it,
But when tyme cumth yet can we take no hold of it.

Otherwyse.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, afay to be bolde of it,
But flyper as an eeles tayle is the holde of it.

Otherwyse.

Take tyme when tyme cumth, are we set tyme to take?
Beware tyme, in meane tyme, take not vs in brake,

Otherwyse.

Take time when tyme cumth, when time cumth thou saist wel
But when cumth good tyme to take, I can not tell.

Of the fat hog. 286.

Euery man basteth the fat hog. nay frend nay,
Mast faylth sore this yere fat hogs pyne away.

Otherwyse.

Euery man bastyth the fat hog, tis agréed
That those hogs shall haue most help that haue least néed.

The bale and boote. 287.

When bale is hekst, bote is nert, though bote be nye.
What helpyth bote, where bale is euer moste hye.

Of sowes. 288.

As mete as a sowe to beare a saddle Jhon.
A sowe to beare a saddle, we haue séene none,
But though sowes beare no saddles yet may we say
We se saddles beare sowes welny euery day.

Of makyng a crosse. 289.

I wyll make a crosse vpon this gate, ye crosse on
Thy crosses be on gates all, in thy purse non.

Of a pad. 290.

It wyll brede a pad in the strawe, very wele.
Beware it bréde not a padlocke on thy hele.

Of long standyng. 281.

Long standyng and small offryng makth pore parsons,
Long wayghtyng and small wages makth pore garsons.

Of the weaker, 282.

The weaker goth to the pot, ye, and god wot,
Sum the weaker for ofte goyng to the pot.

Of catchyng. 293.

Catch that catch may, after catchyng and snatchyng,
Pyllyng and pollyng, we fall now to patchyng.

Of holdyng. 294.

Holde fast when ye haue it, if it be not thyne,
Holde fast and run fast when thou hast it frēend myne.

Of knowledge. 295.

I know him as well as the begger knowth his bag.
Thou knowst him, but when wilt thou know thy selfe wag?

Of smellyngs 296.

I smeld him out, furder then he myght smell thē.
The smeller of smellers then, thou art euyn he.

Of nought laide downe. 297.

Nought lay downe nought take vp, welsayde,
Nought ly downe nought ryse vp, welwayde.

Of syght and fare. 298.

Ye sē your fare, a very straunge fare to sē,
A blynde man may sē our fare as well as wē.

Of the pot not broken. 299.

Neyther pot broken nor water spylt, water
Thou spylst none, but thou spylst all other mater.

Of late and neuer. 300.

Better late then neuer, ye mate,
But as good neuer as to late.

Otherwyse.

Better late then neuer,
That is not trew euer.
Sum thynges to rule in rate.
Better neuer then late.

FINIS.

The fifth hundred of Epygrams.

Inuented and made by John Heywood.

LONDINI.
Anno Christi.
1562.

*

To the reader.

Were it as parellous to deale cardes at play,
As it is quarellous to deale bookes this day,
One and forty men, among one and fiftie,
Wolde flee one and thirtie, to flée one vnthriftie.
And yet Cardes so dealt should haue, in reuealyng,
Foredeale of bookes in this harde time of dealyng.
Cardes be tooted on but on the tone side:
Bookes on both sides: in all places porde and pride.
Not to content, but to contend, vpon spiall
Of least tittle, that can come in triall.
If the best writer to write be much afrayde,
Wore may I (the worst) by fearefull feare be stayde.
And were not this one thing, feare should stay me so,
That booke or ballet, I neuer durst write mo.
In all my simple writyng neuer ment I,
To touche any priuate person displeasantly.
Nor none do I touche here: by name, but onely one,
Which is my selfe: whom I may be bolde vpon.
This ment in my makyng, syns proofe doth declare,
I pray you readers to scan this, by this square.
As I, for mirth, myrily did make it,
So you, in mirth, mirily will take it.

FINIS.

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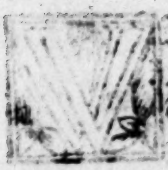
FINIS.

Of weenyng and wottyng. 1.



Wise men in olde time, wold wéene thē selues fooles.
Fooles now in new time, wil wéene thē selues wise.
Wéene wise, and wot wise differ in wise schooles:
To wéene them selues wise, when fooles so deuise,
As foolishe as frutelesse, is thenterprise.
This case is thus adiudgde, in wisedomes schoole:
Who wéenth him self wise, wisdome wotth him a foole.
Made by John Heywood to these fooles everychone,
And made of John Heywood, when he wéenth him selfe none.

Of a man of law and his clientes. 2.

Twentie clientes to one man of lawe,
For counsell in twentie matters did drawe.
Eche one praiyng at one instant to spéede,
As all at once woulde haue spéede to procéede.
Fréendes all (quoth the learned man) ile speake with none,
Till one barber haue shauen all, one by one.
To a barber they went all together:
And beyng shauen, they returnde agayne thyther.
Ye haue (quoth the lawier) tarid longe hence.
Sir (quoth one) twentie coulde not be shauen sence
Of one barber, for ye well vnderstande,
One barber can haue but one shauyng hande.
Nor one lawier (quoth he) but one talkyng tung
Learne client, this lesson of this lawier sprung.
Like as the barber, one after one must shaue,
So clientes of counsailours, counsaile must haue.

An aduise against mockyng. 3.

Use to thy true fréende no derision
If thy fréende spie it, he takth it poyson.
Though thy fréend dissemble thespiall cléerely,
Yet spide in a fréende it toucheth him néerely.

Tellyng thy frende his faute, mockyng him not,
If he thanke thée not, then is he a lot.

Of itchyng and ſmartyng. 4.

Itching and ſmartyng, both touch vs at quicke.
When we itche, we ſcratch: when we ſmart, we kicke.
But in our kickyng at our preſent ſmarte,
Let vs conſider our former deſarte.

Of a ſharpe tunge. 5.

Wife, I perceiue thy tunge was made at Egeware.
Ye ſir, and yours made at Kayly, harde by thare.

Of a horſe. 6.

A Tilt horſe, *alias* a beere horſe to bee,
Which wouldſt thou bée? a béere horſe I ſay to thée.
When the horſe is ſéene chéerely to drawe the béere.
He is ſo prayſde, that he may be proude to héere.
At Tilte when the horſe runthe as faſt as he can,
All crie well runne, not to the horſe, to the man.
And if the horſe fall with the man ouerlade,
Then crie they all, a vengeance on that lame lade.

Of a butler and a hors. 7.

The butler and the béere horſe both be like one.
They drawe béere both: that is truth to bide one.
Bothe drawe béere in déede, but yet they differ Ione:
The butler drawth and drinkth beere, the horſe drinkth none.

Of braſſe. 8.

I perceine well now that braſſe is waren proude,
Becauſe braſſe ſo much with ſiluer is aloude.
And beyng both ioynde, ſins they moſt by braſſe ſtande,
That makth braſſe bolde, to ſtande on the vpper hande.

Of a louces dwellyng place. 9.

Were thou a louce and ſhouldſt chooſe one dwellyng place,
Whether woldſt thou dwell, hauing choiſe in this caſe,
In mens bigge breeches, or in womens thicke ruffes?
I would be, both for the places and ſtuffes,

In

In ſommer with women, in winter with men.
In ſommer the womans necke pleaſant then,
In winter the mans breeche is cloſe and warme.
Large walks for life to walke warme without harme.
Galeries, gable endes, cambers, parlers, halles,
Colde froſt to defende, a doſen double walles.
Som ſeeld, ſom hangd, ſom dide, ſome painted, ſom ſtaind,
Rents of all ſize, great and ſmall rentes retaynd.
And when by louſe bityng, the legge is itchyng,
The barres of mens breeches haue ſuch ſtrōg ſtitchyng,
Such bolſtring, ſuch broydring, let men ſtare and ſtampe,
The louſe is as ſafe there, as he were in a campe.
In winter I ſay theſe breeches are alone.
But then in ſommer let the louſe thens be gone,
For feare of a plague: if he then thither gette,
A thouſande to one, he ſhall die of the ſwette.

Of a ſtrange glaſſe. 10.

Good god what a glaſſe to bewe is this?
See what an vnſightly ſight here is.
Great promiſe, ſmall performance.
Great countenaunce, ſmall continuance.
Great winnyng, ſmall ſauyng.
Great hopyng, ſmall hauyng.
Great hiues, ſmall hony.
Great purſes, ſmall mony.
Great gappes, ſmall buſhes.
Great ſpeares, ſmall puſhes.
Great wine, ſmall water.
Great worde, ſmall mater.
Great botome, ſmall brinke.
Great brewyng, ſmall drinke.
Great rent, ſmall place.
Great ſpace, ſmall grace.

Great drift, small shifte.
Great gift, small thrifte.
Great watchyng, small catchyng.
Great patchyng, small matchyng.
Great bloud, small bruite.
Great flowers, small fruite.
Great woodes, small okes.
Great staues, small strokes.
Great hennes, small egges.
Great hose, small egges.
Great studie, small arte.
Great desyre, small desarte.
Great geuyng, small takyng.
Great marryng, small makyng.
Great shippes, small saylyng.
Great losse, small auaylyng.
Great markyng, small myndyng.
Great seekyng, small findyng.
Great lawyng, small louyng.
Great sturryng, small mouyng.
Great solwyng, small growyng.
Great trowyng, small knowyng.
I trow so great ill, and so small good,
In one glasse together, neuer stood.

Of driuyng and drawyng. 11.

If thou must be forste forth to take forney quicke,
Whether woldst thou be driuen forth, or drawne forth Dicke?
I wolde be driuen forth Jacke: for as doth appere,
Drawyng and hangyng drawe vengeable nere.
I thynke it lesse ill Jacke, hauyng choyse in scope.
To be driuen with the whip, then drawne to the rope.

Of longe sutes. 12.

Sutes hange halfe a yere in Westminster hall,
At Tyburne, halfe an houres hangyng endeth al.

Nothyng

Of lightneſſe. 13.

Nothyng is lighter then a feather, Lytte,
Yes climme: what light thing is that? thy light wytte.

Of a diſagreement. 14.

Eche one man welny falth out with an other,
And lykewyſe eche thynge diſagreeth with other.
Namely malte and water, theſe two thinges are
So far ſalne a ſunder, by ſcornefull ſquare,
That no bruer, be he luſtie or lither,
Dare couch malte and water, in houſe togyther.
But chiefly ſowre water now beareth ſuch ſway,
That, ſweete malte from brewhouſe, water driuth away.

Of chepenyng of conies. 15.

Jane thou ſelleſt ſweete conies in this pultry ſhoppe:
But none ſo ſweete as thy ſelfe, ſweete conye moppe.
What is the price of thée? forſooth ſhe tolde,
At what pryce ſo euer my ſelfe ſhalbe ſolde,
Strange is the hearyng, for ware or for monye,
To heare a woodcocke cheapen a conye.

Of a wyfe hauyng childe. 16.

My wyfe hath a childe now at fowre ſcore and ten.
At fowre ſcore and ten yeres? nay freend, nay: what then?
At fowre ſcore and ten quarters of a yere I ment.
Went ye ſo? and I ment yeres. by which ertent
Your wyfe might ſéeme your mother: but now I ſmell,
You may ſéeme your wyues father wonderfole well.

Of a bachiler and a mayde. 17.

Is that bachiler a woer to that mayde?
The commons common ſo: tys commonly ſayde.
Where dwelth that bachiler? wyde a bowe of brydewell.
Where dwelth that mayde? at broken wharfe very well.

Of ſhorte payment. 18.

Thy dettar wyll pate thée ſhortly: ſhortly?
He will make that ſhort lye, a longe lye, or ead I.

Whence certaine thinges came fyrſt. 19.

Whens come great breeches? from little wittam.
Whens come great ruffes? from ſmall brainſworth they cam.
Whens come theſe round verdingales? from ſquare thrift.
Whens come deepe copped hattes? from ſhallow ſhift.
Whens come braudered gards? from the towne of cuill.
Whens come vncombe ſtaryng heades? from the deuill.
Whens come theſe womans ſcarfs? from folly John.
Whens come their glitteryng ſpanges? from much wanton.
Whens come perfumde gloues? from curioſitee.
Whens come fyne trapt moyles? from ſuperfluitee.
Whens come cornde croked toes? from ſhort ſhapen ſhone.
Whens come wylde hie lokers? from midſomer mone.
Whens come fayre painted faces? from peinters toles.
Whens come all theſe? from the vicar of ſainct ſoles.

Of fined and fyned gownes. 20.

Thicke furd gownes worne in ſomer, ſhew bare worn threds.
Thin linde gownes worne in winter, come from S. nedes.

Of a wyne drawer. 21.

Drawer, thy wyne is euen with thée now I ſée:
Thou perſyſte the wyne, and the wyne perſeth thée.

Shorte checkes betwene a man and his wyfe. 22.

I am carefull to ſée thee careleſſe, Iyll:
I am wofull to ſée thee wytleſſe, Wyll.
I am anguiſhte to ſée thee an ape, Iyll:
I am angry to ſée thee an aſſe, Wyll.
I am frettyng to ſée thee flee from me, Iyll:
I am ſory to ſée thee ſeeke to me, Wyll,
I am madde to ſée the mate thy huſbande, Iyll:
I am ſad to ſée thee ſklaunder thy wyfe, Wyll.
I am dumpyſhe to ſée thee play the drabbe, Iyll:
I am knappyſhe to ſée the plaie the knaue, Wyll.

Of a woman deckt in two colomes. 23.

My honny bes, blacke and white doth set the out nette.
Thy here whyte as perle, thy teeth blacke as iette.

Of vnsweete breath. 24.

Thine vnsauery breath lackth salte, beale belsabubbe:
It hath tane to much wynde in the poudryng tubbe.
Thy breath, hodge, with salte is so sauery to smell,
That no seasonyng lyckour, can season it well.

of clyppyng and clensyng. 25.

Not clyppyng your beards, why clyp you your nayles?
Not kombyng your heades, why wype you your tayles?
These beyng superfluous thinges euery chone,
Kombe, clip, or clense all: or clip or clense none.

Of a man and his wynes departyng. 26.

Wife I will go abrode. wyll ye take the payne?
Beete: but when the diuell will ye come in agayne?
Makst thou me a dinell? nay then be out of dout,
The diuell will come in, when the diuels damme goth out.

An account of a mans children. 27.

Wyfe, of ten babes betwene vs by encrease growne,
Thou saist I haue but nyne. no mo of your owne.
Of all thynges encresyng, as my conscience lythe,
The parson must needes haue the tenth for the tythe.

Of a woman of Huntington. 28.

Where dwelst thou Sys? I dwell at huntington nowe.
Lyke so, for thou lokst lyke a nowe hunted sowe.
Where dwelst thou Sym? at hammer smith dwell I.
A meete soyle for thee? for hammer hed is hard by.

Of a laundres. 29.

A lyke laundres to thee, neuer sawe I.
Thy clothes washt but once a weeke commonly,
Thy selfe washte once in an houre vsually.
And yet eche weekes ende doth this thus trie,
Thy clothes euer wette, thy selfe euer drie.

This

Of a cutter of purſlane.

This herbe purſlane thou cutſt prettily I ſée:
But to cut apurſe in a lane, none lyke thée.

Of one ſtandyng in his owne conceite. 31.

He ſtandth well in his owne conceyte eche man tels.
So had he néede, for he ſtandth in no mans els.

Of one that hard without eares. 32.

I ſée men heare, though they eares haue none.
Thou doſte heare me ſpeake, thine eares beyng gone.

Of an archers rouyng. 33.

What a ſhafte ſhootes he with a rouyng arrowe?
Styll he hyts the marke, be it wyde or narrowe.
Where ſhoteth this ſharpe ſhotyng archer moſt, Wyll:
He ſhoteth moſt at rouers on ſhooters hyll.

Of perill to one by the number of three. 34.

In thy hand I ſée, thy fortune ſhalbe ſuche,
That the numbre of thrée ſhall daunger the muche.
Thrée bedfelowes in thy bed ſhall diſpleaſe thée,
Thrée lice in thy bumme bréeche ſhall ofte diſeaſe thée,
Three cuppes full at once ſhall oft dyſgyſe thée,
Three bearers of the horn ſhall ofte diſpiſe thée
Thrée drinkes, wyne, ale, and beere, ſhall ouerflowe thée,
Three wreſtlers in one fygne ſhall ouerthrowe thée,
Three wiues in thrée yeres ſhall wonderſly weare thée,
Three ſhe beares thoſe three yeres, ſhall al to teare thée.
But in thinges numbred by three, aboue all thoſe,
Blis the three thouſand tymes, from frame of three tréeſe.

Of gloria patri. 35.

Dicke I meruaile muche, why in eury plat,
Gloria patri ſtandth before Sicut erat.
Tom, Gloria patri is a gentleman:
In pleaſant ſpéeche, ſpeake ſo ſweetely no tung can.
Sicut erat is a churle ſo rude and playne,
That to here him ſpeake, all degrees do diſdaine.

Of a dyar. 36.

Is thy husband a dyar woman? alacke,
Had he no colour to die the on but blacke?
Dieth he oft? ye, to oft when customers call,
But I wolde haue him one day, die once for all.
Were he gone, diar woulde I neuer mo wed.
Diars be euer diyng, but neuer ded.

Of a Jugge. 37.

Pot him Jacke: pot him Jacke? nay pot him Jugge.
To pot the drunkarde, the Jugge is the dugge.

Of the three cuppes. 38.

Whers thine In John? at thrée cuppes in bredstrete Jhone.
At thrée cuppes in breadstrete? well let bread alone.
At those thrée cuppes when euer thou dines or suppes,
Ere thou goe to bed, thou hast in all thy cuppes.

Of brasse and Iron. 39.

Brasse and olde Iron who brought those two togyther?
Brasse thinketh scorne to sée them brought so hyther.
Olde Iron is rousty and rotten to vewe,
Brasse with syluer fayre blauncht and polyshts newe.

Otherwyse.

Brasse saide to olde Iron with brasse perkyng late,
Backe ye kanered karle, ye be not my mate.
Backe brasse (quoth Iron) plainnes is most talowe.
I shewe as I am: and so dost not thou.

Of Jacke and John. 40

Jacke and John in degrée dyffer farre brother.
Jacke dawe is one, master John dawes is an other.

Of wrestlyng. 41.

Where we wrestled by couples, we wrestle alone:
And shall, tyll tyme our shakled bréeches be gone.
In steppyng and strydyng it is a wunder,
How we wrestle to get our legges a sunder.

Of pryde. 42.

If thou wil nedes be proud, marke this frend myne:
Of good dedes be not proude: they are not thyne.
But when thou plaiest the knaue in yll dedes growne,
Be proud of those yll dedes: they are thyne owne.

Of one hanged. 43.

What faute had he done that was hangde yesterday?
Of any faute done by hym I can nought say.
Two or three two peny trykles were layd to him,
But, his fayre gay hangde house, man, did vndo hym,
Here is tyt for tat, measure met very trym:
First he hangd his house, now his house hath hangd him.

Of a dettar. 44.

Doth your mastershyppe remember your dette to me?
Remember my dette? ye frende, I warrant the:
I remember it so, that though I say it,
Ile neuer forget it, nor neuer pay it.

Of lowinge of a goose. 45.

A goose, greene or gray whiche louest thou better?
A greene goose: for it is farre the swetter.
Loue both as thy selfe, for as proke shewth ryse,
Thou art and hast bene a goose, all thy lyfe.

Otherwyse.

Thou louest a goose to much: ware surfet elfe.
I neuer sawe goose yet, lyke thee, loue him selfe.

Of harpe stringes. 46.

Which string in all the harpe wouldst thou styll harpe on.
Not the base, I will be none vnderlyng, John.
Nor the standyng tennor: for stiffe standyng.
Nor the treble: for feare of to hye hangyng.
Nor the counter tennor: for countryng to long.
Upon what harpe stryng then wouldst thou harpe thy song?
Aboue all strynges, when we shall fall to harpyng.
The harp stryng to harp on, is the meane harp stryng.

Take

Of fortune. 47.

Take thy foztune as it falth, ſome aduiſeth:
But I wolde fayne take foztune as it riſeth.

Of choyce. 48.

Choice is gwd in moſt thingꝭ folke ſay, in which choiſe,
Foz choiſe of one of two thinges, thou maiſt reioice:
Foz man aliue lyke thee franke choyſe can haue,
To play the knauyſhe fwle, oz the fwlyſhe knaue.

Of a falſe bragge. 49.

I was neuer but an honeſt man.
Put out that but, and thou ſaiſt truth than.

Of liyng and true ſaiyng. 50.

Wyfe, the people are diſpoſed all to lye:
Foz thou art commended vnyuerſallye.
Nay ſyz: the people to tell truth, are all bolde,
Foz you are diſcommended of younge and olde.

Of a dawe pate. 51.

Thou arte a very dawe pate, as euer I ſawe.
Sir, in dæde the pate is chiefe parte of a dawe:
Foz when dawes ſhall appere in any coſte,
Foz all thoſe dawes parts, their dawe pates be moſte.

Of water and wyne. 52.

Thou makſt curtſy to waſhe handꝭ with water of mine.
Makyng no curtſy to waſhe thy mouth with my wine.
But I pzay the make this change in this matter:
Moze curtſy at my wyne, and leſſe at my water.

Betwene dogges and a deere. 53.

Set malles aſyde: ſayde a bucke to a greyhounde.
Beware of pzyde: ſaid that dogge to that dære.
Be pacient in trouble: a hounde ſayde rounde,
Louyng aduyſe to this dære this dyd appeere.
In which counſell geuen, to kyll him they run neere.
Whiche counſayle amounth to this euery man ſæth,
Comfozt him with their tunges, kyll him with their tæth.

Of twelue and one. 54.

It is twelue a clocke: syr tys more, well my ons.
Is one more then twelue? thats a reason alone.
Sir when the daie to after none doth amounte,
One is more then twelue, by our sertens accounte.

Of verdingales. 55.

Alas poore verdingales must lie in the streete:
To house them, no doore in the citee made meete.
Syns at our narow doores they in can not win,
Send them to Oxforde, at Brodegates to get in.

Preceptes of a man to his wyfe. 56.

Stande styll wyfe, I wyll:
Be still wyfe, I nyll.
Now barke wyfe, I wyll:
To warke wyfe, I nyll.
Proue me wyfe, I wyll:
Loue me wyfe, I nyll.
Now chat wyfe, I wyll:
Leaue that wyfe, I nyll.
Keepe chayre wyfe, I wyll:
Speake fayre wyfe, I nyll.

Of an expert man. 57.

Is he such an expert man? an expert man?
Put out that er, and no man more expert than.

Of deliuerance from yll. 58.

Wyfe, from all euyll, when shalt thou deliuered bee?
Sir, when I (said she) shalbe deliuered from thee.

Of cuttyng of the herbe tyme.

All tymes of the day to night from the pryme,
Thou gardner wylte not leaue cuttyng of tyme.
Thou wylt neuer leaue cuttyng of tyme, I see,
Tyll suche tyme, as tyme, shall in tyme cutte of thee.

Sweatyng

Of one fearyng the ſwette. 60.

Sweatyng ſicknes ſo fearſt thou beyonde the marke,
That winter or ſommer thou neuer ſweatſt at warke.

Of one thinkyng on an other. 61.

When doth your maiſterſhip thinke on me? euer.
When do you thinke vpon my matter? neuer.
Ye ye remember, my matter ye forget:
Remembrance and forgetfulneſſe, is wrong ſet.
For I wolde wiſhe you rather, if it might bee,
To remember my matter, and forget mee.

Of one beyng at a poynt. 62.

Is he at a poynte with his creditors? yee.
For he is not worth a pointe they all ſee.

Of teſtons. 63.

Teſtons be gone to Orforde, god be their ſpeede:
To ſtudie in Brazennoſe there to proceede.

Of redde Teſtons. 64.

Theſe Teſtons loke redde: how like you the ſame?
Tis a tokenrof grace: they bluſhe for ſhame.

Of ſtampyng. 65.

We ſtampe crabs, we ſtamp teſtons: which ſtamping done.
We ſtare vppon Teſtons now beyond the mone.
Which ſtampyng of Teſtons brought it not ſome ſkill,
Our ſtaryng on Teſtons coulde iudge them but ill.
But as the whot ſunne melteth ſnowe away,
So ſhall whotte fire melt colde Teſtons, as folke ſay.
We, for Teſtons leauyng ſcoldyng and ſquaryng.
And on Teſtons leauyng ſtampyng and ſtaryng.

Of John longe the carier.

Of what length is John long the carter Prat?
A quarter of a yere long. how proueſt thou that?
Therténe wekes paſt he ſhuld haue brought me a wat:
But yet long John, John long: with that wat comth nat.

Wherby I John short, am as short to compare,
As John longe by this length is long to declare.
For as John long lurkth to long this wat to fet,
So I John short leape to short this wat to get.

Of turnyng. 67.

Wilt thou vse turners craft still: ye by my trouth.
Much thrift and most suretie in turners craft growth.
Halfe turne or whole turne, where turners be turning,
Turnyng kepes turners from hangyng and burning.

Of master Carter. 68.

Is that gentlemans name master Carter: ye.
How his name and condicions differ now se.
So cunnyng, so cumly, so curteisie, so kinde,
So gentle a gentleman in eche mans minde:
That all men are striken in pitifull wunder,
To se master carter and the carte a sunder.

Of goyng farre. 69.

As he goth farre that neuer doth turne him backe,
So goste thou farre wide: thou neuer turnst againe.
Wher thou goest, or what thou doste, come luck come lacke,
Thy selfe or thy matters forth they go amaine.
To turne againe no counsayle can thee strayne.
Except thy will shall showe thy witte in the waine,
Finde meanes to take a house in turne againe lane.

How money is made lame. 70.

Money, with couetousnesse thou dost rest so,
That lacke of vse doth lame thee: thou canst not go.
With prodigalitee thou trudgest so fast,
That excesse of to much exercise, doth lame thee at last,
These twoo beyng lame lett? of extremitees,
Where woldst thou be lotted to be from both thees?
With liberalitee wolde I be the meane.
With liberalitee? nay he is gone cleane.

Lady

Of an olde woer. 71.

Lady I loue you, in way you to wed:
But mine age with your youth disagréeth so,
That if I speake: I thinke not to be sped.
Your age in your sute, is no whit your so,
To your yeres many, had ye many mo.
We wolde wed the soner by yeres, showyng plaine,
That I should the soner be vnwed againe.

Of a yong wooer. 72.

I brought thée late an olde riche widow to wo:
Whom thou mightst haue had, but nought woldst thou thē do
Nor nought canst thou do now: thrift and thou art od.
For now lieth she spéchles at mercy of god.
For the mercy of god bring me now to hir:
I neuer sawe méete time: till now, to wo hir.

Of weakenesse and strength. 73.

Weakenes and strength, here showst thou both in préese,
Thou art a weake man, and yet a strong théefe.

Warnyng of pride. 74.

Beware of pride, sayst thou to mée?
Let pride, say I, beware of thée.
In euery place thou dost so watche him,
That if pride sturre, thou wilt sure catche him.

Of pacience. 75.

Be pacient in trouble. how can that bée?
Sins out of trouble nothyng pleaseth thée.

Of pleasyng. 76.

Be glad to please, yea be glad to please brother.
But whom? please thy selfe, sée thou please none other.

Of a hande gonne and a hande. 77.

Thou hast a good handgonne: but whats thy hand?
When thou shootst of, out of daunger to stand,
No standyng more sure in any place or plat,
Then to stande close to the marke thou shootst at.

Beside

Of brasse and siluer. 78.

Brasse hath bene a lost, with siluer set vp.
Come downe brasse and drinke on an ashen cup.

Of difference betwene wise men and fooles. 79.

Betwéne wise men and fooles, among thinges many
This one differth. when both sortes get things any.
Which to their pleasures are pleasantly alloud,
Of those things wun, wise mē are glad, fooles be proud.

Of a pithy witte. 80.

Good god, what a pithy wit hast thou Dicke?
The pith of thy wordes so deepe and so tricke,
Thy wordes so pythily pearse to the quicke,
Pith of no wordes agaynst thy wordes may kicke,
No more then the pith of a gonstone may pricke,
Against the pithy pith of an elder sticke.

Of choise to be a wise man or a foole. 81.

A wyse man or a foole: if thou must be one,
Which wouldst thou be in winter, John? a foole I hone.
Where best men in winter sit nert fire from colde,
There stands the foole warme while all his tales be tolde.
Which wouldst thou be in sommer, when winter is gon?
A foole. a foole, why? that why showth herebpon.
In sommer when states sit from fire in the coole,
At that bordes end in coole ayre there stands the foole.
Winter and sommer what time men must to worke,
Which wouldst thou be? a foole to loke on and lurke.
All times of the yere for one thing or other,
Better be a foole then a wise man brother.

Of a knightes carterly coller. 82.

I bad this carter bring my collar of golde:
And he bringth me my horse collar, holde knaue holde.
Sir if I may speake my thought without fearyng,
This collar of both showth best for your wearyng.

Of males and male horses. 83.

Of al horse, a male horse would I not bée.
Where he erst bare one male, now berth he thrée.
Those are one behinde and one on eche side,
The man, who on the male horse doth ride,
Werth on eche legge, one male, for his sloppes are,
Eche one sloppe one male (kindely to declare.)
Longe, round, wyde, weightie as a male eche one.
But all horse are now male horses euerychone.
For euery one horse, bearth two males at leaste.
Of male horse and male men, frends heres a feaste.

A man discommended. 84.

Not once a yere ought seene in thée to alowe.
Not once a yere thy knée to god dost thou bowe.
Not once a yere openest thou thy lippes to pray.
Not once a yere showste thou gwodnesse any way.
Not once a yere geuest thou almes to the powre,
Not once a yere dost thou repent thée therfore.
But all times a yere thou wouldst all vnderstood.
Thou neuer dost repent, but when thou dost god.

Of running. 85.

In poste haste run horseson run. art thou here yet?
Shall I run out of breath? nay run out of thy wit.

Of polling. 86.

Our heads grow to long, god geue our barbers curses.
Our barbers polle no heads, our barbers polle purses.

Of plate lente forth. 87.

Where is thy plate? lent out to a mariage.
Whither? to saint néds. to whom? to maister gage.

Of a man of law and his wife. 88.

You beyng a pleader at law erelonte,
Yet hath your wife brought you to an erigent.
Pray hir to let fall thaction at law now,
Or els, so god helpe me, she will ouerlaw yow.

Of pennes and pence. 89.

Pennes and pence, differ far in proporcion.
The penny flat and round, the pen straight and long.
And yet for aydes, in case of extorcion,
Pennes and pence are like in worckyng of wrong.

Of a womans thinne tounge. 90.

I neuer saw wife like thine for this thyng: Dicke,
Hir tung wondrous thin, and hir spéech wondrous thicke.
Tom, I haue spent much in vaine since she was yong,
To haue hir thicke spéeche as thinne as hir tong.
It is the tunge of tunges: Dicke, for runnyng rounde:
I take the tippe for siluer: by the shrill sounde.
It hath Tom, a shakyng sharpe sounde in the eare,
But it is no siluer, wolde god it weare.

Of drinkyng to a man. 91.

I drinke to thée Iohn: nay thou drinkst frō me Ihone.
When thou drinkst to me, drinke for me thou leuest none.

Of runnyng at Tilte. 92.

We apply the spigot, till tubbe stande a tilte.
Ye, ren at the spigot tilt, leaue the speare tilte thou wilte.

Of expence. 93.

What may he spend? ten pound a yere he might spend.
Ist morgagde? nay: no man will one peny lende
Upon it. ist solde? nay, no man will bie it.
Then he holdth it: nay, he can not come nie it.
Why fole? how may he spend ten pound by yere tgan?
I said not he may, but he might spende it man.
Meanyng he might spend it, if he had it.
O, if he had it: a sir the diuell mad it.

Of fraying of babes. 94.

When do mothers fray their babes most from dugg?.
When they put on blacke scraps, and go like beare bugg?.

Why?

Of Reedes and Okes. 95.

Wyll you rædes at the wind? will ſtil make lowe beck?
Wyll you Okes ſtand ſtiffe ſtil while wind breke your neck?
Wyll you rædes, like apes, ſtill tucke & bowe eche ioynt?
Wyll you okes, like aſſes, ſtill ſtand ſtiffe at one point?
Wyll you rædes be ſtill bendyng bowyng bodies?
Wyll you okes be ſtill ſtoute ſtiffe necked nodies?
Wyll you rædes be ſtaggeryng ſtill for vayne auayles?
Will you okes be ſtern ſtill till your tops kiſſe your tayles?
Will you reedes ſhrinke ſtill to all windes towardly?
Wyll you okes ſwell ſtill at all windes frowardly?
Wyll you rædes crouch ſtill to be the wind? foteſtoles?
Wyll you okes crake ſtill to be the wind? hed foles?
Okes wyll dw as we haue done. ſo wyll we rædes.
Wherin for our purpoſe marke what ende procædes.
In eche one ſtorme a thouſand okes downe are blowne
In a thouſand ſtormes not one ræde ouerthrowne.

Of bryng a morter. 96.

That ſpice mortar to ſell it be you willyng?
Yea miſtres: whats the price? ten ſhillyng.
Ten ſhillyng? freende: I am hither entiſed
To bie a ſpice morter, not a morter ſpiſed.

Of a ſtepmother. 97.

Thy fathers ſecond wife, thy ſteppe mother,
For a ſteppe mother thers not ſuch an other.
At three ſteppes I ſaw hir ſteppe, ſins ſhe was wed,
From a ſtayre fote, ſtraight vp to thy fathers hed.

Of a lyar. 98.

Where doth Frances fabler now lie, Jane?
At ſigne of the whetſtone in double tunge lane.
He lieth by night: and by day dayly hée
Lieth downe right, in what place ſo euer he bée.
That he lieth ſtill day and night, this thing doth trie,
He neuer ſpeketh worde but it is a lie.

Of tunges and pinſons. 99.

One difference this is, on which our tunges may carpe,
Betweene pinching pinſons, and tauntyng tunges ſharpe.
Where theſe two nippers nip any were or when,
Thoſe pinſons nip dead thyng', thoſe tunges nip quick men.

Of Heywood. 100.

Art thou Heywood with the mad mery wit?
Ye forſoth maiſter, that ſame is euen hit.
Art thou Heywood that applieth mirth more then thryft?
Ye ſir, I take mery mirth a golden gift.
Art thou Heywood that hath made many mad plaies?
Ye many plaies, fewe good workes in all my daies.
Art thou Heywood that hath made men mery long?
Ye: and will, if I be made mery among.
Art thou Heywood that woulde be made mery now?
Ye ſir: helpe me to it now I beſeche yow.

FINIS.

A lixt hundred of Epi-grammes.

Newly inuented and made by

John Heywood.

LONDINI,

Anno christi,

1562.

To the reader.

Readers, reade this thus: for Preface, Proface.
Much good do it you: the poore repaſt here,
A fyrt hundred dyſhes I bryng in place
To make good welware, nay to make good chéere.
Fare is fode: chére is mirth: ſins meate is déere,
Not of meate but of myrth, cum yong cum olde,
Cum who cum wyll, here is open houſholde.

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FINIS.

Of Rebellion. 1.

AGainſt god I dayly offend by frailte:
But againſt my prince, or natiue countre,
With as much as bodkin, when I rebell,
The next daie after hang me vp faire and well.
The next daie after? nay the next daie before
Wiſhe thou thy ſelfe hangd, in that caſe euermore.
Before, thou hangſt honeſtly vnworthyly.
After, thou hangſt, worthyly vnhoneſtly.
But ho? at our fyrſt dyſhe in our mery feaſt,
Why talke we of hangyng our myrth to moleſt.
Be our cheéſe no better then our pottage is,
Better faſt then feaſt at ſuch feaſtes as is this.
But beyng true to god, quéene, countre, and crowne,
We ſhall at all feaſtes, not hang vp, but ſyt downe.

Otherwyſe.

Wylt thou be taken for a true Englyſhe man?
Ye: be true to god, thy quéene, and countre than.
Stand faſt by thy countre, who euer wold wyn it,
Better ſtand faſt by it, then hang faſt in it.

Of toung, mouth, teeth, and wiſdome. 2.

The tounge is aſſinde, of wordes to be ſorter:
The mouth is aſſinde, to be the tounges dorter:
The téeth are aſſynde, to be the tounges porter:
But wiſdome is ſynde, to tye the tounge ſhorter.

Of ſyluer to be borowed. 3.

Haſt thou any bowde ſyluer to lende me Jone?
Nay: haſt thou any broken ſyluer for me? none.
Haſt thou any clypt ſyluer? I had, but tis gone.
Haſt thou any crakt grote? crakt grote? nay not one.
No ſyluer, bowde, broken, clypt, crakt, nor cut,
Yers a frénd for frendſhyp, not worth a crakt nut.

Of an vnkyndly march. 4.

This lyke marche, as lyke as I am a march hare.
March is not so lyke marche freend: I would it ware:
Though shap of the March hare show not in thee,
Yet hast thou the marche hares mad propertee.

Of goyng to heauen and hell. 5.

Of heauen or of hell, which go folke fastest to?
To hell fole to hell, go fer moze fast they do.
The hie way to both lyth thus as clarks tell,
Up hill to heauenward, downe hill to hell.

Of the high way and a maydes face. 6.

The moze the highway is washt, the fouler it is.
Mayde, the high way and thy face, are lyke in this.

Of one that would be praysed. 7.

Wouldst thou be praised? ye: why? praise pleaseth me well.
Ye, but how doth deserte of prayse please the, tell.

Of lookyng. 8.

Loke vpward to heauen my frend: what, where lokst thou?
Sir, I was lookyng downeward to hell for you.

Of a hare a foote. 9.

I here by the hounds, the hare is a foote.
Then must she to horsbacke, none other bote.
Nothyng doth moze a hares hope of lyfe quayle,
Then doth a houndes nose, ny a hares tayle.

Of Hob and John. 10.

Horse and harnesse vp, on all hands: Hob and John.
Hob and John? nay. Lob and John: would now be gon.
But tyll your prince sturre you to harnesse to start:
Harnesse you your horse, and get ye to the cart.

Of seekyng a daw. 11.

I haue sought fer to finde a daw: why thou elfe,
When thou wouldst quickly fynde a daw, seke thy selfe.
What is Domine dawe in Englishe to say?
No mo Dawes: thou dawe, art dawes enowe for this day.

Of ſayyng grace. 12.

To ſay grace ſayre and to ſay grace oft John,
From Gracechurch to Grantam, thy lyke thers non.
At breackfaſt, at diner, at ſupper, at all,
At ſyttyng, at ryſyng, haue grace we ſhall.
Thers no man a lyue, in houſe, ſtréete, or fælde,
That ſaith grace ſo ofte, and ſhowth grace ſo ſcelde.

Of Dette. 13.

What diffrence in true dette, and blew dette, to rate?
Diffrence as in diſtance Ludgate and Newgate.

Of ſtepping. 14.

In ſteppyng one foote backe, ſteppyng forward twayne,
My ſteps ſo ſtept, are not ſtept in vayne.
If one backſtep, be as much as foreſteps thrée,
By your ſtout ſteppyng your wynnyng let vs ſée.
Where wyde ſtrydyng ſteppyng gets no gayne ought worth,
As good to ſtand ſtone ſtyll, as ſtep one ſtep forth.

Of wrytyng a gentleman. 15.

Thou writſt thy ſelfe gentleman in one word brother.
But gentle is one word, and man is a nother.

Of a wynes affection to hir huſband. 16.

I wene thers no wyfe lyke the wyfe of thyne.
Thy body beyng hers, yet doth ſhe enclyne,
Fayreſt, or fouleſt, whom fancy doth prefer,
To take whom thou lyſt, ſo thou touche not her.

Of a mans thrift. 17.

Lorde what thrift aryſeth in thy behalfe?
Thy ſowe great with pyg, thy cowe great with calfe:
Thy ewe great with lambe: thy bytch great with whelpe:
Thy cat great with kytte: and more encreaſe to helpe,
Thy wyfe great with childe: and to ſhew thy thrift ſwle,
Thy mare great with fole, and thy ſelfe great with fwle.

Of learnyng the lawe. 18.

Thou wilte lerne the lawe, where euer thou bée.
Lyncolnes In, or Lincolne towne, both one to thée.

Of good wyll and good deedes. 19.

Is good will the beſt part of a frẽnd? nay, nay:
Beggers with lordꝭ ſo, for frẽndſhyp compare may.
Good dẽdes by good wyll had, differ there brother.
A puddyng pricke is one, a mylpoſt is an other.

Of Newgate wyndowes. 20.

All Newgate wyndowes bay wyndowes they bée.
All lokers out there ſtand at bay we ſée.

Of treadyng a ſhooe awrye. 21.

My wife doth euer tread hir ſhoe a wry.
Inward, or outward? nay, all outwardly:
She treadth ſo outward, that if ſhe out wyn,
She wyll by hir wyll, neuer treade foote within.

Of a fayre ſoowe. 22.

I neuer ſawe a fayrer ſowe in my lyfe.
A fyr, thy ſowe is euen as faire as thy wyfe.

Of prayer. 23.

Some pray *familorum familarum*.
Sum ſay, that is folorum, folarum.

Of cheeſe. 24.

I neuer ſaw Banbery chéeſe thicke enough:
But I haue oft ſéene Eſſex chéeſe quicke enough.

Of a leaſe. 25.

Thy leaſe of freſh wharfe, byndth thée there to dwell:
Which thou haſt forfyted, as thy neighbors tell:
Theſe foure yeres at freſh wharfe as folke conſyther,
Thou haſt not bene freſh, full foure houres togyther.

Of ſtockes. 26.

Thy vpper ſtocks be they ſtucke with fylke or flocks,
Neuer become the fyke a nether payre of ſtocks.

Wilyke,

A taunt of a wife to her husband. 27.

Wyfe, I wéene thou art dronke or Leunitike.
Nay husband: women are neuer moone sicke.
Come that coniunction in time, late, or soone,
Wée say (not the woman) the man in the moone.

Of pride. 28.

Fie on pride when men go nakte: nakte or clothed,
Pride is in all men a thyng to be lothed.
But yet may ye sée, though it doo ill acorde,
Sum nakte begger as proude, as some clothed lorde.

To walke, talke, drinke or sleape. 29.

Walke groundly,
Talke profoundly,
Drinke roundly,
Sleape soundly.

Of a lanthorne and light. 30.

A Lanthorne and a light mayde: manerly sayde.
But whiche to be light? the Lanthorne, or the mayde.

Of a crie. 31.

Thou losist a marke in issews, criers cry.
Crie not so for me crier, and marke this why.
I woulde rather geue thée a gowne of Tissew,
Then be in dread to léese my marke in issew.

Of a watermans rowyng. 32.

Thy fares ouer the water thou shouldst row them,
But vnder the water thou doost bestow them.

Of tunge and witte. 33.

Thou hast a swift runnyng tunge: how be it,
Thy tounge is nothing so quicke as thy wit.
Thou art when wit and tounge in running contende,
At thy wittes ende, er thou be at the tales ende.

Of a peinter. 34.

Thou arte the painter of painters, marke who shall,
In makyng and settyng colours aboue all,

No painter, paintyng within Englands bound?,
Can set so fayre colours vpon so fowle ground?.

Of Peter and Poll. 35.

I dwell from the citee in subbarbes at rowles.
I pray to saint Peter to bring me nere Powles.
Alas, thou praist all in vaine, poore sely soule:
Peter will set no hand, to bryng thee to Poule.

Of losse of helth and wealth.. 36.

How lost you your helth?
That glotony telth.
How lost you your welth?
That lost I by stelth.
Who was your welthes wringer?
My thombe and my finger.

Of lookyng out. 37.

Stande in and loke out: hange out and loke not out.
Newgate and Tiburne, do bring both these aboute.

Of chafyng dißhes. 38.

Wyke, all thy dißhes be chafkyng dißhes plaist:
For thou chafest at sight of euery dißhe thou hast.

Of hanging and standyng. 39.

Whether wilt thou hang vp with ropes of ynions?
Or stifly stande vp, with roperipe minions?
Forsoth, both for nomber and stuffe truly cast,
As good hange with the first, as stand with the last.

Of a mans head and the Pillery. 40.

Upon the Pillery, your worshipfull hed,
Unto the pillery doth worship far spred.
Which worship the pillery requitthe ill now:
For as you worship it, so it shameth yow.

A prayse of one. 41.

Se how some aboue some other, praises win.
I praise thee for one thing aboue all thy kin.
They, without teachyng could neuer practise ought,
Thou canst play the knaue, and neuer was taught.

Of diuers bandes. 42.

All kindꝛ of bands to be bounde in being ſtande,
Headband, ſmockbande, ſtaileband, houſeband, oꝛ huſbande,
Which ſhall binde thée: not the laſt on ſea noꝛ lande.
Beforꝛe huſbands bands, in deuils bands I wil ſtande.

Of couenantes. &c. 43.

Many poſis without appoſicion.
Many couenantꝛ without good condicion.
Many pꝛomiſes without good payment.
Many arbitterments without good dayment.

Of promiſe and paiment. 44.

May I truſt that he pꝛomiſed?
Ye: ſcantly to be perfoꝛmed.
Pꝛomiſeth he thꝛiſe oꝛ he once pay?
Somtimes he doth: but not alway.
Some thinges he pꝛomiſeth to pay euer.
Which thinges ſo pꝛomiſde he paithe neuer.

Of one that dare not ſteale. 45.

Thou boꝛowſt, and thou begſt, but when wilt thou ſteale?
Neuer: foꝛ to be hanged ſir I haue noꝛeale.
Thou wouldſt ſteale if thou durſt: ye but I dare not.
Well then foꝛ thy hangyng, in this woꝛld care not.
And in the woꝛld to come, as well thou ſhalt ſpéede,
Foꝛ good will to ſteale, as thou hadſt ſtolne in déede.

Of the creation of the deuils dam. 46.

When was the deuils dam create, tholde withꝛed lade?
The next leape yere after wedding was firſt made.
In an ill time. when the deuill will that deuill die?
At that yeres end, that endth weddyng finally.

Of reward to a ſeruyng man. 47

Wayte well: thy maiſter will do foꝛ thée I wis:
Canſt thou ſpie nothing to aſke of him? yis:
But when I aſke, I can not haue that I craue.
No, aſke him bliſſyng: and that ſhalt thou ſurely haue.

Two properties of a seruaunt. 48.

Who so that hath a good seruaunt, kepe him well.
Wel must I kéepe thée then by this that I tell.
Singuler in many things: in this aboue all,
To take thy wages great, and make thy seruice small.

Of toughnes and tendernes. 49.

For toughnes and tendernes bothe in one man séene,
One like your maistership few or none hath béene.
Are ought of ye: then are ye so tart and tough,
That your taunts would touche a hors hart most rough.
Giue ought to ye: thus tender and méeke are you,
Teares like Tares from your yes, your knees to ground bow

A question to a childe. 50.

Wha is thy father childe, art his mothers husband.
Are my mother (quoth he) that to vnderstand.
The boy dalieth with you sir: for verily
He knowth who is his father as well as I.
The man, of this childes wit, was wrapt in such ioy.
That he knew not what he might make of the boy.

Seekyng for a dwellyng place. 51.

Still thou séekest for a quiet dwellyng place.
What place for quietnes hast thou now in chase?
London bridge. Thats ill for thée for the water.
Quéene hyth. thats more ill for an other mater.
Smart? Key. thats most ill for feare of smartyng smart.
Carter lane. nay, nay, that soundth all on the cart.
Powles cheine. nay in no wise dwell not néere the chaine.
Wood stréet: why wilt thou be wod yet once againe?
Bread stréete. thats to die by drought thou shalt be dead.
Philpot laue. that brédth moist humours in thy head.
Siluer stréete: Coper smith? in Siluer stréete: fie.
Newgate stréete. ware that man, Newgate is hard bie.

Faster

Faſter lane: thou wilt as ſone be tide faſt: as faſt.
Crooked lane: nay croke no more, be ſtreight at laſt.
Créede lane: they fall out there, brother againſt brother.
Aue mary lane: thats as ill as the tother.
Pater noſter row: Pater noſter row:
A créede: thats the quieteſt place that I know.

Of three ſoules. 52.

Thou haſt three ſoules in charge: thy body ſoule one,
Thy féete ſoules twayne: but let thy feete ſoules alone:
Diſcharge thy body ſoule: and féete ſoules, pore elues,
They ſhall pay their owne fées and diſcharge them ſelues.

Of one ſaying of a hat. 53.

Sayd he that hat on his hed: nay: chaunce ſo led,
That by that time the hat cam he had no hed.

Of biyng a coate. 54.

I muſt bie a new coate for ſhame.
To get ſhame: nay tauoyde the ſame.
Tauoyde ſhame, thou maiſt deſire it,
But ten new coates will not hier it.

Of paryng neyles. 55.

Payre my neyles wife: nay man, if your neiles fayle,
Where can ye finde fréendes to ſcrat your ſcabd tayle:
Pare thine owne neyles then: for as they be led,
They proue féendly fréendes in ſcrattyng my hed.
That may be: but as thoſe wordes are ſone ſpoken,
So euen as ſone is a ſcald mans head broken.

Of a mans head. 56.

Thy head is great, and yet ſémth that head but thin:
Without here without, and without wit within.

Of money in ones purſe. 57.

He hath in his purſe fortie or fiftie pounde.
Put n to or, and marke then how that doth ſounde.

Of freendes and foes. 58.

The deuill shall haue fréendz: and as good reason goes,
That the deuill shall haue fréendz: as god shall haue foes.

Of diffrence in sondry thinges. 59.

Small diffrence betwéene receiuyng and takyng:
Great difference betwéene maryng and making.
Small diffrence betwéene sighyng and sobbing:
Great diffrence betwéene bassyng and bobbyng.
Small diffrence betwéene fayre lookes and fayre woordes:
Great diffrence betwéene blount woordes and sharp swoordes.
Small difference betwéene talkyng and tellyng:
Great diffrence betwéene smartyng and smellyng.
Small diffrence betwéene true loue and trustyng
Great diffrence betwéene rubbyng and rustyng.
Small diffrence betwéene lowryng and snowryng:
Great diffrence betwéene laughyng and lowryng.
Small diffrence betwéene waste ware and wéedes:
Great diffrens betwéene good woordes and good déedes.
Small diffrens betwéene cloosnes and consealyng:
Great diffrence betwéene geuing and stealyng.

Of callyng one flebergebit. 60.

Thou flebergibet: flebergebet, thou wretche?
Wottst thou wherto last part of that word doth stretche?
Leaue that woorde or Ile baste ye with a libet:
Of all woords I hate woordes that end with gibet.

Of crowes breedyng. 61.

I woulde wish some good prouision to prouide,
That Crowes should neuer bréede by the hie waies side.
They so mistrust euery man to steale their burdes,
That no man can scape their opprobrious wurdes.
No man passeth by, what soeuer he bée,
But those crowes be knaue him to the ninth degrée.
Should the crowes word stand when he ragis and raues,
We should haue in England fortie thousand knaues.

Thankes

Of Powles. 62.

Thankes to god and good people, Powles goth vp well:
Powles goth vp, but when goth polyng downe: that tell.

Of a crowe keper. 63.

There be many cald crowe kæpers: but in dæde
Thers no crowe kæper but thou. in time of sæde,
Where other kæpe crowes out, like seruelinges forlorne,
To keepe crowes in plight, thou keepest crowes in the corne.

Of Rape seede. 64.

Hast thou any Rapeseede? ye: if you to rape fruite fall,
Here is Rapeseede: but thers hempseede mixt withall.

Of red Roses. 65.

What thinke ye worthe one busshell of red roses?
Yore worthe then are two busshels of red noses.

Of Peniryall. 66.

I seeke Peniryall: haue ye eny?
Sæke further: I haue nother ryall nor peny.

Of Margerum. 67.

Hast any Margerumgentill? ye in deede.
But it is somwhat mingled with Nettilseede.

Of Poppie. 68.

Lets se Poppie seede: my Poppie seede is gone.
But for your grounde, I haue puppie seede alone.

Of Time seede. 69.

Haue ye any Time seede? Time seede, ye be rode:
But it is so misstimde, that it bringth no time gode.

Of Rue. 70.

I would haue a groatesworth of your seede of rew.
Ye shall haue Rew seede inough, both olde and new.

Lyuerworte. 71.

What lacke you sir? Lyuerwort seede I come to craue.
Lyuerwort I haue none: but Lipwort seede I haue.

Of pine appell. 72.

Hast thou any grafkes of the Pine appell trée?
Ye: pining grafkes, great growers as can bée.

Of hartes ease. 73.

Haue you any hartes ease séede? ye for god, I.
But what other ware with harts ease will ye bie?
None: then haue I no harts ease for you brother:
We séede sellers must sell séedes one with an other.
To bie harts ease séede of me, that no man shall,
Except he bye some séedes of ars smart withall.

Of Parsnip seede. 74.

Here is Parsnip séede that will nip you as nere,
As ye were nipt with any parsnip this yere.

Of Anneſſe seede. 75.

This Annelle séede is brownе: but to occupie,
Brownе Annes as swéete, as white Annes like I.

Of lettis seede. 76.

I would bie lettes séede for my garden Jhone.
Lettes séedes? forsoth good master I haue none.
But put out e s, and these séedes Ile auow,
Best séedes in England for your garden and you.

Of good newes to a man. 77.

What newes? good newes for thée as wit can scan.
We haue newes that thou art an honest man.
These newes comyng euen now thus fresh and new,
All men take for good: no man takth for trew.

Of least and most mastrie. 78.

What is the least maistrie thou canst deuise?
Least maistrie is a foole to wéene him selfe wise.
What is the most maistrie that thy wit spise?
The most maistrie is, to make a fole wise.

Of a man and a clocke. 79.

Men take man of earthly thinges most excellent:
But in one thing thou semst vnder that extent.

A clocke

A clocke after nwne aboue thee I abowe.
A clocke can go alone then: ſo canſt not thou.

Of a ſpare horſe. 80.

Haſt thou any ſpare hoꝛſe to lend me one?
A ſpare hoꝛſe? thers one: take him and be gone.
Sadled and bꝛydled he was, and with that,
As the man leapt vp, the hoꝛſe fell doune flat.
He fell without helpe: but then vp to get,
Fyue men were to fewe him on fote to ſet.
A ſpare hoꝛſe (quoth he) the diuell may ſpare him:
He that ſhall occupie him muſt bare him.
Sins this ſpare hoꝛſe will not ſerue the bꝛother,
Yet of my ſpare hoꝛſes hers an other.
Up lept the man, hens ran the hoꝛſe amayne:
In ten myles galloppyng he turnd not agayne.
Foꝛ iudgement in ſpare hoꝛſe, let this be comparde:
Run euer, run neuer which may beſt be ſparde.

Of a huſband hangd. 81.

Is thy huſband hangd? he was: but he is nat:
In ſpyght of his foes I found frēnds to eaſe that.
Foꝛ oꝛ my dēre hart had hangd fully houres twayne,
I gat his pardon and cut him downe againe.

Of Hoꝛſadowne. 82.

Hyꝛedſt thou not this hoꝛſe at Hoꝛſadowne? yis.
Where is Hoꝛſadowne? that maiſt thou lerne by this:
In hye way, lowe way, feyꝛe way, foule way, fēld, towne,
Where ſo euer this hoꝛſe is, there is Hoꝛſeadowne.

Of a Cocke and a Capon. 83.

A bꝛaue capon by a bꝛag cocke late beyng,
The pꝛoud cocke thinkyng ſcoꝛne, the ſame ſo ſēyng,
Sayde to the capon: what thou barren baſtarde,
Perkſt thou with me here as I were a haſkarde.
Where I, comely combed crowyng cockyng cock,
Am huſband oꝛ father to all this hole flock.

What (quoth the capon) thou leude lecherous wretch:
These chickens all for thine bendſt thou this brag to ſtretch?
As though there were but one treadyng cock alone,
Yes cocke yes: there be mo treadyng cockes then one.
But ſyns thou thus proudly doſt make this auaunt,
To repreſſe thy pryde, take this tale for a taunt.
I haue of mine owne: I treadyng hennes neuer,
As many chickens as thou, treadyng thy hennes euer.
This ſtrake the cocke in a deepe dumpe, dull and dead.
Hauyng a ſtyll toung he had a buſy head.
Two daies after this, he trode not nor fed not,
His comb ſore cut: but thankes to god it bled not.

Of diſdeigne. 84.

Iſt maiſtry to diſdeigne thinges by enuyſe ſcole?
Nay nay, no more maiſtry then to be a fole.

Of Peter. 85.

Peter the proude, and Peter the poore, in whiche,
Poore Peter oft as proude, as Peter the riche.

Of one in Newgate. 86.

Art thou in Newgate to ſtand to thy tacklyng?
Nay: I am in Newgate to ſtand to my ſhaklyng.

Of ſauyng of ſhoes. 87.

Thou wearſt (to weare thy wyt and thrift together)
Moyles of velnet to ſaue thy ſhoes of lether.
Oft haue we ſéene moyle men ryde vpon aſſys:
But to ſée aſſys go on moyles: that paſſys.

Of hogſtowne. 88.

The head man in hogſtowne, hogherd is erpreſt:
Where hogs be pariſhoners, hogherd muſt be beſt.
Yet hogs head in hogſtowne is no John a droyne,
Pigs dare not quich there, if hogs head hang the groyne.

Of coleprophet. 89.

Thy prophely poyſonly to the pricke goth:
Coleprophet and cole poyſon thou art both.

Like

Of thinges vnlyke. 90.

Lyke wyll to lyke men say: but not alway so.
Contrary to contrary oftymes doth go.
When folke be most open, their lowe parts most lose,
Then go they to stooles that be made most close.

Of the gentlenesse of a wyfe. 91.

Thy wyfe is as gentle as a falcon: trew.
And namely in this kynde of gentlenesse: Yew.
Beyng not hungry, lewze falcons when ye list,
They wyll check oft, but neuer come to the fist.

Of catchyng a fly. 92.

A boy on his booke clapt hand to catche a fly:
Hast hir cryde his maister? nay god wot I.
Then thou shalt drinke: maister I haue hir I thinke.
If thou haue hir saide the maister, thou shalt drynke.
To furious maisters, what helpth fayze spæches:
Flies caught or not caught, vp go boyes brætches.

Of a horse wearyng great breeches. 93.

My horse to weare greate brætches is now asynde:
Why? to kepe him from enterferyng behynde.

Of a recknyng at a shotte. 94.

Geue vs a recknyng vppon this pot fyllyng:
What haue we to pay in all? ten shyllyng.
What comth our meate to? foure shyllyngs vp and downe.
What? drynke? syre shyllyngs: thats to say a french crowne.
Why: haue we dronke moze then we haue eaten, knaue?
Ye, as many other men, many tymes haue.
Loke where so euer malte is aboue wheate.
There in shotte euer drinke is aboue meate.

Of vse. 95.

Use maketh maistry, this hath bene said alway:
But all is not alway: as all men do say,

In

In Apryll the kowcow can ſyng hir ſong by rote,
In June out of tune ſhe can not ſyng a note.
At fyrſt, kowco, kowco, ſyng ſtyll can ſhe do,
At laſt kooke, kooke, kooke: fyre kookes to one ko.

Of one aſkyng for ſheepe. 96.

Cam there any ſhéepe this way, you ſheepiſhe maid? nay:
But euen as you cam: there cam a calfe this way.

Of walkyng and talkyng. 97.

Walke thou narowly, walke thou nérely:
Walke as thy walke may ende chérely.
Talke thou baſely, talke thou boldely:
In all thy talke, talke thou coldly.
Walke thou weatly, walke thou dryly:
In thy walke, walke not to hyly.
Talke thou meryly, talke thou ſadly:
Talke as thy talke may take ende gladly.
Walke thou dayly, walke thou wéekely:
In all thy walke, walke thou méekely.
Talke thou ſoftly, talke thou loudly:
In any talke, talke not proudly.
Walke thou fyrſtly, walke thou laſtly:
Walke in the walke that ſtandth faſtly.
Talke or walke oldly or newly:
Talke and walke plainly and trewly.

Of ſeeyng and feelyng money. 98.

Lackyng ſpectacles, canſt thou ſée money, John?
Ye: but hauyng ſpectacles I can féele non.

Of takyng thinges wronge. 99.

Perſeyued and taken thinges right, thou haſt long:
But for one thyng in thee long ſens taken wrong,
Thy credite is toucht, and thou therby the wurs.
What thyng ſayſt thou haue I taken wrong? a purs.

Of a number of rattes mistaken for diuelles in a mans sloppes. 100.

A byg breecht man fearyng a déere yere to cum,
Bestowde in his bréeche a chéese hard by his bum.
And leauyng of those hose for dayes two or thrée.
Rattes two or thrée crept into that bréeche they bée:
Poyntyng them selues of that chéese to be kéepers.
In which ware watch be sure they weare no sléepers.
No wyght rydyng men: from Sandwich to Sarum,
Could wyn that chéese from them without a larum.
At thrée daies end this man puttyng these hose on,
Hauyng tyde his points, the ratts began anon
To starte and to sturre that bréeche round aboute,
To séeke and fynde sum way, what way to get out.
But that bréeche was bolstred so with such brode barres,
Suche cranks, such cony holes, such cuttes and such starres,
With warde, within warde, that the rattes were as fast,
As though they with théeues in newgate had bene cast.
But this man in his brééch feelyng such fumblyng,
Such rollyng, such rumblyng, ioystyng and iumblyng,
He was therwith striken in a frantike feare:
Thinkyng sure ts him selfe that some spyrites were theare.
He ran out, he cride out, without cote or cloke,
Those rattes in those ragges whinde lyke piggs in a poke.
A coniurer cride he in all haste I beseeche,
To coniure the diuell: the diuell is in my breeche.
Runnyng and turnyng in and out as he slung,
One of the ratts by the rybbes he so wrung,
That the rat in rage to his buttock gat her,
She set in hir teeth, his eyes ran a water.
She bote, he cride, dogs barkt, the people showted,
Hornes blewe, bells rung, the diuell dredid and douted.

To be in his breech to bryng him streight to hell.
The wo and wunder wherof, to much to tell.
At last to see what bugs in his breech fraide him.
Foure or fyue mankull men, mankully stayde him.
The rattes hoppyng out at his hose pullyng of,
All this sad matter, turnd to mery scof.
When he saw these rattes by this cheese brought this feare
Reioysyng the scape he solemnly did sweare,
That in his breeche shuld come no cheese after that,
Except in his breeche he weare sure of a cat.

FINIS.

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Cum priuilegio.